

# Everybody's Magazine



H. J. Soulen

Short Stories  
Serials

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND BOZEMAN BULGER  
RUTH SAWYER GORDON ARTHUR SMITH  
KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT HENRY KITCHEN  
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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6

JUNE, 1920

Vol. XLII

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FERDINAND TUOHY



GORDON ARTHUR SMITH



BOZEMAN BULGER

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## How does a man get into business for himself?

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"When the opportunity arrived I was ready for it. We organized our com-

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With  
EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

**WE** WONDER if there ever was a politician who fell into a kind of sincere, if temporary, discontent with folks who recklessly voted him into an office for which he at heart knew himself to be unqualified.

Dimly we remember a story of a politician in ancient Athens who helped a citizen scratch on a shell, the ballot of that time, the name of the politician's opponent because, the citizen explained, he was tired of hearing the politician called "The Just."

Which more or less straggling thoughts arise from the flood of invitations now flowing, to join this or that society or organization for the improvement of this or that trouble, all at so much per improvement.

Do these busy folk ever sit back and candidly examine their handiwork? Probably not — they must be far too busy getting members or organizing still other societies.

Contemplating their activities—we have had invitations to unite with some twenty such earnest organizations in the past fortnight—one is stunned by the number of things still uncorrected. Such, for example, as the mysterious railroad tie-up which prolonged so seriously the winter of the publishers' and subscribers' discontent

And such prominent folks too, bearers of well-known names and titles, and still so ineffective!

On consideration, we quite agree with H. M. Tomlinson, in the conviction so quaintly expressed in his book, "Old Junk," that it will be the Nobodies who will finally set the world on its feet, so to speak. This is the way he puts it:

"Then out from their obscurity, where they dwelt because of their low worth, arise the Nobodies; because theirs is the historic job of restoring again the upset balance of affairs. A hopeless task; but they continue at it unmurmuring, giving their bodies without stint, as once they gave their labor, to the fields and the sea. And some day the planet will get back to its old place under the sun; but not for them, not for them."

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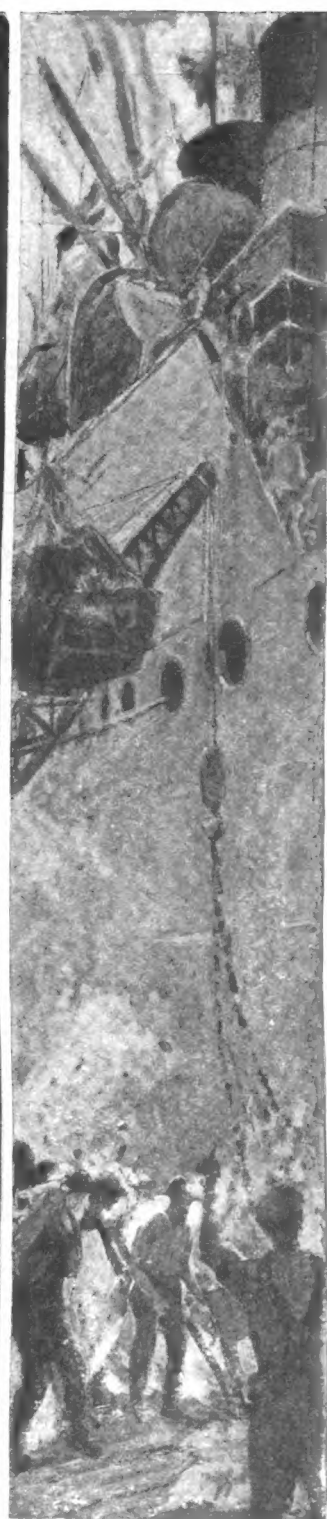


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**S**EVEN and a half million dollars from the original congressional appropriation was devoted by Hoover to the feeding of undernourished children from the Baltic to the Black Sea. He is determined that the racial deterioration which grew out of the Thirty Years' War and out of the Napoleonic Wars must be avoided as far as possible and at all costs. The children who are the immediately coming generation and who will be the producers of the ones to follow, must be cared for. During his relief work Hoover has kept this in mind, and, indeed, is still spending most of his time and energy in feeding these two and a half million undernourished children of central Europe.

—From "The Story of Hoover," page 32.



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*Maid to be Tamed*



# Everybody's Magazine

NUMBER SIX

JUNE, 1920

VOLUME XLII

## The Spy Web

The Story of Secret Service in the Struggle with Germany

By Ferdinand Tuohy

This is the first of several articles which unfold a picture of the dramatic underground of the war—the dark play of brain against brain, on royal thrones, in the chancelleries, in the great swarming cities, behind and across the lines and in the far-flung web of conflict, for that thing of supreme value in the struggle—information. Beginning long before the war itself, this duel of wits affected the life of every soldier of the conflict and held the fate of nations in the balance. Yet little has been told of it. What is here set down is but a fragment of what there is to tell, because it has been necessary to apply the acid test of secrecy to this narrative and permit nothing to figure in it that might come as valuable information to the General Staffs of our late enemies.

The author, after acting as war correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* in Belgium, France, Russia and Poland, 1914 to 1915, and serving in the British army in France from 1915 to 1917, was attached to the General Staff of the British army and proceeded on a tour of inspection to Palestine, Mesopotamia, Salonica and Italy—thus completing the entire circle of the world conflict.—The Editors.

### I—IN THE CITIES

*There are no leaders to lead us to honour, and  
yet without leaders we rally,  
Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight,  
out of reach, of his fellow.  
There are no bugles to call the battalions, and  
yet without bugles we rally,  
From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth,  
to follow the Standard of Yellow!*  
*The Spies' March—Kipling.*

**T**HIS is the story of a war within a war—a struggle smothered away from the light of day, a long-drawn-out campaign of Brain versus Brain. And the word that governs it all is "Intelligence," the process by which one person, or state, extracts information from a second, against the latter's will.

Intelligence has existed at all times. The differences are merely a case of "other times, other intelligence."

All the trickery and subterfuge and war-wisdom of the ages brought up to date, intensified and harnessed to every modern invention and device—such has been latter-day intelligence as practised round the crater of Mars, in every nook and corner, growing crescendo-like in its universal deceit, seduction and treachery, till in the end all—prince and peasant—were trying their hand at it, some for money, some for love, some for patriotism, some from vanity, some from sheer inquisitiveness.

#### Espionage Up to Date

**FAIR-HAIRED** young Englishmen tramped across Persia, disguised as Kurds, and Grecian girls from Chios and Mitylene were imported for training as agents in Athens; American bartenders overheard bibulous military talk, and chambermaids rummaged in the kit-bags of generals. Men were bought to blow up battle-ships, with all their comrades on board, and others, for a mere bagatelle of a salary, daily, hourly plied the perilous calling they had chosen "behind the lines."

Old Flemish peasants signaled with windmills, and railway porters noted the

regiments passing through their station. Immaculate military *attachés* sought intelligence over champagne, seeking to pierce by wine the studied reserve of the officers they were accredited to; and giggling *estaminet* girls, in clogs and shawl, sought intelligence, over beer, from troops billeted in the village. Quick-brained actresses artlessly made their soldier adorers chatter on, while brainless princesses, minutely schooled by *rusé* statesmen, asked questions—"You interest me so"—of officers and other commoners only too honored, after the manner of the age, to distract a royal highness.

Obscure Belgians were dropped behind the German lines from airplanes, and a Bolshevik girl murdered a British Intelligence officer in a railway carriage. Gouty, erudite old cardinals kept the Holy Roman Empire of the Hapsburgs well up with the thermometer of Italian "defeatism," while brazen women of the boulevards assembled hiccupped detail from drunken *poilus*. Bedouin agents left their footprints in the sand, and camouflaged patriots like Bolo sought to undermine a nation. Skilled officers got berths in foreign munition and naval works, and monocled scions of the aristocracy listened for a stray word in the *salons* of diplomacy. Honest business men went down to the sea to meet U-boats in the night, and sinuous, bangled-Baghdadis were primed by the British to report on suspects in the city of the Califs.

A Machiavelli, a Talleyrand, or some other master schemer of the ages, come back to earth, would have thrilled to the amazing cunning and corruption of it all. Yet even all this was only part of the picture. "Intelligence" is the welding into a whole of information derived from a dozen different sources, some trustworthy, some not, and the weighing of such information against already known facts and outstanding deductions.

The spy or agent was just one of these "dozen different" sources. Air reconnais-

sance and photography and ground observation, the examination of prisoners and captured documents, the identification of the enemy's dead, and the study of his signal traffic were phases of Intelligence hardly less important than Secret Service work.

Nor was Intelligence work in the field merely the complement of espionage work elsewhere. On the contrary, it was itself two-thirds of the Brain War, of finding out—finding out what "the fellow opposite" was thinking, planning, doing. The invisible foes of France, who saw one another only in the clash of battle, then burrowed away out of sight of each other for long weeks and months, were wont to keep hidden eyes above ground—Intelligence eyes.

With feline caution the General Staffs of modern war watched one another, annotating each other's every minute move. No matter where the stage was set for war, in the mud of Flanders, or amid the wastes of Mesopotamia, in the Alpine snows or marshes of the Struma, in the sands of Gaza or vastness of the seven seas, the vigil of Intelligence endured.

The ever-open "I."

#### The British Secret Service

**I**N THOSE distant days of 1914, when the voice of Lord Roberts could not be heard above the din of Ulster, and the Kaiser was extremely affable to England, Britain was spending fifty thousand pounds a year on her Secret Service and Germany twelve times that amount.

English espionage was probably as "white" as the doubtful art ever can be. In outline it was this: "Don't employ a bad character, or a woman. Sooner or later they will fail you. Rely rather on information coming from trustworthy sources like British embassies, legations and consulates. Not much that matters should escape official British representatives abroad. They require no payment, are working for their country. If others, such as prominent

tourists and business men and officers on leave, choose to send in reports—well and good. In the case of Germany, however, things are different. If any country is going to fight us, that country will be Germany. Therefore we must broaden our espionage system on Germany."

So it came to pass that a few British officers, such as Brandon and Trench and Bertram Stewart, wandered innocently about Germany noting naval and military conditions, especially the possibility of Germany launching a sudden flat-bottomed boat invasion on England from the Friesian Islands. Some of these innocent English tourists were enthusiastic in such pursuits as botany, and brought back with them drawings of plants which in reality were plans of forts.

## Building a Spy System

**B**UT that was not England's main protective effort against Germany. Finding out secrets in peace time is not the main function of any secret service; rather is it patiently and thoroughly building up a secret service of information that may stand the test in war, when frontiers are sealed and the obtaining and passing on of intelligence is a real man's job.

In appointing agents for war service only, a state was governed by one or two elementary principles. The agent chosen would need to be a resident of the country on which it was proposed to spy. He or she would have to have regular employment there and be above suspicion. He or she had better be a native of the country—or else a neutral. The War Office and the Admiralty went methodically about all this.

Meanwhile the Germans scoffed. "The silly, honest English! Why, they don't know the rudiments of the game! Only three of our spies arrested in all this time! *Trinken wir nochmal. Der Tag.*"

Well, the day arrived, and the silly, honest English brought off an espionage coup which left a definite impression on the whole subsequent struggle.

It was like this: The German spy system differed somewhat from the English. It was, for one thing, definitely aggressive in structure. Also, it relied not on the courage and resource and integrity and intelligence of the few, but on the greed and frailty and moral perversion of the many.

The Germans flooded England with spies. But with what spies! Head waiters and governesses sending back tittle-tattle; hair-dressers and clerks, incessantly asking for higher fees—neutrals having relations with Germany; "beauty" specialists trying to emulate the dark and bestial days of Stieber's "Green House" in Berlin, where the highest in the land consorted—and were duly blackmailed for their sins; pretty German and Austrian actresses playing "leads" at West End theatres; women of the music-hall lounges; an occasional, a very occasional British subject; swindlers and soldiers of fortune.

Naturally, there were also high-placed German agents at work, such as Trebitsch Lincoln, M. P., and Jellinek Mercedes. German officers came and toured England in motor-cars, driving in races for the Prince Henry of Prussia Cup. And political agents kept Berlin informed of all that was supervening in Ulster, so well

that Kühlmann himself reckoned civil war would break out in Ireland. Some of these German agents sent home the choicest possible items of information about prominent people—which presumably were all duly filed and card-indexed in Berlin.

"My mistress, Lady —, pretends to go away for week-ends to Surrey. She really stays in London" (address given) was one such titbit—the pleasant German idea being, of course, that the thumb-screw might one day be tried on Lady —.

The ramifications of it all were terrific! The German agents became more daring; some of them became really so daring, such as Schultz and Grosse, that they positively had to be arrested to satisfy the snarling multitude. But the majority were allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way. *Allowed.* For five years and more the silly, honest English authorities steadily worked on till they had got to know the identity of almost every German agent of importance in the country—knowledge which resulted only from an exhaustive process of elimination. No censorship existed in these days, but somehow the correspondence of all suspects came systematically to be examined, as their movements were as far as feasible controlled, and the people they consorted with, duly noted.

Much skill had to be practised in lulling the Germans into a false sense of security; they were by no means "green," but Steinhauer and other organizers were badly served by their spies in England. Truth to tell, the Germans, the creators of modern espionage, are its most indifferent exponents. For one thing, a German finds it extremely difficult to hide his nationality. His accent, head, and bearing are all unique. Again, the German is not nimble-witted, and lacks inspirations or intuition. He lives "according to plan." Then again, German arrogance of mind told heavily in favor of the British investigators. The Germans became so cocksure as to become careless in their methods, as in the case of Graves, who took no other precaution in sending his reports to Germany than to enclose them in a wrapping bearing the name of a well-known firm of chemists. Others, again, went openly about the East coast with cameras and sketch-books.

## The Coup

**H**OWEVER, all good times come to an end. One August night England declared war on Germany, and next morning the word went forth, and twenty of the chief German spies were arrested and two hundred more placed under strict observation. Add to this the internment of nine thousand enemy aliens, and the sweep must very nearly have been a clean one. Not a bridge nor an inch of railway line was destroyed; not a hostile finger was raised in England against mobilization.

Steinhauer's discomfiture was complete. Lody, Kupferle and other "American citizens" were hurried across to England with false passports to fill the places of those arrested; hardly one was allowed to carry on his work for more than a week or so. The Germans bitterly experienced what they were destined to make the French experience very nearly as bitterly, later on in the war—that it is practically impossible to rebuild an espionage system



... And chambermaids rummaged in the kit-bags of generals.



*Giggling estaminet girls sought intelligence, over beer, from troops billeted in the village.*

that has crumbled in a country with which one is at war.

Except for variations dictated by national temperament and characteristics, one system of espionage in the big cities was probably common to all the belligerents. This may conveniently be called the "octopus" system. The body of the octopus was a resident agent; the tentacles, his local satellites. The resident agent was called the "letter-box"—to him were brought all reports by the tentacle or satellite agents. These reports were then collected from the letter-box by an itinerant agent constantly traveling to and from the country spied on. Sometimes the resident agent found other means of passing on his assembled information—how, will be told in a later instalment.

### The Octopus System

THE resident agent was almost invariably a man, and a successful business man at that, well camouflaged, and either neutral or a citizen of the country spied on. His satellite agents he chose himself. A governess in a general's family, an hotel attendant at the Carlton or Savoy, a barber living near a big camp, the agent of a neutral shipping firm, a cosmopolitan actress, a foreign music-hall artist on tour round the country, a ne'er-do-well of good connections, a voluntary Red Cross helper, a "patriot."

The selection of satellites depended entirely on the nation into whose service they were being pressed. Thus France employed women more than England, because women are more intelligent in

France. Germany depended more on scum for spies than any other country.

It was imperative for the safety of a system that satellite spies should not know one another—the only spy they knew would be their letter-box. He was one they could give away, and, accordingly, out of self-preservation, a letter-box agent always chose his satellites with extreme caution. In this lay the main strength of a system. Satellites had orders, if they saw they were being observed, to fall right out of the system. Had they always complied with this vital injunction, fewer espionage circles would have been split up, but the lure of gold often caused a satellite to carry on when he (or she) knew he was under suspicion, or drove them back to "work" too soon.

The Germans always kept a firm hold on their agents by paying them two months in arrears. The money thus owing caused spies to continue work, time and again, when they had come to the conclusion that the game wasn't worth the candle.

In at least one system, spies were known by letters of the alphabet, interchangeable, and worked out in connection with certain phases of the lunar system. A letter-box communicated to headquarters the names and addresses of his satellites. It was a risk doing so, but entirely necessary, since, in the event of his arrest, the whole of his system would otherwise break down automatically, headquarters being ignorant of the identity of the arrested man's satellites.

Besides satellites and letter-boxes and collecting agents, a state also employed specialists, working independently, such as

naval and military experts and counter-spies and fool-spies and men like Bolo. The functions of these are enumerated in specific instances below.

Spies were most favorably located in docks and near camps, in the army, in business offices, in the households of prominent persons, and especially in such places as American bars. Women were not to be compared with men for the real, grueling work. A woman lacks patience, method, concentration, without ready results. She also lacks the technical and studious mind and the quality of working out of the limelight. She is indiscreet, and, more serious, her heart may prove stronger than her head and with disastrous results.

### Women as Spies

IN COPENHAGEN, in 1916, the British Secret Service decided to employ a woman agent. This was departing from our usual custom, locally, but there were special circumstances.

The Hotel d'Angleterre on the Kongens Nytorf was German Headquarters—just as the Hotel Astoria used to be in Brussels. That is to say, most of the Germans who mattered stopped at the Angleterre while visiting the Danish capital. Among them at this particular period was a young Prussian staff-officer, known to be engaged on a highly important mission. Whitehall wanted information about him. And so, when his particular failing—women—became known to our local Secret Service chief, the latter decided "to put a woman on to him," in the jargon of the tradé. A fascinating, Danish girl was accordingly

engaged, on a strictly cash basis, and she proceeded to take up her abode at the Angleterre. In due course our young Prussian developed an interest in her, and all seemed to be going according to plan. The rest of the story may be summarized in the words of the man who had engaged her:

"One day she came to me at my office, burst into tears, put a handful of bank-notes on the table, and said she couldn't carry out her job of pumping Fritz because she had fallen in love with him. That was the last time I ever engaged a woman."

Thus there were cardinal drawbacks attaching to the employment of women as agents. Not that they failed to offer certain advantages over the mere male. A woman often has greater intuition, is more deceitful, can wield a powerful sex influence, and can score on the chivalry shown her. Occasionally, even, a woman may be a genius in espionage, but as a general rule it may be laid down that women can only be used as spies for "stunting" and not for the backbone of the business, collecting information, slowly, steadily, and sordidly day by day. Especially, all women spies are fundamentally unreliable, and few of them can ever have been trusted with real secrets. Women agents, furthermore, systematically exaggerated their reports, a common tendency with all spies—with women from vanity; with men to get more money.

## A Famous Spy

**P**ERHAPS it was only natural that the most spectacular, if far from the most effective, of spies in the late war should have arisen from the ranks of women agents. Marguerite Zelle, or Mata Hari, the Oriental dancer, has been referred to as "a beautiful woman" and "the world's most dangerous spy." She was neither. But that detracts in no way from the psychological interest attaching to her tale—it rather enhances it.

Talented, traveled, experienced in the ways of men of the East as well as of the West, married to a British officer at the age of fourteen and consequently versed in the manners and customs of the British

army, mingling in her veins the blood of a Dutch father and a Javanese native woman, this strange creature certainly possessed, outwardly, many of the attributes which make for success in espionage. From her father she had the stolid coolness and business capacity of the Dutch; from her mother the mysticism, cunning and diplomatic obsequiousness of the Eastern mind.

Left fatherless at an early age, Mata Hari was taken by her mother to Burma, thus escaping the fate of a desultory, drab existence as a worker in the sugar-fields of Java. In Burma, she was placed by her mother in a Buddhist temple as a dancing-girl and devoted, ostensibly, to the service of Buddha, actually to man. There she received what she could not help but acquire—a thoroughly adequate training in the art of charming and deceiving men, especially Eastern men.

The next change in her life came about as the result of her meeting with the British officer who married her. It is no simple matter for a dancing-girl to escape from her temple prison, but Mata Hari's turn of mind was always for adventure, and she escaped. But even the subsequent birth of two children could not reconcile her to the stiff, monotonous life required of officials' wives in India, and one day she left quietly with her daughter and without her husband's knowledge and proceeded to Holland.

Then the lure of Paris claimed her, and she began to live the life for which she was predestined. Money of course was vital, and money in abundance. She got to know many men, one of them a servant of the government in whose service she ultimately died. With this German she lived in a house near Paris, furnished in accordance with her extravagant tastes and Oriental ideas, existing only for and in the night life of the French capital.

When the war broke out, she at once began her career as a spy. From the outset she traveled widely throughout Europe. She was a Dutch subject, and, officially, neutral. So far as the Allies were concerned, she was the divorced wife of a British army officer with the reassuring name of Macleod. So far as the Central Powers were concerned she was their accredited agent; and so far as the peoples of all European countries were concerned she was a fascinating and clever dancer.

For many months in 1915 she was appearing in a music-hall in Madrid, and it was here that she first came under suspicion with the French and British Secret Services. Suspicions were not abated when the following year Mata Hari prepared for a journey to Holland. The British Intelligence Branch was warned, and when the steamer on which the dancer had booked a passage put into Southampton, Mata Hari was taken off and sent up to London for examination.

Nothing whatever incriminating was found upon her—this being accounted for, probably, by the fact that she always committed everything to memory—at least that was her boast whenever she admitted, as she occasionally did, that she was a spy. But not a German spy! Oh, dear no! A spy in the pay of France! This was her boast now, once more, when she was closeted in London with her latest inquisitor, the expert "spy-baiter" of the Intelligence Department.

I have said Mata Hari was not beautiful. But she had much charm. Aged thirty-nine, tall, sinuous, dark-skinned and vivacious, she would compel attention in any company. And she had a great nimbleness of mind. She won that encounter with her highly skilled inquisitor. But the suspicion surrounding her was still so strong that it was decided to refuse her authority to continue her journey, and she was sent back to Spain with a parting warning to "go more carefully in future," as they "knew all about her."

Mata Hari failed to take that warning.

In a very short time she crossed into France from Spain, intending to reach Switzerland, and was arrested and taken to Paris. This time incriminating documents were found upon her; she was tried, sentenced and shot—in her smartest gown and waving her long gloves in farewell to her dozen *poilu* executioners.

The problem of this semi-Eastern woman was this: She was a thoroughly bad spy in that she compelled attention anywhere. She had achieved success in life. She was well off. Why did she risk her life in an alien cause? The only explanation is that the German whose mistress she had been for several years before the war exercised an influence over her.

## The Science of Spy-Catching

**T**HE public, especially in England, looked upon espionage in the wrong way. They shouted for blood, whereas in point of fact, war is not declared on the spy as an individual, but on his system. The discovery of one code word was worth more to England than a dozen executions in the Tower. Which brings one to *contre-espionage*, or the science of spy-catching.

The *contre-espionage* organization of a big city was also probably the same everywhere, varying only in intensity and in local circumstance.

Firstly, as regards the watching of suspects and of the population generally. A city would be divided up into so many control areas, each under the supervision of a senior intelligence or detective officer. This officer had a squad of trained agents under him, and the latter, in turn, employed trusted civilian "indicators." The underlying idea was that each control area should be a water-tight compartment into which no stranger could introduce himself without being duly noted and in which by constant study, the supervising authorities came to know each inhabitant and all about him or her.

The civilian indicators did little else than eavesdrop and report the movements of others. Sometimes, to test if a specific area were water-tight, the Intelligence Department would introduce an agent posing as a commercial traveler or as some other business man and equip him with false papers. If he came to be arrested—all was well.

The difficulties attaching to this checking of a vast population were, however, very great. For example, during the height of the war, there were lots of adventurers in Paris dressed as British officers. These cavaliers of fortune were not necessarily all enemy agents, but some of them unquestionably were. The army, especially in the early days, with voluntary helpers swarming in from all sides, was a splendid refuge for the really daring agent—was he not living his life in that



*Spying is an unspectacular business, often unutterably dull and sordid.*



Then began "the battle of wits," the terror of the guilty man or woman, in the sanctum of a trained cross-examiner.

very atmosphere the salient features of which it was his duty, as a spy, to report on? It was exceedingly hard to apprehend bogus officers. A simple change of regimental badge on their part might outwit the military police, on the lookout for a bogus in such and such a regiment, and these gentlemen usually had half-a-dozen such changes in their lodgings or even in their pockets.

### Spy-Hysteria

IN THE opening months of the war, those detailed to check certain areas in London were fairly driven out of their minds by popular spy-hysteria. Every waiter, anybody lighting a cigaret at a window or feeding a pigeon in the street, was at once reported to be a German spy. Bridges and munitions were exploded hourly—in the imagination of zealous, busybody patriots. Famous people were being shot in the Tower—also in the imagination of the hysterical ones—while battalions of waiters and chambermaids were being marched to their fate. As a matter of fact, less than a score of spies were executed in England throughout the war.

At the same time there was considerable ground for the general uneasiness prevailing. The Germans had found a first-class and utterly unexpected way of introducing agents wholesale into England, by including numbers of spies in the wild exodus of Belgian refugees from Belgium into England. Altogether, a quarter of a million refugees crossed to England, in every manner of craft, from war-ship to rowing-boat, and it became utterly impossible for the authorities at Folkestone and Dover to check identification papers.

The logical sequel to watching the individual was watching what he or she wrote, and so a deep-rooted censorship of correspondence obtained in every quarter. Every letter or newspaper or package posted—and millions were posted daily—was liable to examination, as also every telegram or cable. Naturally, letters going

abroad were the more systematically opened, but the inland post could not be by any means neglected. Much valuable commercial and other information would be abstracted and forwarded to the government departments concerned, but naturally the main function of the censorship was to aid in the tracking down of spies.

Letters in as many as sixty different languages came under the London censorship alone, while illicit code messages in thirty-one languages were successfully deciphered. Suspect correspondence would always be photographed before being passed on to its addresses.

Experts in the post-office secret-writing laboratories did yeoman service throughout the war. The Germans resorted early to simple enough processes for invisible writing, such as the use of lemon-juice, saliva and diluted milk. The first could be brought out by the application of a hot flat-iron; the second by having ordinary writing-ink lightly brushed over it; and the third by dusting it with fine graphite powder. These methods soon became more elaborate, but the censorship's resources of detection kept pace with everything the enemy could devise. Much had to do with the paper written on, and substances had to be found capable of frustrating the most astute German secret-message fabrication. Months passed in experimenting before ultimately a certain red fluid was concocted that acted as an almost universal developer. Applied with a brush to a suspected letter, it revealed at once any concealed writing, while the mixture could be washed off and the document sent on without obliteration of the surreptitious message.

The efficacy of censorship work and of spy work in London generally is well illustrated in the case of a man named Muller, shot in the Tower in 1915.

The authorities had become anxious over the posting of English newspapers to Holland containing innocent advertisements marked in pencil, some from Liver-

pool, others from Portsmouth, others from London. Their senders were naturally unknown. As for the advertisements themselves, they might have been inserted in perfectly good faith in the ordinary way of business, or yet again they might be concealing a code by which intelligence was being conveyed to the enemy. At all events, instructions were issued that every newspaper addressed to Holland was to be submitted, if visibly marked, to code experts; if apparently unmarked, to a laboratory testing process lest the markings should be in invisible ink.

Soon all newspapers destined for Holland were subjected to both these examinations; and one day a newspaper, marked in pencil, was found also to have written on it in invisible ink the figures 201. The Intelligence Branch proceeded at once to set an inquiry on foot into the residents of every house in London numbered 201. They even proposed extending such inquiry to the whole country, but this extreme measure proved unnecessary.

### "No. 201"

AT A certain "No. 201" in a London suburb there lived a Scandinavian business man named G—. The man had previously been watched as a neutral, but his doings had given no cause for complaint, although an examination of his correspondence had revealed the fact that he was receiving large sums, rather too large sums to be properly accounted for, from a business house in Holland. Such remittances were accompanied by harmless-looking covering letters. G— was now invited to explain away the receipt of this money. He stated quite frankly that he was receiving it on behalf of a friend of his, a Dane named Muller, who he understood was a traveling representative of a Dutch firm (as indeed he was).

The further the cross-examination of G— proceeded, the clearer it became that he was innocently acting as banker to an itinerant spy—Muller. G— gave

every possible assistance. Muller, he said, was now at Newcastle. He had latterly been at Liverpool and Portsmouth (whence previous marked newspapers had been dispatched to Holland).

The case against Muller was now crystallizing. He was clearly systematically inserting advertisements in the English papers, both London and provincial, marking these advertisements, and then forwarding the marked newspaper to Holland. The advertisements were almost certainly worded in a prearranged code by which intelligence was being conveyed. As for the sender, he was thoroughly safeguarded. He simply would go into a newspaper office, insert an advertisement, buy the subsequent issue, mark it and forward it to Holland. He marked his advertisements openly, frankly, in lead-pencil. Even if the authorities knew who was inserting them and marking them—what did that prove? Still, Muller must have been sorely tempted at times to do the marking in invisible ink. But invisible ink, if detected in connection with an advertisement, meant one thing and one thing only, and might bring ruin, whereas with honest lead-pencil one ran hardly any risk at all.

## The Fatal Slip

**B**ETHAT as it may, Muller, as we know, once risked adding the fatal figures 201 in invisible ink—evidently a request that money should next be sent for him care of G— as one of several “bankers” he had recourse to in England. The spy’s system might otherwise have gone on undetected indefinitely, since no one knew who was posting these marked newspapers from England to Holland, and, in any case, there was little except a general suspicion attaching to the markings. As for money, Muller was receiving that from G—, and was well camouflaged as a business man. In fact, Muller was a very complete spy indeed. And now for the sequel.

The most expert watcher, a harmless little army private in spectacles, I believe—army privates at that time were less conspicuous than ordinary civilians—was instructed to keep Muller under observation, but on no account to carry such observation to the length of rousing the Dane’s suspicions. Rather than that this should occur, Muller was to be allowed to escape from observation. For Muller was going to be very useful indeed to the British Intelligence.

Firstly, all correspondence coming from Holland and addressed to G— was religiously opened, its contents photographed and then the originals passed on to G—, who had instructions to post the letters on in the ordinary way to the unsuspecting Muller wherever the latter might be roaming at the time. Next, every marked advertisement in newspapers addressed to Holland was photographed and every newspaper so directed was, further, submitted to invisible-ink tests before being forwarded on.

In the results, Muller’s entire relations with his masters, what he was sending to them, and what they were sending to him, now lay on the table, so to speak, before those investigating the problem. But it still remained to pierce the code employed

in the advertisements and that used in the innocent covering letters enclosing money from Holland. After much patient work, and a concentration of expert brains, this at last was done, and the first one of Muller’s advertisements to be decoded, ran in this style:

*Have first-class information for one hundred and twenty pounds reference shipment of ammunition supplied to Italy.*

The authorities now decided that it was time Muller should pay the penalty. They had his code and system. He was arrested, tried and shot. But his advertisements continued. For weeks and months after Muller had shaken off this mortal coil, advertisements purporting to come from him were being inserted in the English press, and the newspapers in question were being duly forwarded on to Holland. The information thus sent was considered so good at “the other end”—it was all, of course, false and misleading, but most calculatingly, brilliantly misleading—that Muller’s paymasters gave their agent an increase.

In this way the special Intelligence Branch in London collected upward of four hundred pounds from the German Secret Service funds before the inevitable letter arrived from Holland, one day which, decoded, read: “Owing to a sequence of wrong information coming from you, which has much misled us, we are herewith dispensing with your services.”

Ruthlessly thrown aside in this way, the London Intelligence Branch bought a perfectly good motor-car out of their profits and to this day it is known as “The Muller.”

I have sought to show how a big city and its correspondence were watched. There were several other “side issues” in *contre-espionage* work. For example, a branch in which the head of the Admiralty Intelligence excelled related to the spreading of false reports. This phase of intelligence work has more or less grown up during the war, and when properly organized may be attended with highly important results.

## The Counter-Spy

**T**HEN there was the counter-spy. Counter-spying is the highly involved process by which a secret service spies on its own spies.

A counter-spy is an agent who spies on other spies. They are the *élite* among spies, have to be the last word in skill and trustworthiness. Their job is principally to see that a country’s agents don’t go wrong, are not corrupted into playing a double game, i. e., spying for two masters, for their own and for the enemy as well.

This is the greatest danger of all in espionage. Let us say, you send an agent into Germany and pay him either a fixed salary or by results—it doesn’t matter which. Now, supposing the Germans get to know your man is a spy and approach him with a most tempting counter-offer? Supposing he accepts? His path is clear. In the normal way, he is allowed to go back into England to report, and then he is sent back to Germany on a new mission. And the Germans let him into Germany to report to them on what he has seen and heard in England. And so on backward and forward.

It is a fearfully difficult thing to track a man or woman down who is playing this double and highly lucrative game. The counter-spy is the instrument relied on to do so. The counter-spy is provided by the head of the secret service with a list of agents to report on. He—or she—sets off and notes where these agents are living, whom they are meeting, what they are doing—everything about them, in fact. It is, as I have said, by far the most difficult job in all espionage, deceiving people whose own job in life is to deceive—that’s what it amounts to in plain English. And of course, if the counter-spy, in turn, goes wrong and is bought up by the other side, then the fat is fairly in the fire. But that very rarely happens. The counter-spy is one whose probity must be above all question.

## The “Fool-Spy”

**I**N ONE or two instances traitors (e. g., Frenchmen caught spying on France) were utilized as “fool-spies.” This brings one to perhaps the most painful side of espionage, as developed during the war. The “fool-spy” was a man or woman, either a convicted spy or, more rarely, a simpleton, who was deliberately engaged by an Intelligence Department in order that he or she might get caught by the enemy. The idea of the fool-spy is to deceive the enemy’s *contre-espionage* organization and to keep it from descending on the real spies, the valuable ones.

A French fool-spy would be selected to go on a mission to Holland with instructions to proceed thence, at the first favorable opportunity, into Belgium. His instructions for Belgium read perhaps something as follows: “While in Brussels, note down all the regimental shoulder-strap numbers you see, with dates. Do the same at Ghent and Bruges. When possible, turn the conversation on to the German tanks. We want to know if these tanks are to be driven by electricity. Return the same way as you came, and report in Paris not later than the end of current month.”

The unfortunate “fool-spy” goes off and makes his way into Belgium. Having been purposely misinstructed as to what to do, he is soon “noted” by the German Intelligence and in due course arrested. In prison he at first refuses to speak, but eventually opens up and, in the hope of saving his skin, tells how his mission was explained to him in Paris, how he crossed the frontier into Belgium, what information he was to seek, etc.

The German Intelligence now either executed the fool-spy or committed him to prison; they came to the conclusion that the French Secret Service was infantile in its workings, and they faked a report, purporting to come from the dead or imprisoned fool-spy, and saw that this report, containing utterly fallacious information, got through to the French in Paris; and then they sat back in their chairs, well content with their day’s work, little realizing that on receiving that report the French consigned it straightway to the waste-paper basket as the work of a fool-spy! In other words, the French, via the poor fool-spy, had thoroughly hoodwinked and scored off the German Secret Service.



*"Dad says the flute was made by fairies to lead folks off. He says flutes and will-o'-the-wisps is kin to each other."*

# Cheese in the Trap

*By Clarence Budington Kelland*

**T**OM DOWD, walking boss for the Tabor Lumber Company, was making a bee-line from Camp Three to Camp Five. Another woodsman might have taken a more round-about way, keeping to the tote-roads, without causing a single uncomplimentary remark as to his woodcraft, for between those camps was seven miles of the worst going in that part of the country.

It was a swamp for the most part, and low-lying black growth where the young spruce grew so densely as almost to form a solid mat to the height of a tall man's head. There were still waters and sloughs, a maze of ancient, rotting tree-trunks, and underfoot oozing ground artfully concealing roots and creepers calculated to trip and send headlong a man who trusted to such footing.

Tom Dowd was in no hurry. It was not to save time that he traversed the black growth, but rather because he enjoyed it and loved to study the timber. It was his recreation. As he went along he took note

**Here is the story of a murder mystery in a lumber camp with an amazing solution. Mr. Kelland knows how to keep you guessing — and probably guessing wrong—up to the last paragraph. His next story, as tense and vivid as "Cheese in the Trap," will appear in a later number.**

of patches of timber here and there, even of single trees, which would remain forever in his mind. He was subconsciously estimating quantities, and planning roads and yards and round turns against the day when operations should move to this tract.

Tom stopped suddenly and peered about him, sweeping the arc of the half circle of his vision ahead. Something had arrested him. It was not that he had seen some definite object; it was rather that his eyes had carried surprise to his brain as they moved back and forth in the timber; that something upon which they touched was unexpected, not as it should appear. Tom

searched now to discover what it was.

A hundred yards to his left was a low-lying ridge, a ridge comparatively clean underfoot, where hardwood predominated over spruce. It was a patch of blackish green close to the foot of this ridge that had arrested his attention, and with the curiosity of your natural woodsman, he turned to investigate. As he approached he saw it was a little heap of baby spruces, freshly cut and heaped into a mound.

"Huh!" said Tom aloud. "What in tunket could 'a' done that?"

He stood beside the heap of little trees, perceiving that each had been severed by a single blow of a keen ax, and wagged his head.

"What ailed anybody to cut a caper like this here?" he asked himself. "Hain't no reason in it— 'Tain't the season for Christmas trees, and no durn fool could be a-cuttin' 'em way back in here if 'twas— 'Twa'n't no fool sport neither. The feller that done it was handy with an ax."

He began kicking the treelets aside. A

## CHEESE IN THE TRAP

human foot encased in a leather-topped shoe was exposed. Tom dropped the ax without which he never stepped into the woods, and threw aside the remaining covering. Lying upon his back, eyes gazing fixedly up to the leaden sky, was Ambrose Pettit, fire-warden of the Grindstone station.

Tom stood erect, to stare about the woods on all sides of him. They were silent, untenanted, except by those creatures, visible and invisible, whose universe is the forest and which are not amenable to the laws of man. Tom was searching for traces of a human being upon whom the hand of law might rest. He stepped back from the body of Ambrose Pettit and sat down upon a rotting log.

"How come he *here*?" said Tom, measuring in his mind the distance to lofty Grindstone. "Twelve miles as the crow flies." The underlying question in his mind, as a woodsman, was, "Why did the fire-warden leave his post?"

It was the duty of Ambrose Pettit to sit in his lonely tower at the apex of Grindstone and with ceaseless vigilance to watch the green miles of rolling forest for ominous smoke indicative of incipient holocaust. Ambrose had abandoned his post and his trust. Why? "Anyhow," Tom said, "his flute-playin's over."

He approached the body again, examined it, rolled it upon its face. A bullet had penetrated beneath the left shoulder-blade to emerge in a gaping wound under the left breast. "High-power gun. Small bullet," said Tom Dowd. For ten minutes he walked up and down the ridge, scrutinizing the ground. Then he returned to Ambrose Pettit.

"Calc'late," said he, "if we wait for the coroner the bobcats'll git here first."

Dowd lifted the body, hunched it over his shoulder, and set his face toward Camp Five.

He reached the camp at luncheon-time and found it deserted by all save the cook, the clerk and half a dozen men.

"Hitch," he said to Jean, the teamster, "we're a-goin' in. Telephone the Old Man to git somebody out to Grindstone."

"Telephone hain't workin'. Wire down, I calc'late. Went out of business last night."

"Send out a man to foller the wire."

**TOM DOWD** gulped a huge tin-cup of coffee and mounted the wagon-seat beside Jean. Ambrose Pettit lay behind them covered by a blanket.

"We want to git there," said Tom. "*He* won't notice a mite of joltin'."

It was three o'clock when they drew up before the office of the Tabor Lumber Company, and Tom, leaping over the wheel, strode into the office of Old Man Tabor.

"Hustle a good man up to Grindstone," he said. "Ambrose Pettit's outside in the wagon—shot. Found him in the woods between Three and Five. Have him took care of, Ren."

Old Man Tabor wasted no time in questions. To place a substitute on Grindstone was the immediate necessity; to notify the authorities of the death of Ambrose Pettit came second. He bellowed his orders, and then turned upon Tom Dowd as if Tom were somehow at fault in the matter.

"How came he way out there?" he demanded. "How came he to be away

from the station? Who shot him?"

"If I'd knowed I'd be saved a sight of trouble, Ren."

"Was he killed on account of bein' the warden—to shut his mouth about somethin' he knowed, or to prevent him from seein' somethin' that was goin' to happen? Or was it private?"

"I don't know much about Ambrose; seems as though— Who knowed him best?"

"Him and Pazy Pringle was thick."

"Call him in."

"Go up to the filin'-room and tell Pazy to come here," Old Man Tabor bellowed to the outer office, and presently Pringle appeared, a young man of thirty, clean-cut, intelligent—as became a man holding the important position of saw-filer in a mill of the size and capacity of Old Man Tabor's.

**IS THAT** so that Ambrose Pettit's killed?" Pazy asked excitedly.

Tom Dowd nodded.

"Then it wa'n't jest talk," said Pazy.

"What wa'n't?" Dowd asked sharply.

"Nothin'," said Pazy. "I hain't calc'latin' on mixin' into this."

"Huh. How old was Ambrose?"

"Twenty-six—seven."

"Single, wa'n't he?"

"Yes."

"When'd you last see him?"

"Sunday. Me 'n' Jim Bellows was fishin' out that way. We stepped in and et with Ambrose."

"To-day's Tuesday. Couldn't 'a' been killed Sunday night. It was too fur to git. I figger it was done some time 'tween noon and night Monday. Much of a hand for the gals, was he?"

"Ambrose was perty spry."

"Keep reg'lar company with anybody?"

"He was quite some het up over Coleen O'Hara."

Dowd looked out of the window and blinked. "Titus O'Hara's daughter?" he asked with evidences of very slight interest.

"That's her."

"Hear where I found Ambrose a-lyin'?"

"No."

"On a bee-line betwixt Three and Five—couple of miles from Five."

Pazy clamped his mouth shut. His face wore the stubborn look of a man who would not be tricked into talking.

"Less'n a mile from O'Hara's clearin'," said Tom.

Pazy shrugged his shoulders. "I hain't goin' to do no talkin'. I don't want to stop no bullet."

"Don't blame you a mite," said Tom. "The talk is that this Coleen girl was goin' to marry Pliny Shanks— Wa-al, if you hain't calc'latin' to talk, you might's well git back to your saws."

"Jest keep me out of it's all I ask," said Pazy, as he backed through the door.

Tom Dowd got to his feet, whistling between his teeth, as was his habit. He walked to the window and stood looking out toward the hot pond and the log slide. "Calc'late I'll be movin' around a leetle," he said.

His first stop was in the blacksmith shop, where Jesse Daniels, the smith, was hammering a ruddy wedge of iron with mighty blows.

"Howdy, Jesse!" said Tom. "How's fishin'?"

"Kind of miserable. Water's too high."

"Out with Pliny Shanks Sunday, wa'n't you?"

The smith nodded.

"Le's see," said Tom, "you was back huntin' with him last fall, wa'n't you?"

Again the smith nodded.

"Fairish shot—Pliny?"

"Him!" said Jesse with enthusiasm. "Say, that boy's as good as th' is."

"What gun's he use?"

"Savage, .25-35."

"One of them leetle high-power fellers, eh? Um— See Pliny anywhere's Monday?"

"Calc'late he was out to O'Hara's. Mostly he went out there Monday evenin's."

"Huh— Say, Jesse, what's this talk I hear about Pliny's threatenin' Ambrose Pettit? Both sweet on the same gal, wa'n't they?"

"Nothin' but hot-head talk, I figger," said Jesse. "Pliny and Coleen O'Hara has made it up to marry, but Ambrose, he kinder figgers she took the wrong feller. Keeps pesterin' around. Ambrose is a mighty stubborn feller. Yass— It's made some talk around. I dunno if Ambrose is so much set on the gal as he is on botherin' Pliny. Him and Pliny hain't never been friends."

Tom Dowd lighted his pipe and puffed a moment before he spoke again. "Ambrose Pettit was bushwhacked Monday. I found him a-layin' dead this mornin'."

"Don't seem like Pliny'd 'a' done that," said the smith presently. "He hain't the bushwhackin' kind. Be more in his line to give t'other feller an ax, and then lick him with his bare fists."

**THAT** night the sheriff came down on the train. Tom Dowd met him and took him to Old Man Tabor's office. "Calc'late we got your man located," he said.

"Took him into custody yit?"

"Left that for you, sheriff. Young feller of the name of Pliny Shanks. Uh-uh. He's been a-threatenin' the fire-warden. On account of a girl. This here deceased was shot with a small high-power gun. That's the kind Pliny shoots. Pliny was in the neighborhood where the shootin' was done Monday. Calc'late that's enough to justify you in arrestin' him, hain't it?"

"Ample," said the sheriff. "Kin I git him so's to ketch the nine-o'clock rattler back?"

"Certain. Need any help?"

"Hell!" said the sheriff.

"I'll mosey along anyhow. Jest out of curiosity," said Tom.

They found Pliny Shanks in his sister's home, cleaning his gun in the parlor.

"Shanks," said the sheriff, "I arrest you f'r the murder of Ambrose Pettit."

Pliny, a tall, powerful young man, with brown eyes and a head to excite admiration, looked from the sheriff to Tom Dowd. "I was kind of expectin' it," he said slowly. "No, sheriff, you don't put them things on to me. I'll go along, but I won't be took. If you figger you kin take me, just commence to try. I calc'late I got your nosin' to thank for this, Dowd."

"I helped some," Tom admitted. "Ya-as, I figger I was some help to the law f'r once."

After the train bearing the sheriff and his prisoner had puffed off to the northward, Tom Dowd strolled up to Old Man Tabor's.

"Wa-al, you cleaned that up prompt," said the old man.

"Yass," said Tom modestly. "Perty prompt. 'Twasn't what you'd call difficult. But what I hain't got cleaned up in my mind is how come Ambrose Pettit to be where he was shot, and not where he belonged on top of Grindstone?"

"Went to see the girl."

"Men like Ambrose Pettit, trained and trusted fire-wardens, don't quit their stations to go trapesin' off twelve miles across country for no sich purpose—tain't likely. And then, agin, you can't tell."

Next morning Tom Dowd drove out to Grindstone and found the young man in the tower much impressed by his responsibilities as substitute fire-warden.

"Any callers?" Tom asked.

"Not to speak of. Thought I seen somebody yestiddy afternoon, but I calc'late I was mistaken."

"Hub— I'm goin' to rummidge through Ambrose's things. Any of his belongin's up here?"

"Nothin' but that consarned flute of his'n."

"I'd clean forgot that flute. Left it here, eh? Folks said Ambrose never moved 'thout that flute in his britches pocket." He walked over to the sill upon which the instrument lay, and regarded it thoughtfully. "Guess I'll take this along for safe-keepin'. If anybody asks you where it is, you kin say you don't know."

"SOMEBODY a-comin' up the road," said the substitute warden.

"Hub— Woman! Now what you figger a woman's comin' this way fer?"

Tom descended the ladder and stood waiting. Presently a girl appeared at the edge of the clearing. She was slender, graceful, abounding with youth. Her hair was black and her eyes were blue and her cheeks were redder than their wont from the exertion of climbing the steep. The strange thing about her was that she did not seem out of tune with her environment, but rather of it, a part of the life of the forest, as a squirrel or a partridge is of it. She advanced toward Tom, and her face was set, her eyes flashing.

"You done it!" she cried. "You got Pliny took up for the killin' of Ambrose Pettit—and you know it's a lie."

"Jest kind of wait a minute and git your breath," said Tom placidly. "Hain't aimin' to commit assault and battery on to me, be you, Coleen?"

"I don't know what I'm aimin' to do, exceptin' to git Pliny free. He never done it, Tom Dowd. He wa'n't the man to shoot anybody in the back—not Pliny. You jest had to ketch somebody for that shootin', and Pliny was the easiest to hand."

"I calc'late Pliny done it, Coleen."

"You lie! You know you lie!"

"I kin prove it. What if I was to say I had a witness that seen the shootin'?"

"I'd say you both lied."

"'Twouldn't make it so, Coleen."

"You sha'n't never send him to prison for it, Tom Dowd! I'll stop you—Ambrose Pettit'll stop you."

"Ambrose is past stoppin' anybody, I calc'late."

She shook her head. "Him an' his flute'll do it. He said so. I heard him say it, and the' was a look in his eyes that meant it, too. He says it to me often."



*There upon the threshold stood Coleen O'Hara, Ambrose Pettit's flute at her lips.*

"I'm a threatened man," he says with a kind of a wicked smile, "maybe some day them threats'll bear fruit. Maybe I'll be found a-lyin' with a bullet through my head, and nobody to say who done it." Then he laughed out loud. "But I'll tell on him," says he. "I'll come back an' ha'n't him and play tunes to him and toll him on to hell." That's what he says, Tom Dowd, that he'd toll his murderer on to hell— And he'll do it—with his horrid flute."

Tom regarded Coleen O'Hara a moment in silence. Then he pointed off to westward. "I kin most see the spot where I found him," he said placidly. "Nigh to twelve miles across yonder— You kin foller the brook from the foot of Grindstone as it goes wanderin' through the trees. I found Ambrose a-lyin' jest over the ridge from the brook. What was he doin' there, Coleen, clost to your house? Was him and his flute a-callin' you?"

"He didn't dast, not when Pliny was there."

"So Pliny was to your house that day, eh? Durin' what hours, Coleen?"

She quivered with rage. "You think to be gittin' evidence out of me to send my man to prison! You're a miserable critter; a miserable, slinkin', spyin' critter, Tom Dowd. But I kin look out for myself and for Pliny too. I'll show the whole kit an' b'ilin' of you!"

Then as suddenly as she had flashed into elemental rage, she threw herself on the grass and burst into tears. "You give him back to me, Tom Dowd. He's mine. He b'longs to me. I'd die by inches for

Pliny, jest like he'd die for me—" Her voice became shrill. "He never done it— I done it myself. I took Pliny's gun and shot him— And I'm a-goin' to confess it. I'll tell how I done it and why I done it— That'll beat you, Tom Dowd."

"LISTEN here, Coleen, was Ambrose Pettit tryin' to take you away from Pliny? Was he pesterin' you with love-makin'?"

"Him! No. He never noticed me 'less Pliny was around. He took delight in provokin' Pliny."

"Everybody talked he was courtin' you. He come to your house often."

"Him and pa had business. I don't know what."

"Calc'late I do," said Tom shortly. He had little sympathy for the trade of whisky-runner, nor for those who engaged in the traffic of tarnishing the woods with liquors smuggled across the Canadian line.

"Git up, Coleen," he said gently. "Don't go makin' no fool of yourself. Pliny's safe in jail where no bears kin git to bite him—and that's better'n bein' where Ambrose Pettit is."

She looked up at him quickly, but said no word.

"I'm walkin' down the steep to your buggy with you," said Tom Dowd. Something compelled her to arise and to obey.

"If I was a girl about your bigness," he said in a casual tone, "I calc'late I'd tell my dad the' was a fine openin' for a man of his looks and talent jest the other side of the border—pervidin' he likes the outdoors."

"What do you mean, Tom Dowd?"  
 "Nothin'. But you might repeat them words as comin' from me. He might be int'rested."

Coleen sprang lightly to her seat unassisted.

"Ambrose fetch his flute along when he come? Eh? Play fer you?"

"That flute!" she exclaimed. "It was one way to keep him from talkin'—but it was fearsome, Tom Dowd—to hear it in the woods was fearsome."

"I know, flutes is that way. Kind of creepy when you can't see who's a-playin' 'em. Hain't no direction, the sound of a flute in the woods, seems as though."

She shivered a bit. "Dad says the flute was made by fairies to lead folks off. He says flutes and will-o'-the-wisps is kin to each other. It used to scare me when Ambrose came through the woods playing. You never could tell if he was far or near, or east or west. There was just a sound in the air——"

"That's the nature of a flute," said Tom.

He leaned his elbow on the dingy cushion. "Wisht I was a young feller myself," he said. Twenty minutes later he was driving back toward the mill. Coleen was following the road in the opposite direction, to the queer log shanty in which she lived with her father.

FOR a day or two Tom Dowd went about his usual duties, and it seemed as if his interest in the killing of Ambrose Pettit had subsided with the arrest of Pliny Shanks. But the interest of the town did not subside; it increased. Old Dan Marra-day burst into the boarding-house, hair on end, watery blue eyes starting from his head, to assert that Ambrose Pettit was not resting peacefully in his grave.

"I heard 'im!" said old Dan. "Yass, sir. As plain as day, I heard him—a-tootlin' on his flute. The' wa'n't a thing to be seen nowheres, but that flute went a-tootlin' along jest like Ambrose used to play on to it. It come from up in the air, and then from down underfoot. Ambrose hain't a-restin' easy."

"He told folks if anythin' ever happened to him he'd come back and toll somebody on to hell," said Tim Cooley.

So the rumor spread. The material aspects of the case were driven from men's minds by the supernatural. When two men met on tote-road or village street, they spoke in lowered voices of Ambrose Pettit and his flute—and speaking, cast apprehensive eyes behind. Old Dan was not the only man to hear the eerie sound. Others reported it, credible men, solid men. It was unmistakably the sound of a flute playing "Suwannee River" as Ambrose used to play it, flatting in Ambrose's distressing manner.

"I'd heard tell folks reached a state of perfection when they got to be spirits," said old Dan, "but Ambrose hain't perfected none in his music ear. Maybe he's took to wanderin' 'cause they won't have no flute that flats in the orchestra up there."

"Tain't safe to make jokes about spirits— Me, I got respect for 'em. If Ambrose flats, that's Ambrose's business. I don't want to hear him nohow."

"They don't come wanderin' around 'thout they got reason. Ambrose hain't satisfied with somethin'."



*Pliny was a powerful young man, with a head to excite admiration.*

"Dat ghos', he got hees eyes on some man, dat for sure," said Pierre. "You know w'at Ambrose talk. Yass— He make dat moosic for toll some man on to hell— We get no res' till dat man she git up and go off in de wood after dose moosic. Den dat man she never heard of some more—and de flute she's stop play. You see!"

"But what's he worritin' us for? By rights he ought to be hauntin' the jail where Pliny Shanks is shet up."

"He know w'at he do, and he know for why. I make no questions about it—me. Jes' pull dat cover over my 'ead, and make b'lieve snore loud."

Even Old Man Tabor, as materialistic an old hard-head as the countryside could produce, heard the flute, and it discomfited him.

"I heard the dog-gone thing," he told Tom Dowd. "Jest like these lumberjacks say. It fair made the hair on the back of my neck curl around my ears. It didn't come from no place, Tom. It was like it was all around me. Yes, sir, jest like I was swimmin' in a tune played on to a flute."

Tom himself heard it one evening on the edge of town. It came from the right, from the left, from the tree-tops, from the bowels of the earth—but no creature living, no materialization from the grave was visible. There was only sound, halting, flatting, the tune of "Suwannee River" played by an unskilled flutist.

TOM, who on other occasions had ridiculed the superstitions of his neighbors, did not scoff at the rumor. He had not jibed at the credulous men who reported the musical presence of Ambrose Pettit. Therefore his neighbors whispered that if Tom Dowd believed in the ghost no other would venture a doubt.

"I heard it," he admitted that night, and his face was serious. "I hain't never met up with no ghosts before, and I hain't never b'lieved into 'em. But that there was Ambrose Pettit's flute, and it wa'n't played by nobody that could be seen or touched. Boys, we got to git rid of that there spook. He's goin' to make trouble in these woods."

"She's never go way till she's make satisfy," said Pierre. "She's got a t'ing on her mind— She's toll a man h'on to hell—and den she's satisfy."

"What man, Pierre?"

"Some man she's hate—yass."

"Nonsense," Pazy Pringle the saw-filer said contemptuously. "You mossbacks make me weary. I hain't heard any flute."

"You wait, den. Maybe day flute hain't for your ear. I dunno. But she's play and she's play—till some man go for follow into dose wood, and never be seen some more."

"Rats!" exclaimed Pazy Pringle.

So it went for weeks, the rumor increasing in size and flinging out new antennae of particulars and circumstances. It had become an accepted commonplace of the village life, credited soberly, capable of proof by the most unimpeachable testimony. But no man disappeared. No member of the community was tolled away never to reappear. The village and the camps waited for news of a disappearance, and shook knowing heads when no man was missing.

"It's a-waitin' for Pliny Shanks's trial," they said.

Pliny's trial took place in the county-seat, twenty miles to the northward. The day of the trial was a holiday. It was a spectacle, and no man of self-respect would work on such an occasion. They poured into town at daylight, crowding the little court-house until it bulged at the doors and windows.

IT WAS not a noisy crowd. Few men took liquor that morning. They anticipated strange events, and their exuberance was hushed, held under restraint of superstitious apprehension. There was more than one man who looked to see Pliny Shanks snatched from their midst by an invisible hand, never to reappear upon the face of the earth. With such a sight in prospect soberness of demeanor was considered the correct decorum of the day.

Pliny was brought into the room amid a stillness so oppressive as to be startling. He walked to his place beside the sheriff, looking to right and left as if seeking for some desired face, and when his eyes failed to find it, a look of dejection and hopelessness settled upon him. She might have come, he thought. At least she might have come!

The jury was sworn and took their seats. Tom Dowd was called to the witness-stand, and the trial of the People vs. Pliny Shanks was under way.

Old Tom told of finding the body; described the circumstances surrounding his discovery, the position of the body, the character of the wound, how it had been covered over with little spruce-trees cut from the edge of the ridge.

"Can you tell the court why Ambrose Pettit left his station on Grindstone to go to that distant spot?"

"Ambrose didn't never leave his post," said Tom.

"What do you mean by that?"

"When the thing I found left Grindstone, it wa'n't Ambrose no more. It were jest what was left of Ambrose."

"Do you mean that Ambrose was not killed on the spot where you found him?"

"Calc'late I do. Ambrose was killed when he was a-standin' with his back to the east winder of the tower—while he was a-playin' on his flute."

At the mention of the word "flute" the audience sucked in its breath.

"Do you state that of your own knowledge?"

"Hain't given to makin' rash statements," said Tom.

"What kind of a gun was Ambrose shot with?"

"Small-caliber, high-power— Say, judge, you better lemme tell what I know my own way. I'll git it all out like it ought to be."

The judge nodded.

"Ambrose," said Old Tom, "was mixed into more businesses than jest bein' fire-warden. Yass— Bein' fire-warden and occupyin' the tower off alone in the woods, he had chances. So he took advantage of 'em. Him, and O'Hara, and the man that done the killin' with the high-power gun. It was the licker business. Whoever was goin' to suspect a fire lookout as a kind of a depot for hard licker? I knowed somebody was whisky-runnin' into these parts, and I suspicioned O'Hara, but I couldn't never prove nothin'. I'm ag'in' licker in the woods. These three men done well, but Ambrose done best of all because he done the supplyin'. There's nigh onto a barrel of whisky in a kind of a cellar out behind a big rock now. But Ambrose had a sight of money about him that he'd made out of the business, and the man that shot him knowed it—and that man wanted the money. And he wanted some other things, too. I hear tell he wanted to git married."

Every eye fastened upon Pliny Shanks, who compressed his lips and stared at his feet.

"SO THIS man, of a Sunday, went sneak-in' out to Grindstone, and crep' up the steep, and stood in the edge of the underbrush where he could see the tower windows. Perty soon Ambrose come and stood with his back to a winder, a-playin' on his flute." Again an indrawing of breath from the crowd. "So this man up with his high-power gun and shot Ambrose through the back. I know about that, 'cause I stood on the spot and sighted, and the bullet would 'a' done like I say, and like it done. It went in below the shoulder-blade and come out higher up in front—Ambrose quit a-tootlin' on his flute forever."

"Go on."

"Then this man climbed up and toted Ambrose to the creek and put him in a canoe and paddled with him as fur as he



*Coleen was slender, graceful, abounding with youth.*

could, plannin' to leave him where he wa'n't likely to be found, but where, if he was found, s'picion would maybe p'int to another partner, of the name of O'Hara. This man, he chopped little spruces and covered Ambrose up snug and comfortable."

"Who was that man?" asked the prosecutor.

Tom Dowd opened his mouth to answer, but did not speak. The expression of his face became strained, startled. He leaped to his feet and stood so that none could fail to note his agitation. His climax was approaching, and Tom played up to it skilfully. He leaned forward and listened. Far off and very softly sounded the purring notes of a flute!

The audience sat tense, stricken by chill horror. The sound grew louder, slowly, slowly approached, grew shrill with a note of savage vengeance. Its direction could not be determined. It seemed to come from the street without, then from the roof above, then from the basement underneath. Louder and louder it grew.

Tom Dowd spoke. "I don't know who

that man was," he said huskily, "but Ambrose Pettit knows. He come to toll him——"

The strains of the flute were at the door now, about to enter, it seemed. There was a pause. Then something smote the door thrice as if demanding admission:

Pazzy Pringle, wearing the face of a man who peers into the torture room of hell, sprang to his feet and shrieked:

"Keep him out! Don't let him in— Hold him away from me— He's callin' after me—" He began scrambling toward the door, over the bodies of his horror-stricken mates. "For God's sake, somebody hang on to me! Don't let him go draggin' me off to hell——"

HE STUMBLED and fell on his face in the aisle, but no man dared stretch out a hand to help him arise. Pazzy lifted his head and stared at the door with dead eyes—and began to crawl toward the sound of the flute. "I'm a-comin'," he mouthed. "I hear yuh, Ambrose. I'm a-comin'—I'll give the money back, Ambrose—I should 'a' knowed more'n to kill you when you was a-playin' on the flute—I'm a-comin'."

He reached the door on hands and knees. It was thrust open suddenly, and there upon the threshold stood Coleen O'Hara, Ambrose Pettit's flute at her lips!

She stood there, looking down at the man for a moment, then tears, tears of joy, welled up in her eyes and she uttered a little cry of relief. Tom Dowd had reached her side.

Suddenly, with a gesture of repulsion, she forced the flute into his hands. "Take it back, Tom. I've had the courage to use it like you told me—but I hate it—I can't bear the touch of it——"

"You and Pliny ought to give it a home," Tom said dryly. "It's done a sight for you. If 'twa'n't for that flute——"

"And you knowin' all the time Pliny was innocent——"

"Took the flute to prove it," said Tom.

Tom was the only rational man in the room. He turned to the judge. "I calc'late you kin let Pliny go now; we hain't got no more use f'r him. When the mouse gits into the mouse-trap, there hain't no need to leave the cheese there too."

## Cophetua's Queen

*By Theodosia Garrison*

MY NECK was never bowed before I hung a jewel on it,  
My hands were always free until I weighted them with rings,  
Till I found the golden robe and the pride to don it,  
Till I wore the silken shoon with their silver strings  
I ran free and ragged with the world's wild things.

Yet honor is a jewel, and one is proud to bear it,  
And duty makes the rings I wear and one would keep them bright,  
A king's love is a golden robe and glad am I to wear it,  
And I must walk in careful paths to keep my shoon aright.

*I wonder how the brook would feel to naked feet to-night!*

# They All Go Mad in June

By Gordon Arthur Smith

Author of "The Pagan," "The Return"

**T**HE long, rakish six-cylinder Wolls-Woyce was made like a watch, but at the foot of a certain hill somewhere in Westchester County the watch stopped, and the girl, its driver and sole occupant, was utterly unable to wind it up. True, at the pressure of her slim foot on the self-starter there came a gasping, coughing noise, but this was unproductive and died with a death-rattle.

Petulant and irritated, the girl descended to the ground and surveyed the polished green and nickel monster with that critical, knowing look of the helpless amateur. She went so far as to reach up and do things with the spark and the throttle; she shifted the switch from magneto to battery; she pressed every button in sight on the dashboard, but succeeded only in lighting the search-lights and the side and tail lamps.

These she quickly extinguished, fearful lest any one should have caught her in so futile and ridiculous an act. Then, despairing, she sat down on a stone wall in the shade of an oak, and waited.

Fortunately it was good weather for waiting—a fine, clear day in mid-June—and sitting on the wall, breathing in the warm smell of the earth and the things growing from the earth, the girl was not unhappy.

She was a pretty girl—pretty in an original way—but I don't think any one could have labeled her beautiful. There was nothing commanding about her; perhaps there was something demanding, which is slightly different. She was small and very slender; she wore a dark-green linen suit almost the shade of the Wolls-Woyce; her hair, the color of the cover of a French novel, was abundant, shining and straight; her eyebrows were dark, but I hasten to add that this fact did not mean that she had dyed her hair; her face was narrow, the chin pointed (and as a rule, pointed upward); her skin was almost colorless, but healthily so, and her eyes, set rather wide apart, were a mixture of brown and green. They were scarcely soft, pleading eyes, and they weren't especially large; rather they were alert, appraising eyes, that seemed to consider one guilty until one were proved innocent.

There, now, I have described Audrey Manning in detail, exactly as I remember her.

She sat, then, in the shade of the oak, with her chin in her hands, and contemplated nature. That she knew little of nature did not matter. She, who could scarcely distinguish a snapdragon from a buttercup, found, nevertheless, something of pleasure in the appearance of both.

"I must do more of this sort of thing," she reflected. "I must read up on wild flowers and wild animals and all that. There is probably a lot in it, and I've

**Here is a sprightly summer romance—an engaging, devil-may-care twentieth-century troubadour for hero and a fiery-tempered spoiled beauty for heroine. Maybe they do all go mad, but there's method in this June madness, as well as point in this light and graceful story. Gordon Arthur Smith, who is coming back to fiction from aviation, is the author of two novels and a volume of short stories. He is here making his first appearance before an EVERYBODY'S audience.**

been missing it. Just the same, I wish somebody would come along and give me a lift home to lunch. It must be late."

Now, although it was a comparatively unfrequented road, I can honestly claim that I am not overstretching the arm of coincidence when I state that at the end of ten minutes she heard the faint squawk of a motor-horn, and a Ford, 1914 model, came bouncing over the brow of the hill like a bowling ball rolled on an uneven alley.

Audrey climbed hastily from the wall, planted her slim figure in the middle of the road, and stood there like a semaphore with warning outstretched arms.

The Ford stopped with much ado; the young man behind the wheel looked at her critically and then took off his hat.

"Can I help?" he inquired.

"I hope so," she said coolly. "Are you going my way?"

"Which is your way?" he returned.

"The way you were going."

"In that case," he answered gravely, "I am going your way. Will you step in?"

"Thank you," she said. "It is not far. My car has broken down."

"You should get a Ford," he murmured; "they are so satisfactory and adequate."

He opened the door of the front seat for her.

"Don't sit on my ukulele," he cautioned.

"What? I beg your pardon?"

"Don't sit on my ukulele," he repeated.

"It is part of my stock in trade." And he removed the instrument carefully from the seat and placed it in the *torneau* beside a large kit bag.

She looked at him with some interest. "You play the ukulele?"

"Yes—very well, too. It's about all I can do. Except, of course, I sing a little."

She looked at him with more interest. He was no Hawaiian, surely. His skin was white and he had blue eyes.

"Now," said he, "shall we get along? You tell me the turnings to make well in advance, because I bought this—racing car only day before yesterday, and—and, well, I don't like to be hurried. Are you going to leave the Wolls-Woyce by the roadside?"

She nodded. "If anyone can move it, he's welcome," she said. "Besides, I'll send one of the men for it when I get home."

"Ah," he said pleasantly, "one of the men."

Something in the tone of his voice annoyed her. Was he being sarcastic at her expense? She could not quite be sure.

"Straight ahead," said she, and refused to look at him again.

He guided the car erratically but not at all nervously. It was she, perhaps, who was nervous. His method seemed to be to keep the throttle constantly wide open, whether going up hill or down, and, in consequence, the Ford seldom had all four wheels on the road.

"You drive fast for a beginner," she remarked at length.

He took his eyes from the road to answer her and the car narrowly escaped a ditch.

"I like to go fast," he said. "It is stimulating. I get wonderful ideas for my songs when I strike forty miles an hour."

"And when you strike a rock——"

They did, just then. He got the car back to the road rather adroitly.

"You see," he answered proudly, "I'm really not a bad chauffeur."

"You're a very strange person, I think," she asserted. "You say you write songs—and play the ukulele?"

"Yes. Words and music."

"And you sing them, too?"

"Oh, yes. That's the way I earn my living."

Then, once more, she felt compelled to look at him—furtively, that he might not note the display of interest. He was nice-looking—healthy and clean, and his hair and his clothes were well cut.

"To the left here!" she cried. "Heavens, I almost forgot."

They made the right-angled turn on two wheels.

"Didn't I tell you to warn me?" he complained sharply. "We might have upset."

"Well, why don't you go a little slower, then?" she rejoined. "It's your own fault."

She was not used, you see, to being scolded by young men.

He brought the car to a standstill with a jerk, and regarded her musingly.

"Woman, woman," he murmured. "Always striving to place the blame on other shoulders, always in the right, never in the wrong. You're a spoiled child, that is all you are—a spoiled child. I've half a mind to take you back to your Wolls-Woyce and leave you in it."

He said it so sternly that she could not be sure he was not serious; so, to make certain he would not carry out his threat, she employed all her wiles. She vouchsafed him, for instance, a smile—a dazzling,



*Audrey stood there like a semaphore with outstretched arms.*

friendly smile, half-humorous, half-appealing.

"Please don't do that," she begged. "You'd much better come home and stay to lunch."

He did not answer at first, but his eyes lingered on hers. Then he took out his watch—a perfectly presentable watch, she noticed.

"Quarter to two," he said. "How far is home?"

"About a mile. And we have a good cook."

"Yes, you *would* have," he agreed enigmatically. "But how do you know I don't eat with my knife? How do you know I won't steal the silver?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I really don't care if you do."

"Well," he admitted grudgingly, "I suppose I must eat. Man can not live on love alone."

She flushed a little and remained silent.

Doubtless he noticed it, for he said quickly: "Oh, I'm not being personal. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying."

"I BEG your pardon. Yes, I'll come to lunch with pleasure. By the way, my name is Geoffrey Rudel, and, as I've told you, I'm a wandering troubadour, twentieth-century type. May I ask what you are called? Perhaps it would be better for me to know. Your family and all that."

"I am Audrey Manning," said she. "My father is Baird-Manning."

If she had expected him to be impressed, she was disappointed.

"All right," he said calmly. "That's that."

## II

BAIRD MANNING'S country place is, of course, famous. We have all seen photographs of the house and of the gardens in *Town and Country*, and we have dwelt on them with envious eyes, claiming, at the same time that nothing would induce us to live in such a magnificent palace.

The Ford, containing Miss Manning, Geoffrey Rudel and his ukulele, whirled up the winding entrance drive and stopped, unabashed, in front of the Corinthian portico.

"Come on," said Audrey, "get out. I'll have one of the men take it round to the garage."

"Ah, yes, of course," murmured Geoffrey, "one of the men."

"Well," she retorted sharply, "what of it? There *are* men on the place, you know."

"Shall I leave my ukulele for another one of the men to take in?" he inquired.

"You can do as you like," she answered, and preceded him into the house, "one of the men" holding open the door for her.

"Are they at luncheon, Alden?" she asked. "Yes? Well, never mind. There'll be one extra. Tell Jenkins."

"Very good, Miss."

"And send Boynton to fetch home the Wolls-Woyce. It's at the foot of Starling hill."

"Very good, Miss."

"See that Mr.—er Mr. Rudel has everything he needs, Alden."

"Very good, Miss."

"I'll meet you in the hall in five minutes, Mr. Rudel, and we'll go in together. You'll have to be introduced all round. That will annoy everyone. They hate to be interrupted at lunch."

"Perhaps," said Geoffrey with a smile, "it would be better if I ate in the pantry. I could sing for the cook."

"He wouldn't appreciate it," she answered from half-way up the stairs.

Geoffrey waited for her ten minutes, and then she appeared and led him to the dining-room. You remember, surely, the dining-room at Manning's Manor?—high-ceiled, oak-paneled, with a huge carved mantel at one end and a huge carved sideboard at the other, and French windows leading out to a brick-paved terrace.

THERE were ten people at table, all eating lobster. Four of them rose at Audrey's entrance, and all but one stopped eating temporarily. Her father, Mr. Baird Manning, merely said "Hello," and resumed his struggle with a claw. His time, you see, was very valuable.

Geoffrey was presented formally to Mrs. Manning, who wiped her fingers surreptitiously on her napkin, and then graciously shook hands. To the others the introduction was more simple, consisting only of a recital of names.

"Miss Bradshaw, my aunt Miss Herbert, Miss Tower, my kid sister, my father, Mr. Pegram, Mr. Jewett and Mr. Hill. There, now sit down. I'm starving and Mr. Rudel is, too. He's a hero—he saved me—so give him plenty to eat."

"What happened?" asked Miss Bradshaw, the obviously healthy young woman on Geoffrey's right.

"She couldn't start the Wolls-Woyce," he explained.

"And you couldn't either?"

"Oh, I didn't try. That would have spoiled everything. If I hadn't succeeded it would have been humiliating, and if I had I should have missed—this."

"So what did you do?"

"I brought her here in my own car—a very reliable little car, mine is. I just picked it up the other day. It's a 1914 Ford."

At this Mr. Manning looked up from his plate. "You're right there, Mr.—er Mr.," he said. "I've got eight of 'em in my garage now, and they're the most dependable cars I've got. I wouldn't change 'em for all the expensive, nicked, upholstered junk in the world."

"I notice," observed Mrs. Manning, "that you never ride in one, though."

"What difference does that make? They're just as good whether I ride in them or not, aren't they? What business are you in, Mr.—er—"

"My name is Rudel," supplied Geoffrey.

"Yes—Mr. Rudel. Are you downtown?"

"No," said Geoffrey. "I'm generally out in the country. I sing for a living—my own songs."

Mr. Manning dropped his lobster-claw and the fork with which he had been excavating it.

"You—what?" he said limply.

"I sing."

There was an awkward silence. Mrs. Manning blushed. Audrey's kid sister giggled. It was as if he had said: "I murder."

Audrey, herself, did not see fit to ease the situation, so Mrs. Manning finally, with a glow of inspiration, exclaimed:

"How very interesting! You are with the Metropolitan, I suppose?"

"OH, NO—no, indeed. I'm a sort of strolling singer. Only I stroll in my Ford. As you say, it is very interesting. One meets all sorts of people that way."

Audrey glanced up with a cool smile. "Us, for example," she remarked.

"Why, yes," he agreed. "You're one sort, of course. There are others, though."

"Such as?"

"Oh, villagers—peasants, serfs, you know, tillers of the soil, market-gardeners, people who in the West would attend the Chautauquas."

The strapping Miss Bradshaw, more healthy than the others and therefore perhaps less easily disturbed, ventured to interject a question.

"But surely," she said, "surely you don't do this except for—er—amusement? You probably are really a great man who is well known in New York."

"I am known in a section of New York," he answered. "I once was employed to sing at the Pink Cat in Greenwich Village. I may add that I had some little success there."

"Oh, he's just joking!" cried Miss Bradshaw to the silent company. But the company remained silent and suspicious, except for Audrey.

The meal would have been a miserable failure had not Audrey, in a calm, assured manner, taken over the conversation into her own hands. She bullied her father, made good-natured fun of her mother, and wound up at the ices with an apparently unjustifiable attack on Mr. Pegram, an anemic yellow-haired young man whom she called Buttercup.

Later, in the garden, she explained to Geoffrey that she was engaged to Buttercup.

"I don't doubt it," said Geoffrey bluntly. She stopped and looked at him angrily. "You can be ruder," she said, "than any man I've ever met—and I've met some rude ones."

"That wasn't rude. I merely said that I didn't doubt the truth of your statement. Had I said that I did, that would have certainly been rude. Why are you so sensitive? Take the chip off your shoulder, for goodness' sake."

"I see that we are going to fight constantly," she asserted, more composedly. He consulted his watch before replying.

Then he said: "I should like to, but I must leave in about ten minutes."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, your parents and friends think I'm a sort of wild animal escaped from a Zoo, and—"

"Do you mind what they think?"

"No; not especially. The trouble is *they* mind. It makes it uncomfortable for them."

"And I don't suppose you mind at all what I think?"

He hesitated. Then: "I'd rather like to know just what you do think," he said.

She turned and smiled slowly at him, a provocative smile, an appraising smile.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Rudel," she said, "do you suppose that I've given you really a serious thought? Do you suppose for an instant that a perfect stranger whom I pick up on the road—a perfectly mad stranger—matters one whit to me? I have been nice to you because you gave me a lift home. You gave me a lift, so I gave you a luncheon—that's fair enough, isn't it? But just because I gave you a luncheon is no reason why you should assume that you have the right to scold me and insult me, yes, insult me. I'm not used to it and I won't tolerate it, either, not even from my father."

He groaned, whether sarcastically or not she did not know. "I was afraid you'd be that sort," he said. "I hoped differently, but I should have known it. The house is too much for you. That and your father's money. What a shame, what a ghastly shame!"

"What do you mean?" she snapped out. "Are you becoming patronizing now?"

"No," he said, "simply sympathetic."

I AM afraid that at this juncture she lost her temper completely. She stamped a high heel into the soft turf.

"Sympathetic!" she cried. "Who do you think you're being sympathetic with?"

"One says 'whom'—not 'who'," he corrected her. "At least so I was taught at Harvard."

He stopped abruptly, evidently regretting the slip; and then, to cover it if possible, he added. "Moreover, a preposition is a poor word to end a sentence with."

She said nothing; perhaps she had not noticed his betrayal of himself. Possibly she realized that Harvard is a democratic university and numbers all sorts and conditions of men among its students. However, her temper perceptibly cooled. And she did not request "one of the men" to show him to the gate. Had her feelings been fundamentally outraged, there was always this expedient open to her.

"Well," she said, more quietly, "I've told you what I think of you, Mr. Rudel."

"Yes," he agreed, "you certainly have.

But you must remember that it was not I who picked you up on the road—it was you who picked *me* up. I didn't ask to come to luncheon and sit in your over-decorated dining-room or look at your silly imitation of an Italian garden. Such magnificence overawes me and I doubtless have appeared at my worst. I am not used to it and I abhor it."

She gave him a look from the corners of her eyes, and just a trace of dimples hovered near her lips.

"Do you know what I think?" she said.

"God forbid!"

"I think—I think that you're a rank impostor."

"H'M," he reflected. "You do, do you? Well, now, if all your family thought that, it would make it much pleasanter for them, wouldn't it? I suppose I'm an eccentric English viscount in disguise, or something like that! How interesting—how interesting! And how romantic! It's refreshingly girlish."

"Naturally I'm girlish," she retorted. "I'm very young. Just the same, I know you're an impostor and I don't believe for a minute that you can write songs, or sing them or play the ukulele."

"What do you believe I *can* do, then?"

"Oh—talk. You're probably a little mad."

"I'm a little angry," he said.

"Well, I'm very glad. You've angered *me* enough. I don't often let trifles disturb me."

She was more at ease now—more in her element, for she enjoyed taking the offensive. And, like all women, she knew that she could make no lasting impression on a man until she had thoroughly vexed him.

"Go ahead," she taunted, "get your ukulele and sing me a song. I'll send one of the men for it, if you wish."

He threw out his hands in disgust.

"Yes; do, by all means. Send one of the men!"

One of the men chanced to be clipping the hedge not far away, and she called to him to fetch the musical instrument from the tonneau of Mr. Rudel's Ford. He dropped his shears and departed at once.

"Are you going to sing me a nice song?" asked Audrey. "Or is it to be something unpleasant—like your mood?"

"I don't know yet," Geoffrey said.

"I am thinking."

"You couldn't find a rhyme for Audrey, could you?"

He pondered a while seriously, then shook his head. "Tawdry is the nearest approach to it I can think of at the moment," he replied.

"Thank you."

"I shan't use it. It's not appropriate, and it really doesn't rhyme."

When the man bearing the ukulele was sighted, Geoffrey demanded silence for a few moments.

"If I am to extemporize," he said, "I must have time to think."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "So you're going to extemporize—in my honor?"

"Yes, if you'll keep quiet."

The man having deposited the ukulele, at Geoffrey's direction, on the grass, departed to resume his shears. Geoffrey, after a brief minute, picked it up and strummed a few minor chords—plaintive



"You can do as you like," she answered, and proceeded into the house.

chords full of mystery and lamentation. Then he began to sing.

"I have traveled many lands  
In quest of my girl of dreams,  
I have searched by golden streams  
For the slim, pale girl who stands,  
Luring with slim, pale hands—  
Luring me in my dreams.

"I have sought under many skies  
The slim, pale girl of my dreams,  
But, alas! she always seems  
To vanish before my eyes,  
Even as twilight dies—  
Even as die my dreams.

"My soul it is sad to-day,  
For the idol of my dreams,  
Seen where the daylight gleams,  
Is but of mortal clay.  
Gone is the dream away—  
Gone are my golden dreams."

"There," he said, "that's not bad—except the last verse. I don't mean that the idea of the last verse is bad, but the wording is rather slovenly. I'll polish it off, though, before the day is over."

Audrey said nothing for a while. Then, when she did speak, she stammered a little. "Am—am I to suppose that I am the—the girl of clay?"

He bowed.

"Had your name been accented on the last syllable," he said, "I should have substituted Audrey for away in the next to last line. Perhaps it would be better like that anyhow: 'Gone is the dream,

Audrey—Gone are my golden dreams.' Yes, I think I could get away with that. Well, now that the dream is gone, I'll be getting along myself. Good-by."

He held out his hand. She was plucking at the petals of a red rose—putting it to her face and then lowering it to pluck at it again with nervous fingers. Obviously she was mystified, uncertain, perhaps a little stirred. She chose not to notice his hand.

"But—" she began, and stopped. Then: "Please come and sit down a minute. You *must* explain a little—you really must, you know. I insist on—on knowing more. All about you."

She took his hand then, and led him to a garden bench beneath the hedge. He followed, grave and unsmiling.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Geoffrey Rudel."

"I mean your real name."

"Oh," he said, "my real name? I don't think I shall tell you my real name. Not that it's of any importance."

"Are you really—poor?"

"Most decidedly."

"What did you mean by that song? Why should you have thought of me—if you *did* think of me—as the—the girl of your dreams?"

"Do you want to know why?"

"Yes—of course I want to know why. It—it's my right, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it's your right. Well, you

see, for a long time I had made up my mind just what a girl should look like. I mean that the—well, let's say what the ideal girl should look like. My ideal girl, you understand. Not Tom's, Dick's or Harry's or Mr. Pegram's ideal girl, but mine. Do you see?"

"Yes—go on."

"Well, you look like her."

"Is that all?"

"NOT quite. I determined that if I ever saw a girl who fulfilled my ideal I would make love to her until she loved me!"

"Oh!"

"Exactly."

"Just because of her appearance? That seems silly."

"Unfortunately I *was* silly."

There was a silence. Thoughts, however poignant, make no sound.

"It was silly," she said at length, "because you found that, after all, your ideal girl was—was disappointing."

"She was impossible," he said slowly.

Her lips straightened. "In just what way am I impossible?" she demanded. "You are so frank that you needn't hesitate to be brutal."

"I mean, of course," he explained earnestly—"I mean that for me you are impossible. For others you are doubtless entirely possible and even probable. Such women as you have always existed, and there have always been multitudes

to love them. You have the superb imperiousness of Cleopatra. That does very well for an Antony, but not for me. I don't like it in a woman. You have the devilish temper of Xantippe. Socrates bore it, but I couldn't and wouldn't. You're a spoiled aristocrat, like Marie Antoinette—except that you're only a pseudo-aristocrat—and I'm inclined to be something of a Socialist and my name is not Louis. In short, your faults are so flagrant in my eyes—in *my* eyes, you understand—that it is totally out of the question for me to continue to make love to you. I am very sorry—no one is more disappointed than I."

She was angry, there was no doubting that. She was so angry that she was almost in tears.

"You're a perfect beast!" she cried.

He bowed again. "A very imperfect one, I fear," he said.

"You—you don't know me at all, and you have no right to talk that way."

"You told me to be frank," he reminded her. "But—well, I have eaten of your salt and so I should perhaps have played the hypocrite. However, I am leaving you at once and we'll never see each other again, so you'll forget what I've said as quickly as you'll forget me."

She glanced at him sharply, suspecting a double meaning in this last. Perhaps she knew that she would not forget him quickly. He appeared innocent—calm, a little sad. At least, she hoped he was a little sad. Her anger left her suddenly, and, strangely enough, it left her against her will. She desired fervently to remain angry, but in spite of herself she felt her righteous wrath slipping from her, and in its place came a distressing and disconcerting feeling of humility such as she had never before experienced. Then, to her dismay, she began to cry.

"My God!" shouted Geoffrey Rudel. "Don't do that! Don't *do* that! It's just another of your damnable tricks, and I can't stand it. I can't stand it, I say. Don't *do* it!"

He got up and commenced pacing the grass in front of her. He was greatly perturbed, and he wanted to get away.

Still, he did not want to leave her in tears.

"Here, here," he said sternly but helplessly, "here, here. This won't do. This won't do at all. You really mustn't. I'll leave you at once if you don't stop."

She looked up quickly and achieved a smile. "Then I'll stop," she said.

There was a pause while she dried her eyes.

"DID you do that on purpose?" he demanded severely.

"N-no," she answered, "I couldn't help it. You hurt me."

He said "Oh!"

"You see," she continued, "I am not so callous as you think."

"They all cry," he responded, but without his customary assurance.

"How do you know?" was her natural retort, while she was powdering her nose.

"I've seen them. Even in Arizona where water is scarce. I was working on a railroad out there—"

"Whose railroad?" she inquired.

"My father's rail—" he began. "My father's a railroad superintendent—that is, of a section," he finished lamely. He eyed her closely, but her vanity-box was still in front of her face.

"Well?" she said. There was a little shake in her voice that might have been a cough, or a final sob, or a laugh.

"Well," he said, "they cry even out there."

He seemed to have lost all interest in his recital, and continued to eye her suspiciously.

"How very, very interesting," she said.

"H'm," said he, "I'm going now."

She put aside the vanity-box to glance up at him. She was calm and quiet and gentle and adorable.

"Before we say good-by," she said, "I want to tell you one thing. Will you believe that I am telling you the truth? Will you forget for this one moment that I am arrogant and spoilt and insincere and have the devil's temper?"

"Of course," he answered.

"Then, all right. I want to tell you that everything you said of me was probably true and that I am honestly glad

that you said it. In fact, I want to thank you for saying it. No, don't interrupt. There is more."

She got to her feet and, standing beside him, held out her hand. He took it, wondering.

"I want to ask you," she said, "to give me another chance. I want to ask you if the next time you pass this way you won't stop your Ford in front of our door and inquire of 'one of the men' if Miss Audrey Manning is at home. If she is in the house, I promise you she will be at home to you. And it is possible, oh, just barely possible, that she will have improved a little during your absence. In any case, she will have tried. Will you promise you will do that?"

She lifted her head to look him squarely in the eyes. He began to feel strangely weak. And unsettled. That was it—unsettled.

"I promise," he said, or at least he thought he said it, but as a matter of fact he merely whispered it.

"Now jump into your Ford and I'll try to crank it for you. Here, don't forget your ukulele."

She guided him to the car with those slim, pale hands that he had hymned. He kept his eyes fixed on her—bewildered, dazed eyes like those of an adoring dog who does not understand. All of his fine conceit had been scattered to the winds and he knew neither why nor how. All that he knew was that she was very lovely and much to be worshiped. But that knowledge did not help him to function the Ford.

## III

AUDREY, descending the corridor slowly to her room, was stopped by Mr. Pegram. He put his arm affectionately around her waist.

"My dear," he said, "your father has just given his consent and I'm the happiest man in the world."

"You go to the devil," advised Audrey, and, disengaging herself, ran to her room and slammed the door in Mr. Pegram's pale, fat face.

THE July number of EVERYBODY's has just the fiction for long, hot summer days, including two big serials and nine short stories—varied, interesting, clever. There is the beginning of a two-part story—"The Scoop of Charles Hamilton Potts," by JAMES HOPPER, in which a clever California reporter, a shy little new-comer in the group of big newspaper men at the front, in his search for local news items for his home paper carries you amazingly and excitedly right over the top with the Twenty-Eighth Infantry in a raid in the Toul sector.

### A New Kind of Automobile Story

"Professor Todd's Used Car" By L. H. Robbins

in which the little old harassed car shows the humanness that we have always suspected it had. The flivver tells the story of how it aided a hen-pecked little professor to come into his own.

### A Tennis and Love Story

"The Real Game" By Lawrence Perry

A tennis match between world champions, in which the hero, handicapped by a year in business, opposes a rival in love.

Also a business story, by Thomas Addison, the story of a successful hunch, by Arthur Crabb, an entirely different sort of crook story, by William Dudley Pelley, and another clever English short story by A. Neil Lyons.

### A Tropical Sea Story

"Pearls and Apples" By Frank Evans

The story of a shipwrecked Yankee sailor on an island of opal and amethyst in the South Seas, of ministering natives and treasures of pearls. What happens gives an entirely new line on shipwrecked sailors.

### A Dog Story

"The Crowded Hearthstone" By Harold Titus

A high-bred bull-terrier proves that race makes for courage—courage that is willing to lay down its own life to save another.



*The veteran pitcher's reverie was interrupted by the return to the bench of the pinch-hitter, struck out.*

# Real Shine

*By Bozeman Bulger*

**T**OBY, the batboy, knew the immediate situation to be hopeless and that something was forlorn about the future when old Zach Barlow took a double wrap in his legs and spat reflectively past the row of bats laid out in front of the players. Old Zach—we call a man old at thirty in baseball—was the only man on the Grays who could do that trick with his legs, a feat that Toby always had contemplated with admiration and envy.

"Low in his mind," the boy whispered to Tim Maloney, the trainer. "Look," he pointed to the pitcher's legs; "the old boy's got 'em plaited again."

And Toby had not misread the signs.

For nearly two hours the one-time champion Grays had been taking a tough drubbing at the hands of the Reds, the score piling up at such a rate as to draw "boos" from the home crowd. Slim Selbach, Barlow's ancient rival in the box, had something on the ball that seemed impossible of solution.

A manager, though, must never admit defeat until his last reserve has been spent. So Ed Daley, boss of the Grays, had stopped Zach Barlow on his way to the plate to make way for a pinch hitter. The veteran pitcher dropped his bat, took "the long walk," and was now folded

**And here is Major Bulger again—putting the war behind him and baseball before him. There is some of both in this story, though: the story of a veteran big-leaguer who learned something in France from watching projectiles and applied that learning to save his threatened career. It's a real story, as well as real baseball.**

up in his accustomed corner of the dug-out. Not a word or a look did Zach offer his team-mates, and none was expected. He gazed steadily and silently at Selbach, his rival, as he whipped curve after curve past the Gray batters. Then Zach looked just as earnestly into space.

Barlow was not suffering pangs of defeat. He didn't know what a pang was. After fourteen years at the pitching business a good trimming was nothing new to Zach. He was simply thinking hard. There was much on his mind.

In a dull, intuitive process of thought, Barlow was beginning to realize the superiority of a rival, a man as old in the game as himself, who, at the last minute, had developed something new. Though Zach had begun pitching in his seventeenth year, he had never discovered anything new. Zach had never learned even to

read and write. All he knew about baseball was that a pitcher must have a good arm, a good fast ball, a curve—and control. With that equipment plus a natural cunning in discovering the weaknesses of opposing batters, he had made a good living and was content. But now, with a reputation slipping, and thoughts growing of a certain little woman, an age of discontent was creeping on Zach.

The veteran pitcher's reverie was interrupted by the return to the bench of the pinch hitter, struck out.

"He's got somethin' on that pill that I can't figger," admitted the pinch hitter with a snort. Disgustedly he tossed his bat into the pile. "The ball comes up there as big as a balloon," he explained, "but if anybody thinks they can get hold of it they can start bettin' me right now. What's he got, Zach?"

"Be doggoned ef I know," Barlow replied. "Ef I knowed, I'd bust it myself."

"It's a shine ball, all right."

"That's a cinch, but how does he work it? Grab that one, Toby!" Barlow called to the batboy.

A pop foul had landed among the seated players, all intently watching Selbach. Toby pounced on the ball and, with a movement perfected by long practise, substituted another which he tossed to the umpire.

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"Gimme that ball," Zach directed, indicating the captured one. Screened by the end of the dugout, Barlow examined it very carefully. One side of the ball was dark and heavy with dirt. The other was sleek and shiny, almost white.

"It's a shiner, all right," Zach observed to Manager Daley. Continuing his inspection, Zach dug his thumbnail into the seam of the ball and discovered evidences of some soft, flaky substance that he could not identify.

"I'll keep this one," he announced. "Make the umps look the next one over, Ed."

Another batter fell before the cunning of Slim Selbach, and Daley demanded an inspection of the ball. The umpire also discovered the greasy flakes, and tossed the ball out of the game. But it made no difference. Selbach shined up another, and kept right on until the Grays were beaten, badly beaten.

It turned out a bitter day for Zach Barlow. For the third time in succession Selbach had beaten him in a pitchers' duel, a fact very carefully noted by the fans. The question of superiority between these two old stars of the game had long been a source of endless discussion. At the last minute now, Selbach had discovered the peculiar curve that became known as the shine ball. Nobody appeared able to solve its secret, especially the failing veteran of the Grays. It was also difficult to rule out as an illegal delivery.

Manager Ed Daley had a great sentiment for his old players, but he never permitted his feelings to influence his judgment. A pitcher who could not win could bring no money into the box-office, could help win no pennants.

"There's nothing to it, Zach," Daley candidly remarked to Barlow as they walked across the field to the club-house. "Old Selbach's got it on you."

Zach winced in acknowledgment of the frank assertion, but did not reply.

"Here you are getting ten thousand a year," went on Daley; "the owners depending on you to make money for the club, and old Slim putting it all over you. If we don't get the dope on how he pitches that shine ball, or if you don't dig up something better, there can be but one answer: You are going to hit the skids. It may be sooner or it may be later, but you've been around baseball long enough to know what's bound to happen. You're the hero of this town—or have been—but a few more showings up like that and—well, you can figure it out yourself."

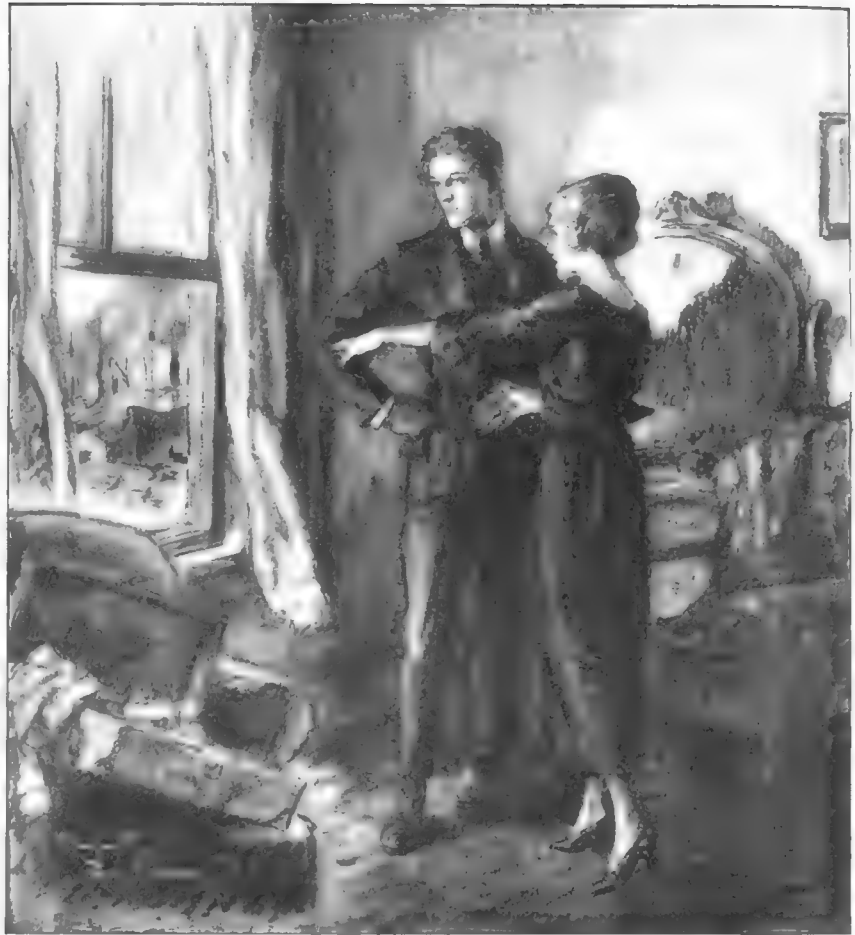
"EF THE umps keep on throwin' out them balls we're liable to stop Slim," said Zach defensively. "He knows jes' as well as you and me that it ain't allowed to put nothin' on that ball that's foreign. Ef Slim is forced to pitch natural he ain't got a thing."

"Yes, but that don't get you anything. What have you got?"

"I've got that ball that we grabbed, anyhow, an' I'm goin' to keep it till I learn somethin'."

They reached the club-house several minutes after the rest of the players. From the little bench in front of his locker the subdued Barlow could hear the wild shouts and splashing in the shower-room.

Nobody understood better than he that



*"If you let this man persuade you to do a thing like this, you are neither a man nor a gentleman. You are a coward!"*

the real unbridled symposiums of baseball strategy are held under the shower. Zach knew that the players were talking about him, but he tried not to listen.

He was right in his surmise that he was on the pan, as he termed it, by the other players. Long before his arrival they had opened up, and opinions were being as freely expressed by substitutes and utility men as by the ten-year men and the veteran coach.

"The real answer," declared Wrigley, a bench-warmer, as the gang stripped for the shower, "is that Selbach's got more sense."

"What do you mean—sense?" a defender retorted. "If there's anybody got it on old Zach for knowin' somethin' in that box, I'd like to get a peep at him."

"Course Zach's smart," interposed another, "and he can almost make that ole pill act human, but you can't expect a feller who can't read and write to dig up new notions like a man that's educated, can you?"

"No, you can't, but he knows every batter's weakness in this league. You can't learn that out of books."

"I'll hand you that, all right. But when it comes to scientific stuff Zach's got two strikes on him before they even hand him the book. He can't even read the scoreboard. Did you hear him the other day asking who is that fellow 'Messrs.' that's been umpiring so long? The box-score gave 'Messrs.' Evans and Dineen' as umpires, and Zach wanted to know if 'Messrs.' worked behind the plate."

"Say," called out Farrell, Zach's coach,

"the old boy may be goin' back, but I don't know what the devil we are going to do without him. Did you hear about Dahlgren being caught in the draft to-day?"

The gang turned, for a moment silent in surprise.

"YES, siree. The old boy got his call as we were going across the field. The club's now crippled down to almost nothing. Looks like the Grays won't win no ole peanut this season."

"It ain't no cinch, either," remarked the coach, "that old Zach don't get nabbed for the army. He's the only unmarried man left on the club, and he ain't thirty-one yet, either."

Barlow, coming into the room, caught the words "unmarried" and "draft" through the splashing of the shower. His somber thoughts had passed by this time, and the veteran with boyish glee made a run for the water.

"There ain't no law ag'in' a feller gittin' married, is there?" he yelled as the cold stream made him gasp and jump. "Even ef he ain't got no shiner," he added, as his voice came back.

"No law ag'in' it, but they tell me that ain't stopping these army guys and draft-boards now," came a muffled answer from a big huck towel across the room.

"But a feller can't lose nothin' by tryin'," Zach persisted.

This carried with it a tone of something more than mere persiflage. The gang stopped and gathered around, demanding more detail.

"The notion is," Zach told them,

"that you are liable to be gettin' the big invite any minute. But wait!" he yelled in mock agitation. "Wait'll I git out of here 'fore you start that list goin' round for the weddin' presents!"

This parting shot, as Barlow made a dash for his locker, drew the expected laugh and he felt better. That bit of comedy had been used by prospective bridegrooms for many years on the Grays and had never failed.

AND then the club-house did buzz. "What's this I hear about you getting married?" Manager Daley demanded to know, as Zach came into the main room attired for the street. "That isn't on the level, is it?"

"Well, I'm goin' to come clean an' tell you that it is, Ed," Barlow answered. "The gang may think I'm kiddin', but it's on the up and up. But"—with a smile—"you needn't bother 'bout no expensive present."

"So that's what's been the matter with you, is it? Now, you big lummo, I know you are on the skids. I've never seen a ball-player in my life that was worth a darn the year he got married. After you've been married three weeks the wife will be telling me when you ought to pitch and how much more money you ought to get."

"Not Laurette, boss. She ain't that kind."

"Not who?"

"Say, Ed, there ain't no use in your gittin' rantankerous. The gal's name is Laurette Veldare, an' she's got as good a line of stuff as was ever showed to an audience."

"You don't mean—well, I'll be damned—the dancer that had you in the vaudeville sketch for six weeks last winter?"

"You got it right. That's her."

"Take a tumble to yourself, Zach," advised the indignant Mr. Daley. "A stage dame is no partner for a big boob like you. Aren't you wise enough to know that she is after getting more publicity and more money on your reputation?"

"Ef she does she's entitled to it. That's some gal, Ed. Wait'll you hear her talk."

"That's just what I'm dreading. I've seen her in her stunt at the Garrick Theatre."

"Sure you have. But listen, Ed. That fluffy stuff she pulls there is all the phony. Laurette—Lolly, I call her—ain't like that when she's off the stage. She's real as they make 'em. To tell you the truth," he added with the ingenuousness of a small boy, "Laurette Veldare ain't her real name."

"You don't say so!"

"No, Ed. But don't you crack it to anybody. Her name's Lolly Campbell, and, 'tween us, she's got a regular ole workin' pa and ma jes' same as you and me. I ain't sayin' she's no society queen, nor nothin' like that, but she's for me, an' I don't know where I can do any better. She makes one hundred an' fifty dollars a week when she's workin', too. She figgers that ef she and me hooked up we could git a lot of dough—ef we win this pennant."

"So could I." Daley rubbed his chin reflectively. At heart he resented his star pitcher being taken for what he con-

sidered a saphead, but he couldn't think of a way to stop it.

"Is she on to your social limitations?" he inquired of the big pitcher, who now had taken that double wrap in his legs and was reflective.

"My which, Ed?"

"Your limitations, that is to say, your education."

"You mean does she know that I ain't never had no schoolin' and can't read and write?"

The manager nodded.

"Shore she does. An' I didn't have to put her wise, neither. She knows I didn't get no schoolin' because I had to work in the cotton-mills down in Carolina. Listen—don't crack this either—she told me that I was a gentleman—a Southern gentleman—whether I was rich or poor or educated or not. She pulled that the night I busted a feller in the nose for crackin' loose talk in her presence. And, believe me, I knocked him for a goal."

It began to dawn on Daley that this big fellow must not be as guileless and innocent as appeared on the surface.

"I don't suppose this love-affair of yours, Zach, has any bearing on your relation to the army—the draft, I mean?" he threw out as a feeler.

"That didn't start it," Barlow replied. "But it might hurry it a little," he added, as his face lighted with a brand-new thought.

"Of course," suggested Daley, his irony lost on Zach. "She never thought of that. I don't suppose it ever occurred to a little innocent thing like her that a marriage might keep you on the ball-club and have you in line for vaudeville next fall?"

"I dunno. But she's got some bean on her shoulders, boss."

"And I suppose the doping out of some way to beat Selbach is going to be lost in the marriage business. To keep yourself in the headlines you've got to win some ball-games. You'd forgotten that, hadn't you?"

"Ef I kept slippin' I might get released and blow the whole works? Is that whut you mean?"

"That is the notion. Now take a tumble to yourself and get wise."

Manager Daley turned into his private office, leaving Zach Barlow with a lot of things to think over.

But, like all lovers, Zach's serious thoughts were quickly side-tracked for those of Laurette. He was going to get married and that was all there was, to it. From the club-house the big fellow headed straight down-town, where he was to have dinner with Miss Veldare. His mind glowed with thoughts of her. Nothing else mattered.

SINCE he had come up from South Carolina, an ignorant, unlettered youth, Zach had never known but one person to treat him with real, wholesome consideration. His mind rarely wandered from the incident following his appearance in a vaudeville skit with Laurette during the past winter. It was the one big awakening in Zach's life; his first observation of one person shielding the embarrassment of another by skilful tact.

The newspapers had given the skit generous notices, due entirely to the appearance of the big pitcher. Sporting

writers allowed their wit full play in these reviews, but, at the same time, they had printed big pictures of Zach and his partner, which was to the point. Miss Veldare was the recipient of a larger spread of printer's ink than her vaudeville career had ever enjoyed—reflected publicity, it is true, but just as effective at the box-office. Other vaudeville performers appeared in Laurette's dressing-room the day following, to congratulate her and Zach. One of these, a comedienne, brought a handful of clippings.

"It's simply wonderful, Mr. Barlow," she fluttered. "All these press-notice. Have you seen them?"

Zach had never read a press-notice or anything else in his life.

"That ain't nothin'," he stammered in confusion. "It ain't that I'm any actor. The boys on the paper is simply my friends."

"But just look at these lovely ones in the afternoon editions!" The big fellow grew alarmingly uncomfortable as she shoved the clippings toward him. Zach reddened, his embarrassment reaching a state of panic.

"Don't bother Mr. Barlow with those things now," Laurette petulantly ordered. "Give them to me. Now, Mr. Barlow, you sit right down there and let me read them. I'll read them aloud. It will be a lot more fun and also save time."

ZACH breathed a deep sigh of relief and looked keenly at the little woman. She was "on," he was sure. Never before had he observed such a delicate ruse. At the ball-club opportunities like that were usually devoted to making him the butt of a rude joke. From that moment Zach crowned Miss Veldare the queen of all women. There couldn't possibly be another like her.

And Miss Veldare made a lot of money out of Zach's awkward appearance in her skit. His utter frankness and lack of sophistry appealed first to her sense of humor and then to her sympathy. It was as strange an experience to her as to Zach. She had never encountered a man so ruggedly honest—so ingenuous and naive.

Ed Daley's cynicism might have been tempered had he known how sincerely fond of big Zach this stage girl had grown. Where others had sought her favor by clever lines, studied manners and expensive entertainment, the boorish athlete had succeeded, without having consciously tried, by his masculine strength and boyish honesty. His mere lack of polish had an appeal. Not once did he ask for an accounting as to finances. It never entered his head that a woman could be guilty of sharp practices. As a result Laurette became constantly fearful lest she by mistake deprive him of one nickel that was coming to him.

And so they got married.

The sporting pages gave pleasant accounts of the marriage, but the writers thereof smiled in private. The ball-players contributed the usual present of silver, and they also laughed. But Zach Barlow was very happy. And so was Laurette.

To add to the general happiness Zach won a couple of ball-games.

Then fell the blow. All baseball awoke one morning to face the now historic "work or fight" order from the War

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Department. The ball-players' profession was declared non-essential. Nobody, apparently, was exempt, and pennant possibilities were knocked askew.

Zach Barlow could not read these things in the newspapers, but the gossip of other players kept him fairly well informed. There was a great rush of the more timid to the shipyards. Others, without awaiting the call of the draft, voluntarily enlisted. Quickly there sprang up what were known as shipyard teams.

"Agents" secretly circulated among the players, urging them to seek employment at those havens of escape from actual military service. A good ball-player, these agents pointed out, could not only avoid the draft, but could earn a good living playing baseball during off hours. The agents, as promoters, could make money out of exhibition games. Managers and owners in the big leagues were in a fever of uncertainty as to their future.

On the next trip of the Grays Zach Barlow took his wife with him. They were in Philadelphia when a strange man came around to the hotel to be introduced to some of the stars. Ed Daley was having his troubles. All over the country players were listening to the importunities of these agents, and several clubs already were seriously crippled. Daley, apprised of the agent's presence in Philadelphia, tried to get him out of the hotel. It was no use, though. The stranger saw Zach Barlow; the big pitcher listened.

In their room next morning Zach instructed Laurette to pack up her things. They were going on a trip. Without question she obeyed, the doings of baseball still being a mystery to her.

**A** FEW hours later they arrived at the shipyard town and went to a small hotel, where the agent joined them. In the waters near by many transports were lying at anchor, alive with khaki-clad soldiers. A recruiting officer was busy on the dock filling up the gaps in certain units. Mrs. Barlow didn't like the looks of this mysterious agent, and when he had departed she turned to her husband for enlightenment.

"What's the idea of all this, anyway?" she inquired of Zach. "I've kept quiet up to now, but it's up to you to put me wise. What is it, big fellow?"

"It means, honey, that this friend of mine here has doped out a scheme by which you and me can stick together and beat this draft."

"This draft? What draft?"

"The war business, honey. You see, by coming here and doing a little work in the shipyards I kin play baseball on the team, an' git purty good dough. The gag is, though, that while I'm here they won't grab me in the draft—in the army. You see—"

Barlow's voice died in him. A look in Laurette's eye stopped him cold. There was fire in that look—the first spark Zach had seen since they were married.

"What's the matter, honey? Ain't you pleased that—" he stammered when interrupted.

"Listen, Zach Barlow," ordered Laurette, the fire in her eye growing brighter—"when I married you I thought I married a man! When you struck that fellow on the jaw that night, I told you that you were a gentleman, and I believed it. But if you let this man persuade you to do a

thing like this, you are neither a man nor a gentleman. You are a coward, that's all!"

"Wait a minute, honey, wait; I—"

"I'll wait—nothing!" she cried. "I tell you I thought I married a man. Anybody that's a man is not dodging the army—especially a big, healthy athlete like you. There are plenty of men over thirty who can stick around here and do this work. Now, if you love me, step right out there to that officer and enlist."

"You mean—?"

"I mean just what I say. That's your certain cue."

"You are some game chicken, honey, but—" he hesitated for just one second—"but you ain't got a darn thing on me!"

Zach walked out and consulted the recruiting officer.

Twenty-four hours later the recruiting officer found a special unit being put together for handling the small thirty-seven millimeter guns—"one-pounders"—Americans dubbed them later. That would do fine for Barlow. Zach made his mark over his signature on the papers, and was in the army.

Laurette's happiness drifted into indignation with the arrival of the morning papers from New York. Sporting pages heralded the fact that Barlow had

deserted his club and gone to the shipyards. Raw-edged ridicule ran between the lines of every article. Laurette's eyes again blazed.

"Report to your officer," she ordered Zach, "and I'll attend to this."

**R**EPRESENTATIVES of the ball-club were rushed to the shipyard to urge Barlow to return, but they arrived too late. He was then passing out of the harbor on a transport and Laurette, returning to New York with them, displayed copies of sporting pages containing a repudiation of the former stories. It was explained that Zach had really deserted his team to join the colors, and was on his way to France. The papers reproduced a telegram from Laurette Veldare as their authority. Her trip was to tell her husband good-by, she said.

"It's the darndest thing I ever run across in my life," Ed Daley declared to a group of his old players in the club-house. "I've got to admit I had her wrong. But, say, can you see that big rube, Zach, when she cracked the whip? He didn't go to any shipyard with a notion of being a hero, and you can go and bet on it."

"Just the same, it's hit this ball-club a wallop," observed Farrell, the coach.

And it had. The Grays won no pennant,



"I'll say he's some first-baseman!" decided Zach, making awkward efforts to get his hands on the baby.

but, after all, a pennant didn't mean much that year.

They made Zach a private, first class, and put him in night-school, when it was discovered that he could take down the little one-pounder gun and put it together again blindfolded. His natural bent for mechanics and his eagerness to learn made him a favorite with his officers from the start.

When the lieutenant had dismissed his class of huskies the first night, he noticed that Barlow was hanging around as if for an opportunity to speak.

"What's on your mind, Barlow?" he inquired. "Anything you don't understand?"

"It's a present, sir," Zach answered, looking around to see that they were alone. In his hand he held a small flat package. "My wife give me this when I got on the boat and told me not to open it till I got in France. I didn't go to the fellows over in the billet 'cause they ain't on to how shy I am on the readin' and writin'. You open it and put me wise, will you?"

On the wrapper was inscribed: "The more you use this the more our love will increase. Lolly."

"The officer read this to the ball-player-soldier—and Zach carefully cut the strings. Inside was a small blue-backed book.

"A First Reader!" exclaimed the young lieutenant. "And I'll see that you carry out her orders," he added.

Zach placed the little volume in the pocket of his blouse, and to the end of the war it never got beyond his reach. By candle-light he pored over it.

As the early training came to an end under the sound of distant guns, the unit's allotment of the little one-pounders arrived. Zach was given the immediate care of one of them for the try-outs.

At target practice the ball-player's aim proved unerring, and at the end of the first day on the range he returned to his billet proud possessor of the high score. He was to be a gunner, and not merely a helper or ammunition carrier. And in his exultation Zach made a slip.

"WHO left the gun uncleaned?" the officer demanded, as the squad lined up next morning. All eyes turned on Zach. Manfully he accepted the responsibility.

"That ought to cost you a month's pay," declared the lieutenant, "but I'm going to let you off this time with a five-dollar contribution to the athletic fund for our baseball team."

Following a severe reprimand, the young officer forcefully impressed upon the men the necessity of always cleaning a gun after every few shots.

"I want you to look at this stuff in the bore," he said, peering down the barrel. "One side's all gummed with lead deposit. Wait a moment," he ordered, as Zach started to pick up the cleaning-rod. "Before you swab out that barrel, Barlow, take a shot at the target—the one at six hundred yards."

Zach, still wincing under his first reprimand, took deliberate aim to make good, but the projectile went wide of its mark—missed the target altogether and threw up dirt where it struck the butts.

"It's no fault of your aim," the lieutenant explained. "It's the metal deposit on one side of the bore. That's what I wanted to show you. Unless a bore is

kept absolutely clean and polished the gun will not shoot straight. It is impossible."

The gun was then carefully cleaned and Barlow was instructed to shoot again. This time he made a direct hit.

"Now, here is the reason for that," the officer resumed: "When a projectile encounters friction on one side of the bore, the other being smooth, it is bound to deviate from its course. The friction on one side only causes it to twist in a lopsided way. Do you all understand? In a rifle, for instance, the bullet will deviate four or five feet at long range, due to rust or leading on one side of the bore."

Barlow's eyes lighted. His long-benumbed intellect began to stir. A kind of thrill ran through him. At the very first opportunity he secured permission to call at the lieutenant's quarters that night. He must know more about this theory of projectiles; could hardly wait. Before reporting, however, he fished out of his barrack bag an old baseball that he tucked in his pocket.

"LIEUTENANT," he said, "I've been studying hard about what you said. It means lots more to me than you think. Now, as I got it, you said that if one of them projectiles was heavy on one side or scraped by rust, and the other side was smooth, that it would go crooked, kinder lopsided like?"

"That's the idea exactly, Barlow. Common sense, isn't it?"

"It shore is, sir; but I want to know ef that same thing would work with a baseball when throwed by a pitcher."

"It's possible. Yes; the theory is the same."

"Then look at this one, will you? If your dope is right, we've got the answer."

Zach produced the baseball, and the officer scrutinized it carefully.

"That's one that Slim Selbach pitched in a game against me, and gave the Grays a trimmin'," explained Zach. "He pitches the shine ball with that and nobody ain't been able to get on to it."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the young officer, an enthusiastic baseball fan. "That's the first shiner I ever saw. What's this on the edge of the seam?" He scraped it with his thumbnail and discovered flakes of paraffin. "By George, that's clever!"

On the opposite side of the ball he found a place roughened by some hard substance like sand. Dusty particles were still hanging to the fuzzy surface.

"You see," he explained to Zach, "by roughening this side and making it heavy with dirt, he gets the same effect as rust in the bore of a cannon."

"But how does he get the other side so sleek?"

"Looks like paraffin. But the use of foreign substance on the ball is against the rules, isn't it?"

"Shore, it is," said Zach, "if they ketch you. But he gets away with it somehow by rubbing the ball on his leg. I reckon he keeps the dope in his glove, don't he?"

"Why can't you pitch this kind of a ball?"

"In the first place nobody seemed to know how but Selbach, an' besides, there's the trouble about controllin' it. You see, it's a brand-new scheme."

"I don't see any reason why you

shouldn't use it. It's as simple as the nose on your face."

"There ain't no reason, 'ceptin' the paraffin."

"I can fix that, and I believe we can do it better than he ever thought of. Suppose we keep this a secret and try it out in the practise games."

"That's the notion, lieutenant."

THE officer and the first-class private conferred frequently. The lieutenant secured four paraffin candles and they began to experiment. After several attempts they succeeded in permeating a piece of olive-drab cloth with paraffin and oil so that flakes would not leave the cloth and adhere to an object when rubbed against it. At the same time the ball would take on a glossy shine.

"Now we got it!" exclaimed Zach. "We'll make a patch on my breeches out'n that piece of cloth. I kin rub the dirt on one side of the ball in my glove, and then shine the other on the patch. Now, ef I kin get control I'll lick that Selbach yet. This is a bird."

"I believe the way to get control," said the officer after some thought, "is to keep the shiny side up."

And Zach found that to be true. The heavy side beneath acted as a kind of balance as the ball revolved.

Securing the aid of a buddy who had been a college catcher Zach practised control of this "shine" during all his leisure hours. Finally he tried it out in one of the Saturday games. The amateur batters could not touch him, many of the soldiers claiming that they could not even see the ball when it got close to the plate. The revolving white and dark spots were dazzling and confusing to the eye, and to gage the peculiar shoot of the ball was well-nigh impossible.

And just as Zach's unit was about to proceed to the front for a first bath of fire the armistice was signed.

Army ball clubs sprang up all over France. Barlow's team eventually won the divisional championship played in one of the southern cities. As spring approached officers began efforts to secure Zach's discharge from the army, so that he could get back to the United States and resume his profession. Foremost in this was the lieutenant friend who had helped him at the beginning.

It was in the spring when Private, First Class, Zachariah Barlow walked down the gang-plank clad in khaki. Newspapers thrown aboard the transport at quarantine had advised him of the opening of the ball season. A wireless message informed him that Laurette had received his cablegram.

Though not a native of New York, Zach fairly drank in the shore-line as the big vessel nosed its way into the harbor. Every building, every ferry and coal-barge appealed to the big ball-player as something personal and human. All returned soldiers have felt that thrill; that something that bubbles inside and melts into tears and back again.

Returning as a casual—a soldier detached from his regular unit—Barlow was permitted to go ashore immediately. At the dock his eye picked Laurette out of the crowd.

With her was Ed Daley, manager of the Grays. After the first enveloping

squeeze from the little woman and the subsequent pummeling in the back by Daley, Zach discovered his bearings enough to look around. He noted that Laurette was a trifle pale. She looked considerably older.

"You been sick, honey?" he blurted out.

"Not much sick, big fellow. But, oh, how happy I am! How happy you are going to be. There is—there is—"

"Go ahead and tell him," urged Daley.

"A little Zach," she finished the sentence.

"A little Zach? An', honey, you didn't write?"

"I couldn't, Zach. Just simply couldn't. You know," she whispered, "I thought some one else would read the letter to you, and I didn't want any other eyes but yours to see the writing—the writing about that."

The big ball-player smiled whimsically, then knowingly.

"Listen, Zach," broke in Daley, who felt very much in the way. "You get right home and see that boy. This is no place for me. Just remember the job is open if you can make good. Beat it with Laurette. I'll be round to-night."

The taxicab didn't break the record, but it was stopped and cautioned by the police.

"Isn't it great?" cried Laurette, as she pulled the mite called Little Zach from beneath a great pile of covers. "A little soldier boy to always carry the name—and be just as proud as I am."

"I'll say he's some first-baseman!" decided Zach, making awkward efforts to get his hands on the baby.

Night came quickly and with it came Ed Daley, true to his promise. His orders were to sign Zach as a drawing-card at any reasonable price.

"I want you in there pitching just as soon as you can get that uniform off," he told Zach. "It's going to be a great season and we've got a chance."

"I could work now, ef I wanted to," Zach replied. "I've got a two weeks' furlough before bein' mustered out, an' there ain't a thing in the world to stop me from pitchin'. But I ain't signin' no contract till I show my goods."

"But I can't work you unless you are under contract."

"The old one still holds, I reckon."

"It might, but here's a new one for ten thousand dollars."

"Jes' wait, Ed. Wait a while. Ef I make as good as I 'spect to, I'm goin' to ask for twelve thousand. Ef I ain't there, I ain't goin' to pitch at all. Believe me, old boy. I've got somethin'."

"Your arm in condition?" Daley inquired doubtfully.

"In condition? Man, I've pitched more ball-games in France than I ever pitched in two seasons in the big league."

THE Reds were in town and Daley urged Barlow to report in time to pitch one game of the series, the one against Slim Selbach. In his patriotism and kindness Daley had not overlooked the gate—the possible publicity. He eyed Zach keenly to observe the effect of his shot about Selbach. In a moment he saw that it had landed.

"I'll be there," decided Zach; "an' you kin go an' bet I'll give that bird a trimmin'."

The mere announcement that Zach Barlow was back on the Grays and would pitch against the Reds was enough, but the sporting writers didn't stop at that. They gave columns to the returned hero. Though Barlow had never been in a real fight, they named him "Argonne Zach," and the name will probably stick for all time.

The park was packed.

On the night prior to his first appearance Zach secured his uniform, and with needle and thread spent an hour sewing a large patch between the hip and knee of the right breeches leg. In puzzled wonder Laurette watched him melt candles and with great deliberation soak the cloth with the smelly preparation.

"Don't say nothin' 'bout this patch, honey, but jes' watch me when I git it workin'."

NOT even to Manager Daley did Barlow confide knowledge of his mysterious patch. Ed, being no fool, asked no questions.

Since Zach's departure umpires had become extremely watchful of the shine ball. All foreign substance on the ball had been declared illegal. They had heckled Selbach so much as to make him nervous and uncertain.

The crowd, at high tension, watched the start of the two old masters in silence.

For the first inning Zach pitched straight baseball and got by without a hit being scored against him. In the second Selbach rubbed up a shiner and struck out a Gray batter. On protest of Daley the ball was inspected and thrown out. There were unmistakable signs of paraffin in the seams.

"Well, I'll be darned!" the umpire behind the plate muttered to the Grays' catcher as Barlow went to the mound. "Old Zach's shinin' up one."

Laurette saw her husband strike out the next two batters. Big-leaguers who had formerly found Zach comparatively easy were turned back from the plate dumfounded. They stopped on the way to the bench and looked at him in wonder.

"I can't even see that ball," the Reds' shortstop announced as he came to the bench, a victim. "It comes up there all black and white and then disappears."

Opposing players watched closely and noted that Zach would slap his glove in the dirt, quickly twist the ball in it and then take a couple of swipes on the leg of his breeches. With a quick windup he would let go and—zip!—there was no chance.

"Lemme see that ball!" demanded Slim Selbach, running out from the Reds' bench. He scrutinized the cover minutely, and tossed it back to the umpire.

"I don't get it," he admitted on the bench; "but the big rube's got something. The ball shines like paraffin, but I can't find a thing in the seams. He's stole some of my stuff all right, but I'll be darned if I know what he's added to it."

As defeat began to settle on the Reds, their manager made frequent demands to see the ball, but not once did the umpire rule it out. There was no visible evidence of illegality. Even Ed Daley was puzzled.

It was a Waterloo for Selbach. The Reds

were badly beaten. Barlow at last had won in a pitching duel with his old rival. It was also a popular victory. Crowds at that time were still enthusiastic for the returning soldier athletes.

"I'll say you got something, all right," admitted Daley as he and Zach walked toward the club-house. "I'm not asking you to tell what is the dope, but—"

"That's war stuff, Ed," Zach answered enigmatically. "You got to know some-thin' 'bout projectiles to get that. Guess you never looked down the barrel of a one-pounder, did you?"

The club secretary was waiting with Daley in the latter's office when Zach came from the shower-room smiling.

"That twelve thousand goes, Zach," Daley announced, exhibiting a contract all drawn up. "Just make your mark here."

"Where d'ye git that 'make your mark' stuff?"

"You mean—"

"Gimme that pen! I'm an army guy, old-timer."

With a boyish, boastful flourish Zach inscribed his name at the bottom of the paper. Then, with pen poised, he hesitated, regarding the paper long and intently.

"This don't go, Ed," Barlow declared emphatically. "This here contract says that I git ten thousand dollars and two thousand extra ef I win twenty games. I want twelve thousand straight. I ain't signin' no bonus contract. What you tryin' to put over?"

Aloud he proceeded to read off the clauses. The manager and secretary leaned back, astounded. Finally an amused smile crept over Daley's face.

"That's the kind you always signed, Zach," he said.

"Yes, but I wuz a civilian then. I kin read 'em now." This carried a distinct tone of pride.

"All right; just as you say."

The contract was altered and then Zach signed the duplicate.

"SAY, honey," the big pitcher yelled as he burst into the family apartment and made a grab for little Zach, which Laurette stopped just in time—"I fetched the little shaver a present all the way from *la belle France*"—Laurette can imitate the pronunciation of those three words to this day—"and I'll be doggoned ef I didn't like to forgit 'bout it."

"You fetched him a present? Why, Zach, you didn't know—"

"Jes' the same, I fetched it, an' it's got to lay under that boy's pillow till he's big enough to start playin' ball. That boy's goin' to have somethin' on his pappy when he busts into the big league."

Fumbling in the pocket of his uniform blouse, which he still wore, Zach fished out—his First Reader!

"It's been kept here since I opened that package in France. An', take it from me, it's some book."

Almost reverently he placed the thumb-worn little book beneath young Zach's pillow. And, as an exhibition of his newly acquired accomplishments, big Zach spent the next hour scanning Laurette's booking contracts for the season.

"Well wrote," he announced authoritatively, as Laurette beamed.



Photo by White Studio.

Ten years ago (in "The Fortune Hunter").



To-day.

# The Two Barrymores

By Alexander Woolcott

THE phrase "the two Barrymores" summons the thought of the famous brothers joining forces in such plays as "The Jest;" but consider this time not Lionel and John Barrymore, but rather Jack and John, the one actor with the two careers; on the one hand the aimless comedian, who drifted idly through so many trashy farces in seasons past, and on the other the commanding figure that holds to-day the most interesting position in the English-speaking theatre,

It has been no mere automatic coming of age. Rather it was a sudden dramatic change wrought overnight, a decision made quietly to claim his inheritance and registered in a single evening. That evening was April 4, 1916, when the young vagabond of the Drew-Barrymore clan held a spellbound and wondering audience through the agonies of Galsworthy's "Justice." It was when this play was followed by a program of steadily mounting ambition, culminating in his bold adventure this year into Shakespearian tragedy, that there became apparent to all playgoers an extraordinary design being woven into the fabric of a player's life.

The surprise of it still hangs in the air. Who, when Mansfield died and all the country speculated vaguely as to whence

his successor would come, ever dreamed it would be taken by the negligent and facetious farceur then wandering idly from play to play? Who that in 1911 saw Barrymore embroidering in an obscenely witless opiate called "Uncle Sam" would have ventured to predict that within nine years the ash-barrels would proclaim:

JOHN BARRYMORE

in

"Richard the Third."

Seats Eight Weeks in Advance

and that straightway an eager box-office line would form as though for a musical comedy?

Yet it came to pass. Richard, until the star's illness, was a huge success. The mystery is not that this actor of resourceful mind, winged imagination, and a genius for the theatre should now be doing the work for which so few are fitted. The mystery is that, through fifteen wasteful years, he waited until his thirties before he even began.

The explanation of that mystery is guesswork here. Probably Barrymore began with a certain horror of and contempt for the actor's calling. After dabbling as a newspaper cartoonist, he drifted on to the stage from sheer inertia, secretly laughing at the pompous vanity of the craft, utterly unable to keep a straight face while mount-

ing a lighted platform and proclaiming to the groundlings he had just left: "Behold me!" A real shyness, a certain pessimism, a crippling sense of humor, a horror at even seeming to take himself seriously—these determine his lackadaisical career, the while his irrepressible mind outran his work and conceived the bigger and finer things that ought to be done by some one.

It needed some one outside himself to discern his possibilities and take seriously one who constitutionally could not take himself so. That part was assumed by the playwright Edward Sheldon who, in a forgotten road venture observed a flash of this unutilized art, saw a great light and went to work on the program that has placed Barrymore in his present position. It was Sheldon who selected "Justice" as preparing the way for the four subsequent productions in the very texts of which he has had a hand.

"Justice" was chosen because it was without a vestige of laughter, without a single excuse for a smile. They dreaded for the comedian, who was turning tragedian in an evening, the fate of that solemn temperance lecturer at whom the audience laughed heartily under the impression that he was Mark Twain. There was no laughter at "Justice." The bridge was crossed. It now lies far behind.



*Photo copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.*  
**Herbert Hoover.**

# The Story of Hoover

By  
**Vernon Kellogg**

V

**FOOD ARBITER OF AMERICA  
AND EUROPE**



*Photo copyrighted by Bachrach.*  
**Mrs. Hoover.**

**H**ERBERT HOOVER was thrust into four distinct crises after America went into the war. They were world crises—tests upon which hung the welfare of millions of human beings. The first crisis came when America went into the war.

Put yourself in Hoover's place when the President called him back from the Belgian relief work to be the Food Administrator of the United States. Here were a hundred million people unaccustomed to government interference with their personal affairs; above all, of their affairs of stomach and pocketbook, their affairs of personal habit and private business. What would you think of your chance to last as a new kind of government official, set up in defiance of all American precedent and tradition of personal liberty, to say how much and what kinds of food the people were to eat and how the business affairs of millers and bakers, commission men and wholesale grocers and all food manufacturers were to be run?

The stomach and private business of Americans are the seats of unusually many and delicate nerve-endings. To hit the American household in the stomach and the American business man in his pocketbook is to invite a prompt, violent and painful reaction. Yet this is what President Wilson asked Hoover to do and to face.

## A Democratic Food Dictator

**H**OOPER realized the full possibilities of the situation. He had seen the rapid succession of the food dictators in each of the European countries. Their average duration of life—as food dictators—was a little less than six months. "I don't want to be food dictator for the American people," he said plaintively a few days after the President had announced what he wanted him to do. "The man who accepts such a job will lie on the barbed wire of the first line of intrenchments."

But besides trying to put yourself in Hoover's place, try also to put yourself

again in your own place in those great days of America's entrance into the war, and you will get another, and a less terrifying, view of the situation. Remember your feelings of those days as a fervid patriotic American, not only ready but eager to play your part in your country's cause. Some of you could carry arms; some could lend sons to the khaki ranks and daughters to the Red Cross uniform. Some could go to Washington for a dollar a year. Yet many could, for one sufficient reason or another, do none of these things. But all could dig trenches at home right through the kitchen and dining-room. You could help save food if food was to help win the war. You could help some one who knew remodel temporarily the whole food business and food use of the country to the great advantage of America and the Allies in their struggle for victory.

Well, Hoover put himself both in your place and in his own place. And he thought that the food of America could be administered—not dictated—successfully if he would try to do it in a way consonant with the genius of the American people. Hoover had had in his Belgian relief work an experience with the heart of America. He knew he could rely on it. He also believed he could rely on the brain of America.

The first thing to do was to tell the American people what ought to be done. He showed them the needs and the way to meet them, and asked them to follow him. He asked them to make the fundamental decisions. America's decision in regard to food and its uses during the war was, therefore, absolutely democratic. While the food controllers of European countries relied on orders, the American Food Administrator trusted in an appeal to the people.

Aside from your voluntary action and mine in regard to the use of food during the war, there finally, however, arose a necessity for issuing regulations in regard to trade and manufacturing processes. Business has its fixed and set customs. The minute it departs from these customs it is

no longer business. And there came times when Hoover saw that it would be necessary for business to desert its customs in order to further success in the war.

## Hoover and the Business Men

**B**UT with business men he acted as he had acted with the general public. He held conference after conference in Washington with groups of business men. He consulted with them as to what ought to be done by them, if America was to do her best in the war. He told them what fixed customs of business it seemed to him it would be necessary for them to break. He had a way of painting a picture to business men that had two sides. One side showed their own self-interest. The other side showed the welfare of America in the war.

There was no choice. The American business men in large part, like everybody else in America, turned the self-interest side of Hoover's picture to the wall and lived in their business by the picture of America triumphant in the war. Hoover laid all his cards on the table. Almost always he won. The business men had faith in his fairness, and his knowledge and resourcefulness won them. He knew he was playing with dynamite. He laughed, for instance, at a cartoon of black Matilda in the kitchen. Over her oven it said:

"Mistah Hoovah goin' to show me how to cook cawn-poner? Well, I reckon not."

Hoover knew that business men might have Matilda's feeling about any action of his which might seem unjustly to interfere with their business.

I remember a group of large buyers and sellers of grain, men who dealt on the grain exchange of the Middle West, who came to Washington, not at his request, but on their own determination to have it out with this man who was threatening to interfere seriously with their affairs; indeed, who threatened to put many of them out of business for the period of the war. They came with big sticks. They met in the morning for conference with the object of their wrath. Then they went off and met in the afternoon together. They came

the next morning for another conference. And they met again alone to pass some resolutions.

The resolutions commended the Food Administrator for the regulations he was about to put into force, and recommended that they be made more drastic than he had originally suggested!

It is true that as time went on there were individuals in various parts of the country who endeavored to beat the game—there were such persons in almost every sphere of activity and in every country during the war. The same people who made reluctant gifts to the American Red Cross tried to evade their honest duty in the war and to profit out of food. Hoover found it necessary to have them forced into control by certain regulations. These control measures were very sharp ones at times, and even extended to the point of putting persistent profiteers out of business. The favorite form of penalization for first offenses, however, was to allow such persons to make gifts to the American Red Cross.

### No Maximum Prices

**HOOVER'S** friends find him a staunch adherent of progress through individual initiative. Laws that unnecessarily control personal action or that hamper ambition find no assent in his mental make-up. This belief of Hoover's took a striking turn in the regulation of food. He didn't believe in fixing maximum prices. He had seen this principle fail in Europe. Whenever a maximum price was set on certain foods in European countries, that food usually disappeared from the open market and was bartered in secretly by speculators. One of the striking features, therefore, of the American food-control as administered by Hoover, when he found law necessary at all, was the absence of fixed maximum prices.

As a matter of fact, Hoover worked many months without any legal food-control at all. The Food-Control Act was in consideration by the House Committee on Agriculture by April twenty-first, but it was not until four months had passed that the bill became a law. And on that day the President issued an executive order establishing the United States Food Administration and appointing Hoover United States Food Administrator.



*In Vienna: the children of the relief.*

"I will take the job," said Hoover, in effect, "with the understanding that I receive no salary and that I be allowed to build up my staff on this same volunteer basis."

President Wilson's official United States Food Administration was in reality only a continuance of Herbert Hoover's unofficial food administration which he had been carrying on ever since America went into the war.

For three months Hoover had conducted his unofficial administration and for five additional months President Wilson's official bureau had been in operation under Hoover, when one day in January of 1918 there arose the second crisis in Hoover's Food Administration experience. On this January day in his office in the hastily-built wooden building in Washington he picked up, among other papers on his desk, a cablegram which was sent by Lord Rhondda, the English food controller.

If you can imagine the excitement which came to the British Cabinet when General Haig sent word during the terrible March drive, "We are fighting with our back to the wall," if you can imagine the tension which was caused in Washington when Lloyd George shouted across the Atlantic

"Ships! Ships! We must have more ships!" you can comprehend the sensations which must have gone through the mind of Hoover when he read the message from Lord Rhondda.

### England's Appeal

**IT WAS** a desperate cry for help. It held out a prospect of England and the Allies being starved to their knees and losing the war in spite of all their desperate military efforts. This message ran as follows:

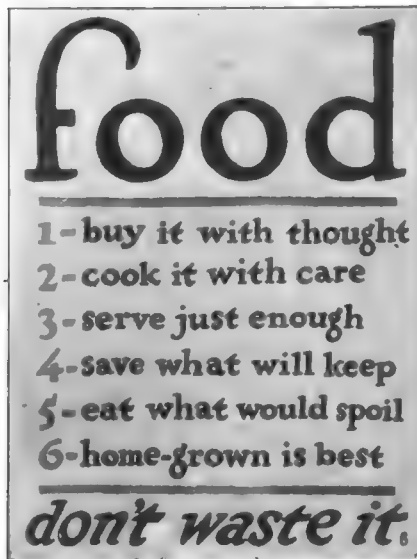
Unless you are able to send the Allies at least seventy-five million bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I can not take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. No one knows better than I that the American people, regardless of national and individual sacrifice, have so far refused nothing that is needed for the war, but it now lies with America to decide whether or not the Allies in Europe shall have enough bread to hold out until the United States is able to throw its force into the field.

And we in the Food Administration offices in Washington thought that we had been doing all that we could. And the American people thought that they, too, had been doing all that they could. And now came this demand, seemingly almost impossible of fulfillment. Here was the test of the great machine which Hoover had built up. Here was the test of how deeply he had impressed upon the minds of the American people the necessity for sacrifice. If they failed in meeting this demand, it would not be their fault. They were willing enough, God knows. But it might have been Hoover's fault. They were looking to Hoover for sound information and for the facts, and if Hoover had failed in giving them these and in showing them not only what ought to be done but how to do it, the blood of the Allies might have been upon his head.

Could his machinery stand the test? We in the Food Administration Bureau didn't know. We asked: "Can Hoover do the impossible?" I know now that Hoover didn't ask this question in regard to himself. What he asked was: "Can the American people do this almost impossible thing?"



*A Hoover soup kitchen for children in Esthonia.*



American save-the-food poster.

His cablegram in response to Lord Rhondda's was immediate and simple. It ran:

We will export every grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe that our people will not fail to meet the emergency.

"Every grain saved from normal consumption!" This meant every grain of wheat that could be taken directly from American tables. It meant every grain of wheat which was on its way to American mouths, that could be diverted to ships. This didn't mean wheat taken from surplus supplies in storehouses, for that surplus wheat had already gone to our Allies. We had sent them every grain of it. This desperate cry of Lord Rhondda must be answered by wheat which we Americans in the ordinary course of events would have eaten very shortly. No cry for help that went up in the whole war attracted more attention among the American people than the appeal which Hoover sent out to the public after he received Lord Rhondda's cablegram. President Wilson himself issued a special proclamation to this same end.

### America's Response

THE response was instantaneous. On every table, in every home, in every neighborhood, on the remotest farms, where wheat was abundant, as well as in the greatest cities where the most luxurious tables were set, the American people saved wheat, grain by grain. These grains were piled up at the Atlantic coast. The piles grew and grew. This food that would otherwise have been on American plates was put on the ships that threaded their way across the submarine-infested Atlantic.

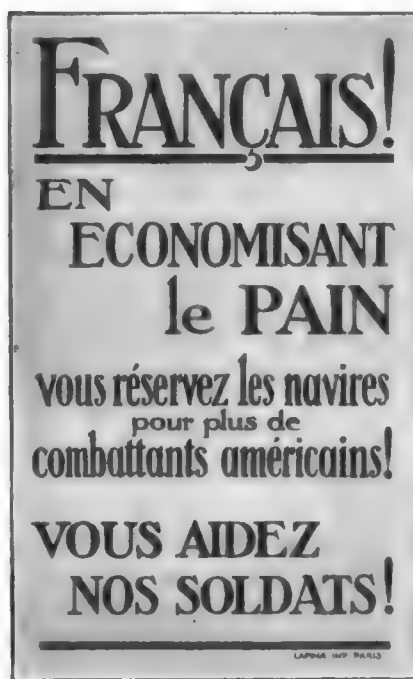
And when all was done that could be done, when we had saved every grain that we could save, we had sent the Allies, in response to Hoover's request, ten million tons more than the Allies had asked us to send. And the threatened breakdown of the Allies' effort was averted.

But in all this supreme effort to get food to the Allies, Hoover saw a danger line in America. There was a point beyond which we could not send food to the Allies. He couldn't trust the Allies, who

were in a state of panic, to keep their demands moderate. They were willing to spend money without stint to get food. And there came times when they might have overbought in our market and left us in a plight respecting food almost as grave as their own.

To meet this danger Hoover formed a close working alliance with the War Trade and Shipping Boards who controlled exports, so that not a pound of food could be sent out of this country without the consent of the Food Administration. The time was not one for the working of the law of supply and demand—it was one for equal distribution of all the wealth and possessions of the Allies. And Hoover developed, after some negotiations with various boards and war agencies, a plan for the pooling of purchases not only for the Allies but for neutrals and our own Army, Navy, Red Cross and the other large welfare organizations in the war.

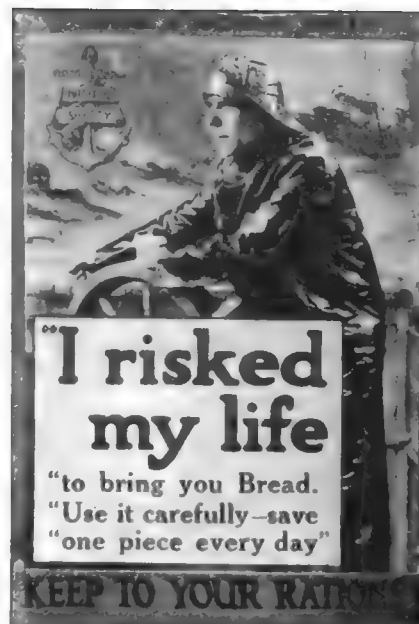
This Division of Coordination of Purchase oversaw the expenditure of over a billion dollars in food stuffs in the last eight months before the armistice. Through the Food Administration the tangled maze of American business to which we are accustomed in peace time was combed out so that its threads were all straight and



French save-the-food poster.

clear. Every one of these threads centered in Washington. Under the licensing system, which was the sharp teeth of the food-control law, over two hundred and fifty thousand food-handling corporations, firms and individuals were under regulations.

The most important, or at least the most dramatic, control that was exerted by the Food Administration was upon wheat. Congress realized the importance of controlling the wheat supply when in August, 1917, it passed a law guaranteeing a price of two dollars a bushel for the 1918 wheat crop. Congress fixed this price in order to stimulate production. It was intended by Congress to benefit the farmer. Wheat had shown signs of going out of sight a



British save-the-food poster.

month after the war began. It was selling at three dollars and twenty-five cents a bushel in Chicago, and the price of bread was soaring, but the farmer was not getting his benefit. Of this three dollars and twenty-five cents the farmer received, according to the Department of Agriculture, only one dollar and forty-four cents a bushel. The middlemen and profiteers were getting the rest. It was necessary to hit them in the knuckles, to loosen their hold.

### The Epic of Wheat

THIS Congressional law put new problems before Hoover. Congress had guaranteed only the 1918 crop. The two-dollar-a-bushel law was passed in August, 1917, when the 1917 crop was coming on the market. The farmers who were getting only one dollar and forty-four cents a bushel for their 1917 crop naturally wondered why, if wheat would be worth two dollars a bushel in 1918, it shouldn't be worth two dollars a bushel in 1917. It immediately became apparent that the farmers must be guaranteed a fair price for their 1917 crop. So President Wilson appointed a committee composed of representatives of leading farmers' and consumers' organizations, together with a number of agricultural experts, to fix on a "fair price" for the 1917 crop.

Hoover had no official part in the delimitation of this price. He was not on this committee appointed by President Wilson, and President Wilson later said that Hoover took "no part in the deliberations of the committee" nor "in any way intimated an opinion regarding that price."

The result of the committee's work was that the "fair price" of the 1917 crop was fixed at two dollars and twenty cents a bushel, which was the same price that had been fixed by Congress for the 1918 crop, plus an addition of twenty cents later made by the President.

There was only one thing for Hoover to do after this action by the President's committee, and that was to hold the price of wheat up to this two-dollar-and-twenty-cent level. He established the United States Grain Corporation which could



Captain "Tommy" Gregory (second from left), Hoover's director of relief in South-east Europe, with American, British, French and Italian officers of the Interallied Relief Mission, in Austria.

deal in wheat, either buying or selling to influence the price, and licensed all handlers and millers of wheat, and prohibited dealing in futures. These three steps did the job.

One of the first results was that while the farmer was getting, in the year just before the war, about twenty-seven per cent. of the cost of each loaf of bread for the wheat in it, to which the miller added about six and one-half per cent. and the middlemen and bakers the remaining sixty-six and one-half per cent., and in 1915, after the war began, the respective proportions were thirty per cent., eleven per cent. and fifty-nine per cent., in 1918, after the Food Administrator's control was in force, the farmer got forty per cent., the miller three per cent., and the others fifty-seven per cent. Or, as another illustration, while in 1917, when there was no food control, the difference between the price of the farmers' wheat and the flour made from it was about six dollars per barrel of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, during the period of food control this difference was only about three dollars and a half.

Men who claimed to represent certain agricultural interests in the United States,

including some farmers criticized Hoover for taking these steps. In fact, Hoover felt it necessary at one time to make a statement about what he had done in regard to wheat. In this statement he didn't dodge responsibility, as he might have done by saying: "I didn't fix the price of wheat. It was done by others, and it was only my duty to keep it fixed and carry out the rules which they had made."

Instead Hoover said: "I agree with the contention of some farmers that they would have received five dollars and perhaps ten dollars a bushel for wheat had it not been for the restraint imposed by the government, but I would say to those farmers that they would have been taking money; not only from the blood of our soldiers and from the suffering of the poor sections of our consuming centers, but every farmer in the land would himself have paid fifty times over in national damage resulting from reactions from labor and instability in our population that would have thundered at the farm door sooner or later."

History may well say that the control of wheat during the war was one of the most dramatic incidents of that great contest. How this great reservoir of wheat in America was filled and protected, how streams

of wheat went forth from it in steady but properly regulated currents, with almost every grain counted and traced, is a story that belongs to an epic of wheat, the fit third part of the trilogy that Frank Norris began with "The Octopus" and "The Pit," and had at the call of death to leave unwritten.

### After Peace

ONE must almost believe that Hoover foresaw the armistice which came in November of 1918, for he was astonishingly well prepared to demobilize his department and to help American business reenter its old ways. To my mind, as I observed him, none of the vindictiveness of war remained in his mind one minute after the Germans had said "Kamerad" to the world. Within twenty-four hours after the armistice of November eleventh, Hoover met his state and federal administrators in final conference.

For Hoover the war was over. He wished the war to be over for them too. America must become her old self again immediately. All autocratic control must cease. Personal liberty, both in business and in individual life, must be restored as rapidly as possible. While the German troops were still marching away from their front, within twenty-four hours after the armistice had been declared, Hoover told his state administrators what he thought of laws that interfered with individual initiative. At this time he said:

"The Food-Control Act will expire at the signing of peace with Germany and as it represents a type of legislation only justified under war conditions, I don't expect to see its renewal. It has proved of vital importance under the economic conditions and psychology of war. I don't consider it as of such usefulness in the economic conditions and psychology of peace. Furthermore it is my belief that the tendency of all such legislation, except in war, is to an overdegree to strike at the roots of individual initiative.

"The law has well justified itself under original conditions. The investigations of



In Finland feeding the children.



*A Hoover soup-kitchen for children in Warsaw.*

our economic division clearly demonstrate that during the first year of the Food Administration farm prices steadily increased by fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. on various computations, while wholesale prices decreased from three per cent. to ten per cent., according to the basis of calculation. Thus middlemen's costs and profits were greatly reduced. This was due to the large suppression of profiteering and speculation and to the more orderly trade practises introduced under the law.

"It is my desire that we should all recognize that we have passed a great milestone in the signing of the armistice; that we must get upon the path of peace; that therefore we should begin at once to relax the regulation and control measures of the Food Administration at every point where they do not open a possibility of profiteering and speculation. This we can not and will not permit so far as our abilities extend until the last day that we have authority under the law.

"When we entered upon this work eighteen months ago, our trades were rampant with speculation and profiteering. This grew mainly from the utterly insensate raids of Europe on our commodities. But the major necessity for law in repression of speculative activities is to my mind rapidly passing. It is our duty, however, to exert ourselves in every direction to so handle our food during reconstruction as to protect our producers and our consumers and to assure our trades from chaos and panic."

### Behind the Curtain of War

I HAVE described the crisis in which Hoover first became Food Administrator, and also the crisis in which he enabled Americans to divert wheat from their own tables and mouths to the Allies. And now we come to the third crisis, which to my mind is the most dramatic of them all. For years the curtain of war had hung between us and our enemies. The armistice raised this curtain to a small degree, just enough for us to catch glimpses and sounds of horrible things. Behind that curtain was an inferno of human suffering, of starving women and children, of disordered minds and disorganized mass-thinking. Behind this curtain was the maddest and

most disheveled world that this civilization has perhaps ever known.

Help must be given immediately. The new states which we had helped to create—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia—and the liberated peoples such as the Armenians, were our moral creditors for food. It was our duty to make life tolerable for these free peoples immediately. And it was our duty to relieve whatever suffering we found among our former enemies, after we had put our friends on their feet.

The European Allies were in almost as bad a way as our former enemies. They had no food to spare, and little money with which to purchase it. America had all the food, all the strength, and almost all the money. The Allies turned to America to meet this great situation.

### Hoover and the A. R. A.

TEN days after the armistice, President Wilson asked Herbert Hoover to go to Europe to direct the participation of the United States in the relief of the liberated countries. The President didn't have to think twice in selecting Hoover for this job. No man knew the European situation, especially the terrible situation behind the curtain of war, better than Hoover, for in the Belgian days he had been behind this curtain. And no man realized more clearly than he that these people must be relieved of suffering before the peace and stability of the world could be restored. All Europe to him, after the armistice was signed, was one great field of misery, its people one great mass of suffering humanity, appealing to the world, and especially to rich, strong America, for help.

Hoover went to Paris. He immediately saw that he must have representatives in every part of Europe. He drew upon his associates in Belgian Relief and American Food Administration and upon the American army in France for these. With an ability for selecting the right man for the right place that was almost uncanny, Hoover reached into the army and out of two millions of Americans at hand selected some eight hundred men, who in reality were part of the very cream of efficient American business and administrative life.

The vanguard of these men were toeing the mark in nervous preparedness for effort

when the war curtain was finally raised and the word was given by the Allies to go into former enemy country with help and food. These Americans, like runners at the tape, jumped, when the word was given, into Germany, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Turkey, Armenia, Finland, and many other parts of Europe to see what they could do to save human life. The Supreme Economic Council, which was made up of representatives of the Allies of America, sat in Paris reviewing European conditions, and very shortly they chose Hoover to administrate their participation in the revictualing and the rehabilitation of Europe. Hoover became a sort of Marshal Foch of the Allied Relief Administration.

It was an unspeakably, indescribably tangled world which Hoover's men found in the country which had been occupied by the enemy. Although, theoretically, with the Peace Conference officials at Paris there were no defined frontiers, until the Peace Conference had described and declared them, nevertheless by the laws of human nature there were already actual frontiers between the new peoples and the old that bristled with guns and men and barbed wire and hate and distrust. The money of one country was of no value in the adjoining land. People of one country wouldn't permit either their locomotives or their freight-cars to go into other countries. The war fury seemed to be as deeply imbedded in the minds of the new peoples as it had been in the minds of the old, and the conditions were so bad that the task of securing a free circulation of food and a free system of buying and selling and of efficient distribution seemed almost hopeless.

Hoover had some money to work with. The American Congress, expressing the sympathy of the American people, appropriated one hundred million dollars as a working fund for the American Relief Administration in Europe. The British provided a relief fund of sixty million dollars. The United States Treasury made monthly loans of several million dollars each to Roumania, Servia and Czecho-Slovakia. President Wilson started Hoover off with a contribution of five million dollars from the special Presidential fund, and Hoover used this latter sum to get his work under way while waiting for the Congressional appropriation. Italy and France also helped out, either in money or provisions or shipping or by other means.

### Untangling Europe

WITH the coordination of the Allied governments, with a financial support from Congress, and with a control of shipping which placed in the Administrator's hands the greatest fleet of ships that had ever been under the disposal of one organization, Hoover set about untangling the almost hopelessly tangled situation in Central Europe.

There was evercontinuing war in certain parts of Europe. Armistice meant something real on the west and Austro-Italian fronts, but it meant little to eastern Europe. There was a score of very lively little wars going on at one time over there. Poland alone was fighting with four different adversaries, one at each corner of her land. The whole thing was literally international anarchy.

(Continued on page 86)

# King Caliban's Town

A Two-Part Story — Part II

By Will Levington Comfort

**H**AZLITT recalled the little sentences his servant had spoken at the landing. Lu Kik had given him this much to work with, so their stories would tally. It would not have been the American's way to play with the truth as his servant had done, yet fundamentally he must stand by the Oriental who had stood by him. To make any statement now that contradicted Lu's words would add to the faithful one's jeopardy. Above this run of thoughts was his essential allegiance to Martha Penniman. Fidelity to both appeared right hard now.

He had followed the pallet up to the palace. The next two hours held bitter work of waiting. Hazlitt was left to wander as he cared to about the metal and leather room and the connecting halls. He was aware that he was being watched, and had not seen Lu Kik since the pallet had disappeared ahead of him through the gate in the wall. Impatience or irritation plainly would hurt his case now, yet the moments dragged heavily, long before he was called to audience again with old Caliban.

This time he was not alone with the interpreter and the sire. Two ancient black men, doubtless advisers, stood frowning by. A series of snappy growls from King Caliban was given into English as follows:

"Will Mr. Hazlitt please tell what happened after tiffin yesterday when he left the palace grounds with the king's son?"

"We went down to the city together."

This was reported to Monte's father. There was a moment of undertone talk. The two ancient ones drew nearer to Caliban in the interval.

"And then what?"

"We went down to the water-front where *Black Magic* lay."

"And then?"

"We set sail for Little Mustaree."

"You and your servant?"

"Yes."

"No other?"

"Monte was with us."

Hazlitt felt that he had loosed a silver cord that bound his servant's life to his own. His words broke Lu Kik's story, yet the lie was not in him. A queer smile came to his lips as he heard the low, rapid native talk now, the whole four engaged. Hazlitt was presently informed that this much had been observed by certain boatmen on the water-front, and that Lu Kik had been brought over from Mustaree because his story did not agree.

Hazlitt declared that all responsibility was his; that his servant was a good servant but did not understand. As he spoke he saw a tortured gleam from Caliban's eyes—a burning to know the rest. Yet the old islander deliberated with the two wise men, and the interpreter's next question was as cool and solemn as before.

**Hazlitt, a young American, pits himself against Caliban, a wily Malay king. An English trader, a friend of Hazlitt's, is killed and his daughter, Martha, is mysteriously carried off from Hazlitt's house. Hazlitt goes to Caliban's town, meets Monte, Caliban's son, and by a trick carries him back as a hostage for the girl. The next morning Hazlitt has an audience with Caliban.**

"You arrived in Mustaree, and then?"

"We had supper together."

"What next?"

"Monte became frightened at something I said. My servant undertook to calm his fear."

"What was it that frightened the king's son?"

The smile still held to Hazlitt's lips, as he looked over the shoulder of the interpreter into the shadows where Caliban's eyes gleamed.

"Something I said," he repeated.

"You will speak to us what you said?"

"It was that I had planned to accomplish a certain object through his presence as my guest."

"Did the king's son know that object?"

"Partly."

"And that was what frightened him?"

"Yes."

"You will tell us that object now?"

"Not now," Hazlitt said. "I am not satisfied to speak under these conditions."

"What conditions do you wish?"

"First, the release of my servant, Lu Kik Mon."

"The Chinese who lied to us?"

"Yes. He spoke as he saw best for my interests. I take all responsibility for his words."

"Is that the only condition?"

"No."

"What others?"

"That the representative white men of the archipelago be here to listen to my words—Beakins of Limpani, Fowler of Fortune's Keys—"

Hazlitt mentioned an old Scotch doctor, named Bilger, in Mortuagas, and another.

There was a long lull in the proceedings, so far as English words were concerned. Hazlitt caught the drift that Caliban was eager to accomplish the return of his son at any price, but the two wise men were holding against this paternal zeal. The questions were taken up where they had been left.

"When Monte became frightened, what did you do?"

"I left him with Lu Kik Mon, whom he seemed to understand better than he understood me."

"What then did you do?"

"I went down to the shore where *Black Magic* was moored."

"After that?"

"I can not tell now."

This was the sentence which aroused

Caliban to loud and bitter speech directed upon the two ancients. Apparently they succeeded in retaining only a part of their position, for when the native jargon ended at last, the interpreter said:

"It will take two days for the white men to come. Why wait? Will Mr. Hazlitt tell the rest of his story if his servant is brought to him now?"

"That is not all that I ask," Hazlitt said quietly.

"What more?"

"The return of Marshall Penniman's daughter, unharmed, and that she may be safely placed on board the next steamer for Singapore."

There was hubbub now in which Hazlitt perceived something of the source of Monte's easy shifting balances. Caliban was beside himself—a spectacle. Swiftly Hazlitt was ushered out of the audience-room and informed, through the interpreter, that what he had asked was quite impossible, since nothing was known in the palace of Marshall Penniman's daughter.

To his surprise, Hazlitt found himself in nowise detained, all doors opened to him, even the broad gate into the city. He knew, however, that Caliban's hope was that he would lead his watchers to the place where Monte was held. Hazlitt did not pass directly out of the gate, but sent word back to the palace that he was waiting for his servant to be brought. The answer came that the Chinese was being questioned and the time had not come for his release.

## VIII

**IT WAS** nightfall again as the American walked slowly down toward the water-front. These were among the darkest moments he had ever known. The little courage he had left seemed lost for seconds at a time in fogs of bewilderment and disaster. The palace had closed upon the servant who had stood by him, and now he was leaving without protest; also he had turned his back upon the place where she was held.

He knew he was wiser to sit tight and not mix any impulsive madness with his game. He had played his trump-card, and nothing was to be gained by forcing himself on Caliban's household or beating his knuckles against the walls of stone or the doors of steel.

They had not found Monte in the bear-pit; at least not yet; and while he had Monte he held a life-and-death grip upon the heart of old Caliban, who would not destroy a Chinese who had the knowledge of his son's hiding-place. Hazlitt winced nevertheless. They might use torture-force to make Lu Kik tell. And he was walking quietly away, waiting for Caliban to break—a stain about this waiting with outward calm in the light of Martha Penniman's need and Lu Kik's fidelity. It

## KING CALIBAN'S TOWN

seemed cleaner in his misery to make some vague single-handed assault.

A new moon in the sky, but it looked frosted and alien, as he turned the nose of his little craft back toward Mustaree. Running away. The words drummed through his consciousness. They would be following him now. That was clear. They had only let him go to follow. Caliban's boats a little behind, doubtless, to watch him in Mustaree. They would land at different points, possibly, in the hope that he would lead them to the place where Monte was held.

No doubt a force had remained in Mustaree all day. If Lu Kik had left orders with the three serving-boys to carry provisions to the bear-pit, possibly the hiding-place had been discovered by this time. Even now, they might be bringing Monte home. Lu Kik would be punished indeed, and how deep would Martha Penniman then be covered in the depths of a Mohammedan seraglio! Thus his mind drummed in his misery.

"I can't do it," he muttered at last. "It may be wise to play it this way, but I can't."

The moon had followed the sun's track down the west, and full night was on. He swung the rudder to the left and the little craft veered out of the passage into the northern darkness, with a lift and many soft creakings as she caught the stresses of the fuller breeze.

*Black Magic* lay off Mortuagas for two hours more. For a time the big island hardly showed him a light, and there was a great whelm of loneliness out there on the tossing floor of the Pacific. He had never felt quite this full stroke of the sea's power on a tired human heart. In this waiting, suspended in black between the night and the sea, and at the mercy of his own inner conflict, Hazlitt learned what solitude was.

HE SWUNG south at last, crossing the Mustaree passage, then turned back toward the city. He held far out as on the night before, until he rounded the little rocky headland beyond the lights, even beyond the palace on the cliff, and dropped his hook in still water.

As before, he made his way around the shore to the palace and over the wall. It was an hour yet until midnight, no more hope of accomplishment than on the preceding night. The thing which he had often relied upon, and which had often been applied to him—the thing called American luck—seemed to have slipped out of the ken of this watery world.

He was cold in the tropic night—his weariness like an uncleanness through him, a mass of fagged, hopeless, mindless cells. He was even sorry for poor Monte, if the natives had not found him—the fat boy alone with his own horrors in the bear-pit.

Soft stringed music again. The sounds had pulled him as on the night before, as if the woman were somewhere near within that sweet twanging vibration. A wide door opened suddenly as he stood near, the light almost finding his figure and marking it off against the shadows before he stepped back quickly.

And now a huge human creature appeared in the doorway, tightly turbaned, long-gowned, filling half the door. It vanished. The door stood open and there were

low voices, then the creature appeared again—man or woman. Hazlitt could not tell—but a veiled feminine figure held high upon the shoulder. The huge one moved slowly down the two steps to the path with its burden, two gowned ones following.

Starlight—but more than that—a white mist about the veiled face, the same intimate thrilling effect for Hazlitt that had come to him from Martha Penniman down on the shore of Mustaree, a living verity of meaning for him, for him alone, as if he had been able actually to see her white serene face. Moreover, the moment seemed to complete in this life the ancient magic that had come to him under the torches at Hongkong. There was no doubt in his heart about the veiled one, now being carried to the eastern gate.

### IX

HE WAITED until the figures were lost entirely in the darkness ahead, then he followed among the garden growths. The smaller door was opened through the carriage-gate. The American, venturing near, heard the stamp of ponies outside, and the low tone of a driver's voice. They would shut the door before the carriage left. To follow, he must climb the wall again. He chose the direction toward the city and ran along the masonry for a place to scale.

Waiting in the darkness, he realized presently that the carriage had started, but in the opposite direction—toward the hills back of the palace. This time in his haste both hands and knees were lacerated on the glass of the coping. He heard the wheels of the carriage ahead on the rising road, and restrained himself long enough to slip cautiously past the shut portal.

The carriage moved slowly on the grade. Hazlitt caught the rhythm of breathing again and held a distance of forty or fifty feet behind. If he were to halt the vehicle in an attempt to take the prisoner, he had better wait until it was some distance from the palace grounds. Accepting this much, the impulse came to be patient enough to learn something of Caliban's plans, though never letting the carriage out of his sight. For more than an hour he was led over a wild rocky trail and down toward the city again from the way of the Island interior.

The outlying huts of the natives were around him before he realized, and Hazlitt saw that he had missed the chance for an uninterrupted hold-up and persevered now in the policy of watching for the driver's purpose. They passed a district of red-lit doors; then through the quarter of the bamboo-carvers. Finally the vehicle turned into a broad palm-lined lane, and halted some distance from Marshall Penniman's driveway.

The lane and the whole vicinity seemed still as death. Hazlitt was near enough to see the woman lifted out and carried silently along the high, hedged path to her own gateway, which was not locked. The watcher had to cross the lane in passing the carriage to avoid the notice of the driver, then back again, entering the driveway a few seconds after the others. They moved very slowly—on alien ground now, and not liking their mission. The huge gowned one carried the woman as before, the two others following.

The Penniman house was black, appar-

ently untenanted, deserted even by the servants. Caliban's party passed with great stealth under the *porte-cochère*, then vanished entirely. The watcher would not have waited long, but the three emerged a moment later and moved rapidly down the driveway, the veiled burden left behind.

Now Hazlitt was in the dense black of the *porte-cochère*, feeling for the steps leading to the vestibule. It was one of the stillest moments he had ever lived, all foreign jangling elements for the moment gone from him, as if carried away by the frightened trio down the gravel toward the lane.

Caliban had sent her home. The strategy of this did not touch Hazlitt's mind. All he knew just now was that the three had come with her and left without. Somewhere in that darkness he would find her, and it would be like no other time in the world.

The outer vestibule door was open. Perhaps they had found it so. He halted on the threshold, waiting to be sure that Caliban's three were far away before he called her name. A delicate scent was in the air, different from any flower, different from anything he had really known until now.

"Martha!" he called softly.

The word was like the perfume, as if new to his present senses yet anciently familiar. In the lengthening vibration of it, he knew why the Chinese girl in the flare of torches on the Hongkong waterfront had been so intimately impressive—that she was only a symbol of the real romance which was crowding in upon him this night—one of the broken shards of romance that his soul had treasured from long ago.

"Martha!" he called again.

The silence was unbroken.

He crossed the vestibule. Fumbling for the inner doors, he found them locked. A feeling of horror took him now—to be stopped when he was so near. The door had possibly locked automatically when shut from outside by Caliban's men as they retired. Surely she must hear if he called and rapped softly now! Why did the house remain in darkness? Could his senses have betrayed him utterly that she had been brought to this place? No sound answered his voice or knock.

Hazlitt now struck a match to look at the locks, to find the bell. Then his eye was drawn to the right. On the low wooden bench there the figure had been laid. He held the match high. The veil had fallen away. She was lying on her side, cheek pressed in her hand, body curved like a tired child.

### X

SHE breathed. That came to him out of a black oblivion. For silent seconds it was all he knew. He was kneeling on the flags beside her. Again her breath was upon his lips.

"Martha!" he whispered.

There was a sigh, the faintest possible, as though she were coming in, but it was a very long way. The strangest peace fell upon him to find her again. He could not tell how long, but for certain seconds it banished all hatred for what had happened—all hostility to Caliban and his house. Martha Penniman breathed. That was all he could ask now.

She was in the world again. He had

learned wonderful things about her in her absence. All his life he had felt the need of her; searching for her—though he did not always know—over seas and continents, through all manner of desolate quests among men. The great plan had brought him to the South Seas because she was there. Her new meaning in his heart brought an interior radiance to all his thoughts and to all the meanings of life. The unaccustomed tenderness was back in his breast again, but immeasurably augmented now—enough mercy for all creatures.

His hand found hers. A silken cord was fastened to her wrist. He followed it down to her open palm. A leather purse was there. He had seen it on the evening she came to Mustaree. He pressed it now with his fingers and felt keys—doubtless the keys to this house.

He tried, but none fitted these vestibule doors. It was some moments before he could bear to leave her long enough to move around to the front of the house. The door opened readily there, and he passed through the lower rooms and back toward the vestibule. From the inner side a turn of the knob let him through to the place where she lay. Again he listened for her breathing; then reentered to make a light.

Hazlitt found himself in Marshall Penman's library. A big English clock indicated ten minutes past one. He had carried the girl to a couch, opened the window at the head, and brought cool water from the hanging jar in the dining-room. Bilger, the old Scotch physician, was only a few doors away. He must go for help if she did not waken soon.

He sat beside her, calling softly at intervals, the world of hatreds and cruelties trying hard to take its old place among his thoughts again. He wondered why she had not called to him that night in his house before they took her away.

He had been looking into the face of the clock for many seconds. Turning back, he found her eyes were open. A surge of embarrassment came to him in the most absurd and boyish way.

She seemed unable to believe; as if she had been used to many dreams and this were one of them. She rubbed her eyes and looked into his again. Then she asked the old question, which almost every one has asked one time or the other when returning to mortal consciousness and finding it most foreign of all.

"Where am I?"

## XI

SHE seemed to listen as he told her and repeated. His words found little hold upon her mind and her eyes continued to gaze upon his face. At last her hands lifted timidly, and pushed impulsively to him.

"I'm sorry to be this way," she whispered.

Moments afterward she asked his name. When he told her, it seemed to verify or bind certain ideas together.

"Of course, I knew you," she said faintly, "but I could not be sure of your name."

Another silence, and then she asked, holding a little tighter to his hand:

"Is it really true that my father is dead?"

"Yes. That was several days ago."



*She was lying on her side, cheek pressed in her hand, body curved like a tired child.*

"And where—?"

"Don't you remember?" he answered. "It was in your small boat. He was gone by the time we reached Mustaree. My servants took care of the body."

She nodded just perceptibly, the eyelids shut. Presently he asked if he had not better go and get Doctor Bilger. She shook her head.

"He would put me to sleep again. I do not want to sleep. Just this—is best."

"Have you been much asleep?" he whispered.

"You have said it is days—since my father—"

"Yes."

"It has been sleep—sleep since then—just wake to sleep again. I would wake to hear soft music—then they would make me sleep."

"Did they hurt you?"

She shook her head vaguely. "Only it hurt—like now—to wake and think—but the music would put me to sleep again. No—I am not hurt."

"You do not know where you were?"

"Does it hurt to talk now?"

"I want to talk—"

"Don't you remember leaving my house?"

"Oh, yes."

"And after that?"

"Only in the boat. I could not struggle, but I remember the boat. After that—nothing—only the music. It was like coming to an island in a small boat; the waves were music, but I could not land. We could not make a landing."

"Perhaps I might make coffee—for us."

She smiled. "I wish I could make it for you."

"Could you tell me where it is?"

Her eyes pressed tightly shut now, a look of pain in her face.

"I don't know where they keep it," she said hopelessly at last. "Don't you know?"

Hazlitt laughed. Nothing really mattered; it was quite all that he could ask now that she had not been mortally hurt. She seemed listening for a moment; then her eyes roved to the clock and around the

## KING CALIBAN'S TOWN

"Why, this—this is home!" she said.

"Yes. Had you forgotten?"

"Why, I know where the coffee is—of course!"

She directed him explicitly now. He left her to put the coffee on the fire to boil, often tiptoeing back to look, a little breathless as the seconds passed away from her. Presently, watching the pot lest it boil over, he wondered how he could have missed asking her why she had not called to him that night in his house. They had been so near the subject.

She remembered when they put out to sea from Mustaree. Always as he glanced in, her face was dearer; the tenderness which it called, deeper in his heart. He brought a cool soapy towel for her face and hands. She told him where the cups hung, and what cups to bring—one certain cup especially for him. There were continual intimations of her courage, for back of all was bereavement and altered days and the gray, bewildering pain of reaction from so many drugged hours. These were all so quietly kept within—so utterly her own affairs. She laughed at their tea-party, alone in the great tropic house at three in the morning.

Hazlitt asked if she had not better rest again.

"Why, I am resting now. But you," she added after a moment's silence, "I don't know what the days and nights have brought you, but you look different. You are burning from exhaustion!"

"It's all so easy now," he answered, "since they have not hurt you. That would burn any one—to have you carried away—"

She interrupted: "But you must rest now. Won't you go up to one of the rooms and lie down? I would call—"

"No, no. Not that. I want to stay here. You need—"

"Yes, I would like it better with you here. It is so lonely, but you must rest. There is a couch in the next room. Would you draw it in?"

"I like this—just the chair," he said. "This is very comfortable."

"Bring the pillows from the couch then, and another chair for your feet."

He laughingly obeyed.

"Now draw it close, so I can touch you."

There was silence.

"I could fix the pillows better than that. Now turn the light away—turn it lower, for it's in your eyes."

Again there was silence, when she said: "Just shut your eyes—and don't smile. Oh, yes, I am quite comfortable, thank you, and I really never tasted better coffee."

That somehow made Hazlitt think of Lu Kik.

### XII

THERE was gray light in the windows—a tinge of gold, a tinge of red. Then he breathed the fragrance not like any flower. Life came into his body that had been so utterly tired, and he really awakened to find her smiling at him.

"I don't remember," he said vaguely. "I didn't intend to sleep. I intended to watch you—and it has been hours!"

"You needed sleep more than I—"

"You must have put some magic on me."

"I have been happy. You just crumpled into the pillows like a tired—like a

tired boy. But what troubles you about your servant?"

"Did I speak of Lu Kik Mon?"

"Yes. You seemed to be in deep trouble about him."

"He is held in Caliban's palace. I must go to him now. There was nothing to do in the night, but I must go to him now. Yet I can not leave you alone."

"I should hear my father calling again—through these rooms—alone," she said strangely. "But I can go to Doctor Bilger's until—"

"Yes, until I come back! If I may—"

"Oh, please—and soon."

He glanced at the big clock. It was not yet eight in the morning.

"You will not go without coffee?"

"Would you drink a cup now?" he asked.

"Yes, with you. Then you can take me to Doctor Bilger's door."

He hastened into the kitchen, opening wide the outer door. Coolness stole in over perfumed vines. Something of hope and happiness came to him in the stillness of her house. The gray had gone from the day, and the red was faint, just a ruddiness now in the strong gold light.

He saw her into the doctor's care—really into the arms of the old doctor's wife.

HAZLITT'S great day. He went forth to the streets of Mortuagas, as if breathing a tropic isle for the first time—something new awake in him, in spite of the fever of fatigue in his veins. He had scarcely left the flowery lane where the foreigners lived before a native woman—a seller of sweets—screamed at the sight of him and almost dropped her tray.

Now natives were running toward him. A moment later he stood laughingly in the midst of them, his hands loosely dropped. They were excited, a queer mingling of relief and alarm in their faces. One bare arm was raised, the fingers opening and shutting—in signal for a *caromela*. The ponies were whipped toward him along the rocky street. Hazlitt was bundled in. The vehicle turned sharply and carried him away. Farther down in the center of the city he was changed to one of Caliban's carriages, the speed still further accelerated.

No doubt in his mind now but that he was being taken to the palace. The mystery of the situation cleared a little and not without humor. He had given Caliban and the whole island the slip. Had he planned to do this one thing he could not have acted more perfectly. The turning of *Black Magic* out of the passage to Mustaree and northward into the dark last night after moonset, and the miracle that his craft had lain for two nights in the little cove north of the city without attracting attention—these were matters of luck surely; American luck, or, better still, the luck of a lover.

Caliban had apparently set him free yesterday afternoon in the hope that he might lead the way to Monte's hiding-place. Balked in that, even losing his prize, Caliban had aroused the whole city to search, while Hazlitt was watching within the palace walls—the safest place of all! After that he had followed Caliban's carriage over the rocky roads to Marshall Penniman's house. He heard the natives calling his name now as he was whirled through the streets of Mort.

Certainly this was one man's town—

"King Caliban's town." Hazlitt sat back in the sickish-scented cushions. He was badly wanted at the palace right enough. The need was concentrated in his mind about the face of the native woman—the seller of sweets—who had nearly dropped her tray.

The undertone of meaning in every demonstration was that Lu Kik had not told. Hazlitt's eyes actually smarted. A new world had opened for him in the night, and all the intensity of it was directed forward now toward the plight of his servant. Caliban would not destroy the Chinese so long as there was any danger of destroying Monte Caliban at the same time; but the fear still lived persistently—of the pressure the household might bring to bear upon the Oriental to make him tell what he knew.

Hazlitt could hardly endure the thought of the old yellow man being hurt for his sake, and yet he knew that all success so far was due to his keeping his head, to keeping his smile and holding his solitary campaign on a clean business footing. Already his possession of Monte had brought about the release of Martha Penniman. Old Caliban was disrupted with fear.

"Do you know where Monte Caliban is?"

It was an extension of the scene in the "metal and leather" room—Caliban, the two old men and the interpreter. There had been no delay.

"Yes."

It was like the release of a torturing spring in the vast body of the old native king. The next words from the interpreter seemed unimportant.

"You were asked that question before and answered 'no.'"

"I did not know where Monte Caliban was at that time—at least, not exactly."

"Where is the king's son now?"

Hazlitt was quite himself again, the stresses of weariness fallen from him for the moment. He smiled over the shoulder of the interpreter to the creature most concerned.

"King Caliban could hardly expect me to tell what he asks until he has done his part—"

"What part?"

"The sending for Beakins of Limpani, for Fowler, Dr. Bilger—"

"Communications have been sent to Limpani and to Fortune's Keys."

HAZLITT bowed. This was more than he had expected; it added a vivid touch to Caliban's pain and need.

"What more?" the interpreter asked.

"The return of Miss Penniman and her placing in safety on the ship for Singapore. The *Ariel* is due in the harbor to-morrow."

The interpreter made over Hazlitt's words to the others. Caliban rose in his sick rage, voicing it for several seconds, but the interpreter merely conveyed:

"The king's household knows nothing of Miss Penniman; therefore she can not be returned. Her safe placing on the steamer is not an affair that concerns the king."

Hazlitt smiled.

"That is a mere matter of words," he said quietly. "I have not concerned myself as yet with the death of Marshall Penniman. That is for the white men of the archipelago to sift and screen for truth. But the affair of Marsh Penniman's daughter is my affair. Her safe placing upon the next steamer for Singapore also



*Caliban would not destroy the Chinese so long as there was any danger of destroying Monte Caliban at the same time; but the fear still lived persistently—of the pressure the household might bring to bear upon the Oriental to make him tell what he knew.*

## KING CALIBAN'S TOWN

is very much King Caliban's affair—quite as much as the safe return of King Caliban's son. As for the king's household knowing nothing of Miss Penniman—that is not true, for she was taken by the king's men from my house in Mustaree—taken to this place—held for two nights within these walls—”

Caliban's face looked blotted out; then it was covered from Hazlitt's eyes. There was an amazing silence, in which the American became still quieter and more calm. The resumption of questions seemed an actually silly break.

“Where were you last night?”

“Some time as we talk over these events as finished things—gather together for friendly talk—I shall tell you where I was last night and the night before.”

After a moment he was informed:

“You are not to leave this place again—until you take us to the place where the king's son is kept.”

The best of King Caliban was his love for his son. Hazlitt hated to do it, but he was fighting the archipelago alone.

“I am wondering if the king's son—will keep,” he said gently.

The interpreter turned back as if not sure of himself. He had caught the idiom, but feared the result of making the meaning known in the direct and naked fashion of island speech. Queerly now, Hazlitt's thoughts turned to Monte in the bear-pit. Had Lu Kik left enough provisions? Would the fat boy be able to endure against his own fears—against his specialized horror of being shut up and left alone? Hazlitt heard the voices—saw the old man's agony and turned away.

Presently he was reminded by the interpreter that it would be to-morrow before Beakins and Fowler could be brought to the palace. Was there anything that could be done now, to-day? The question was put to him almost hopelessly. Even Hazlitt himself, who would have been the last to see, perceived that he held a certain command of the situation. It was a moment of temptation—the urge to capitulate entirely, if Lu Kik were delivered to his hands now. Yet he remembered Marsh Penniman, and his subtler intelligence warned him that it was not safe to accede a single point.

A coldness came over him even as he shook his head. He would not be able to hurry at once to Martha Penniman. She had asked him to come quickly.

“Are there further terms before the king's son can be delivered?” he was asked now.

“Yes,” Hazlitt said. “The return of my servant, unharmed—”

Even the interpreter weakened before him, and the two ancients were merely Malays of twisted craft.

“Unharmed,” he repeated.

“Does your servant know where the king's son is kept?” he was asked after a moment.

Here was additional proof of the weakness of the household.

“I can only answer that it would be well for Monte if my servant were free,” Hazlitt replied.

### XIII

THE American's great day. Back of everything he realized that his sleeping powers were being awakened for the first time; that the three years' somno-

lence of the South must be cast off now for good and all, or he would fail as a man, as a lover and a friend. Monte Caliban was calling, touching the very centers of mercy in his heart—the frightened fat boy imprisoned since night before last; Martha Penniman, so ill, so tender, so courageous, was calling to him. It would add to her agony not to hear for this full day. Old Lu Kik, the faithful one, must wait until to-morrow for order to come to chaotic affairs.

Hazlitt was torn in the midst of these pressures, yet resisted their storming. More than this, he knew that one jot less than standing pat was failure; knew that a man must come safely through a fire-test like this to emerge from the drifting crowds; that there was something he must earn to-day for the sake of the woman, to match that mysterious subtler courage of hers, which he felt continually and yet which lived only in unobtrusive tenderness, elusive but magic.

He was driven to the bottom—even to the point of laughing at his hope that she cared for him. There had been no words. All that she had shown was laughter and her own irresistible charms of generosity and hospitality. In fact, it was not his mind—only the Thing awake in him this day that dared to love and take the part of her lover. And this point he was not permitted to forget.

No sooner would he restore Monte Caliban to his father than hate and violence would take the place of fear in Caliban's heart. Something like the fate of Marshall Penniman would be the fate of all. Yes, he needed Beakins and Fowler and the few white men of Mort—very much he needed the ship in the harbor. Weariness surged over him, but he laughed that from him. He could not always see the way out, but always he knew there was a way.

ANOTHER actual test came in the afternoon—a further offer from Caliban to restore Lu Kik Mon if Monte were at once released and delivered in good order.

“Unharmed?” Hazlitt asked.

“Yes.”

But the answer seemed qualified. Hazlitt drew from the bearing of the native servant that the old Chinese had been hard-pressed for information.

“Tell Caliban I prefer the ship in the harbor and the foreigners gathered here before I make this move,” he said.

A tossing, torturing night, at the end of which the American slept to be awakened again before the thick gray had left the sky. Another servant from Caliban brought word that the *Ariel* was even now coming into the harbor. Would he start at once to set Monte Caliban free?

Hazlitt sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had been away with Martha Penniman on an island all their own. The servant repeated his message.

“Tell King Caliban there are affairs to attend to first,” he said.

He was asked to state the nature of these affairs.

“Miss Penniman must be placed on board the *Ariel*. I will attend to that personally.”

“After that?”

“My conference with Beakins, Fowler, Doctor Bilger and the others—”

“And then?”

“The return of my servant Lu Kik.”  
“Is there more?”

“Nothing more. Only I am to bring Monte back. Lu Kik Mon is to go with me. I am not to be followed.”

She might have fallen back into sleep, into deeper sleep. It might be all a mistake that she cared—that she was ever to take the roads with him henceforward. He was on the walk to the Indian bungalow where the doctor lived. It was still very early in the morning and all was strange in the day and in his heart. There was the sound of a shutter—then running feet. She came to him and drew him into a room of the darkened tropic house. She lingered behind as he entered, to press the door shut. Then she touched his temples and searched his face. It was more than he dreamed. In the presence and in the perfume, not like any flower, Murray Hazlitt knew that it would always be so; that she would always be more than he dreamed.

“YOU are to witness the memorandum of agreement between King Caliban and myself,” Hazlitt said to seven white men gathered together in the metal and leather room.

The chief trade interests of the archipelago were represented; also the outer world in the person of two officers from the *Ariel*. The American spoke of mystery rather than murder in the case of the late Marsh Penniman, and made significant the need of white men standing together in this isolation of the South Seas. He stated that he had been forced to use heroic measures in a personal difference with King Caliban; and that while he had gone in alone he needed help to get out. It was his intention to leave for Singapore this afternoon, he went on, and he had felt it necessary to be on record in the passenger list and in actual presence on the steamer. This much was due King Caliban, who was greatly troubled about the death of Marsh Penniman.

To Beakins of Limpani alone, for a few moments afterward, Hazlitt made matters more clear; also with Beakins he arranged for the care and disposition of his house, effects and plantation in Little Mustaree. The white men agreed to remain together in Mort until his return in the afternoon.

Alone with Lu Kik in *Black Magic* in the passage to Mustaree. They were out of telescope distance from Mortuagas, when the American frightened the old yellow man, possibly more than Caliban's servants had done. He crossed the cockpit and dropped to one knee before the thin legs of the golden one, who was wasted and very pale from the hours in Caliban's house.

“You do me good, Lu,” he said. “You always were good for me, but just to look at you now—does me no end of good—”

Lu was sitting in the stern and glanced nervously backward.

“Mister Hazli” tired man,” he muttered.

Hazlitt wasn't finished. It was a kind of song and a kind of prayer to him, this, and he had to get it all out.

“I think I won't ever get tired looking at you, Lu,” he went on. “I think we are all a little mad when we find a real man. I am, and I won't ever let him go. We're off for the mainland this afternoon,

and as far as you like after that together."

"I see," said Lu Kik.

"And they didn't hurt you too much?"

Hazlitt asked after many moments.

"No hurt too much—some hurt—not much. Little Looie keep Monte safe here—"

Lu patted his narrow chest to indicate the exact place where the fat boy was kept.

"Little Looie stick al' li," he added.

"Tell Caliban boys mustn't hurt little Looie or Monte boy—no come back."

Hazlitt clutched the nearest knee and lapsed into silence again, staring away to sea.

"And are you sure," he repeated presently, "quite sure Monte boy is still alive? It's coming three days, Lu—"

"Plenty food and drink in bear-pit."

"Are you sure?"

Lu nodded.

"But he was terribly frightened when I saw him last. Looked as if he might die just of fright."

"Monte boy no die. Mister Hazli' no be 'fraid. Mister Hazli' see."

"But how did you get him into the bear-pit?"

"Monte go very pleased," Lu Kik answered. "Monte think he run 'way from Mr. Hazli'. No 'fraid little Looie. Take Looie's hand and run. Play hide in bear-pit. Looie make light—show food—go 'way; say come back. Monte sleep. Sleep. Be goo' boy."

AND still all the concerns of the past few days gathered about Hazlitt's tired heart in great heaviness as they made fast in Mustaree. He looked back toward the larger island. Not a boat was in sight, but the American was not nearly so sure as Lu Kik appeared to be as to what they would find in the bear-pit.

They left the rutty island road a half mile back from Hazlitt's bungalow and entered the thick bamboo, the Chinese walking ahead. It was mid-forenoon and breathlessly hot. Hazlitt saw red under the loose collar of the Oriental's blouse and pulled it back as they walked. It was intolerable for a moment—the white man did not want to believe his eyes. Welts of a lash were there. Lu's face was deeply disturbed as he turned.

"Mister Hazli' fin' out—little Looie no tell," he muttered.

Hazlitt cleared his throat. Lu explained that Caliban's servants had promised that he would "go way down" if he told the American that he had been whipped.

"And you took that whipping for me?"

Hazlitt said huskily. "You grow on a man, Lu. Don't be afraid. I won't tell them that I found out."

They were nearing the bear-pit in the great leafy silence. It was like the turn of a card now—the last card of a great gamble. Hazlitt saw his own hands. They were deathly white, and he knew his face must look like that. He called. Lu Kik fumbled with keys at the mouth of the pit.

"He doesn't answer," the white man said.

Lu touched his arm. "Monte boy sleep," he said.

The door was opened and Hazlitt looked down over his servant's shoulders. Unmistakable fumes came thickly to his nostrils. He called again. There was scarcely any coolness from underground and the air

was unpleasant, even past its heavy freight of opium. The candle had burned out. Dimly in the shadows the heavy figure lay upon the stone flags.

Monte stared and sat up. Lu spoke to him and made a sign for Hazlitt to stay back. There were many words as Caliban's son came softly out of his stupor, having passed the time with Lu Kik's opium pipes. Fear grew upon him as the stupor dropped away, but the Chinese questioned him until it was safe for the American to draw near.

"We're taking you back—back to your father, Monte. A quick sail and you'll be safe in the palace again."

Monte looked at him, still a little wildly, raised himself to all fours and then stood up. There was exultation, no less, in Hazlitt's heart that the boy lived, and yet he felt he could not live if he did not escape quickly from this place. Stress on this point was so keen that he could hardly realize that he had won the great gamble, the card turned to his liking even more than he could have asked.

It seemed to Hazlitt that he had never breathed cool, clean air before—certainly he had never breathed so deeply. Every outbreath would have been a long tired sigh, but for the main part he repressed the sound. Fret and fever and cares and tribulation were certainly going from him as they sat together. It was on the upper deck of the *Ariel* and she was steaming for the mainland.

"Please tell me again," he said, after moments of silence.

She told it in a different way, and there was silence again.

"I never got it straight," he said pres-

ently, "why your father turned to me in his great trouble that last afternoon."

"You know he was not very friendly with the foreigners of Mortuagas. They never really understood."

"But why did he think of me?"

"He said that the South Seas hadn't spoiled you—that you were the one man who seemed able to be yourself down here. And then he trusted that I knew, though he never said so much. In the hour of great need we had no other thought but to come to you. You alone—to stand against Caliban and all the city and all the island—until the *Ariel* came."

THE young moon was higher over Asia way. They sat under the soft roar of the funnels and were utterly alone—alone in the gentle rock of the steamer. Hazlitt started up at length and laughed.

"Martha Penniman," he said.

"Yes?"

"Will you promise me not to run away until I ask one question? Will you promise me not to speak or let me speak of anything except this one question? It has been like a conspiracy to keep me from finding out this one thing."

"Oh, tell me, please!"

"Why did you not call that night—why did you not let me know—that night when they came to your window and took you away?"

She was closer. The faint perfume lived in the night.

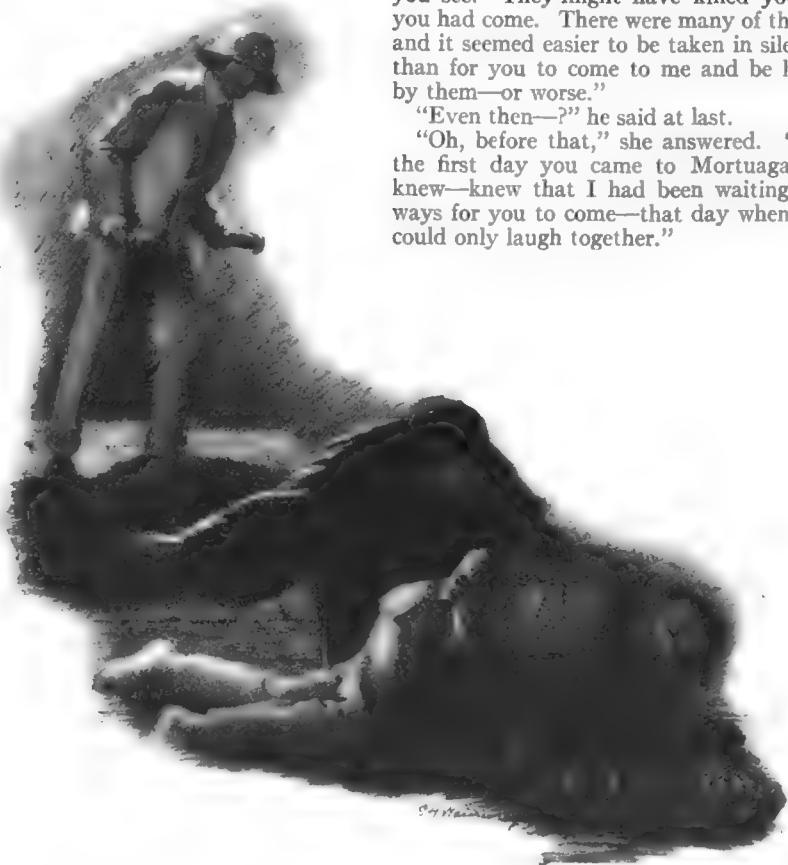
"I almost called," she said slowly. "I think my mouth opened to call, as I saw them in the room and other faces at the window, and then—"

"Quickly, tell me!"

"And then I thought of you! Oh, don't you see. They might have killed you if you had come. There were many of them, and it seemed easier to be taken in silence than for you to come to me and be hurt by them—or worse."

"Even then—?" he said at last.

"Oh, before that," she answered. "On the first day you came to Mortuagas I knew—knew that I had been waiting always for you to come—that day when we could only laugh together."



The Chinese questioned Monte until it was safe for the American to draw near.

# Miss Vannah of Our Ad-Shop

By Marion McCrea

**G**ABRIEL, our office boy, came to Terry Randley and me one unforgettable morning, rolling his eyes in a manner painstakingly copied from that of the movie *roué*.

"Wait till yuh see the snappy little lady ad-writer the boss hired while youse two were out yesterday afternoon!" he greeted us.

"What's the new scribess look like, Gabe?" drawled Rand, as I knew he would.

"Oh, baby!" enthused Gabriel, his fat face taking on a dozen new high lights. "She's little, and has a sassy nose and the longest eyelashes and the cutest walk y'ever saw! She's too darned business-like, though. I tried to vamp her all the while I was showin' her down the hall to the Old Man's office, but there was nothin' doin'! And her name's Miss Evangeline Vannah!" he finished, striving to please.

I turned to see what on earth was making Rand stare at the outer door.

The ground-glass panel, marked with the simple legend, *HSIVATCAM YCNEGA GNISITREVDA*, was being darkened by a graceful silhouette. The silhouette's slenderness was accentuated by what looked like filmy draperies hung around it. A gauze-clad arm moved toward the knob, and the door was slowly opened.

"G-g-good morning, Miss Vannah!" choked Gabriel.

No wonder the garrulous child was well-nigh speechless!

The young lady who entered wore a loose, slinky garment which reached almost to the hem of her short skirt, and to which dyeing by the batik process had given the general effect of an artist's paint-rag covered with spider-webs. The small feet on which she padded down the length of the reception-room were sandaled. She carried a small suitcase. No hat covered her bobbed black hair.

Our boss, just then coming through the outer office railing door, halted so suddenly at sight of her that the door swung to and spanked him smartly.

Miss Evangeline Vannah turned at his odd exclamation and languidly wished him good morning.

"Gee, I hardly knew you when you came in, Miss Vannah!" marveled Gabriel. "You look so diff'runt to what you did yesterday—your dress 'n' everything—"

"Why, gentlemen, these are my working-clothes!" Miss Vannah explained, her narrow, heavily fringed eyes and lightly rouged lips betraying bored astonishment at our thunderstricken aspects. "I couldn't possibly write if I were obliged to work in collars and shoes and corsets. I believe you said, Mr. MacTavish," she said, turning to the boss wearily, "that my assignment sheet on the Humantone

Phonograph advertising campaign would be ready for me to begin work on this morning?"

Our strait-laced old Scotch boss gargled something, as she padded down the hall and closed herself into the office which had been assigned her. Then he fairly tottered toward us.

"She—she looked like a respectable young business woman when I hired her yesterday!" he moaned faintly. "And she talked like one! This is serious, boys. You've got to help me think of some excuse to get rid of her—right away!"

Rand and I gravely promised to try.

"But before she gets her canning orders," roared Rand, with unwonted pep, as the boss's door closed, "I'm going to take her to lunch! I can get her out in a closed taxi to an artists' hangout I know on the South Side, where her outfit won't knock the lunchers dead. Did you notice her fringy gray eyes, Gilcoyne, and her cunning little-girly profile?"

I had noticed. The narrow eyes had looked to me as if they had instantly taken in every detail of Rand's indolent big brown good looks. I feared for him. An office flirtation, I knew, would just about mark the beginning of his finish with the MacTavish Advertising Agency. Rand's lady friends were the chief reason for his being a twenty-five per cent. efficient advertising solicitor, instead of the star which his business insight, his selling tongue and the peculiar kind of he-charm of his personality should have made him. Rand's vices weren't wine, women and song; they were lingering luncheons, nice girls and business-day baseball, which have scuttled more commercial careers than the former naughty old triad.

**B**UT in spite of my delicate attempts to dissuade him from the luncheon idea, Rand approached Miss Vannah's office early next morning, his irresistible smile beginning confidently to glimmer in his lazy-lidded black eyes and around his contradictorily firm young mouth.

He was jerked to a standstill by the glorious voice of Galli-Curci, which suddenly burst from Miss Vannah's office.

"What the deuce—" Rand and I gasped in duet.

After a minute Rand knocked nervily at the door, and receiving no answer, eased in anyway. My curiosity was too much for me; I rose from my swivel chair and followed him in.

Miss Vannah was sitting at her desk, her eyes closed, her pencil poised above a scratch-paper pad. In a corner of the room stood a Humantone phonograph, pouring forth soprano melody.

"Don't speak, whoever you are," whispered Miss Vannah, "until this record has been played."

We waited until Galli-Curci had trilled a coloratura finish to her aria. Then

Miss Vannah untangled her remarkably long lashes and favored us with a gray-eyed frown.

Rand quailed.

"If you haven't a previous engagement, I—would you—" he flounderingly began. "That is, would you— Would you mind telling us why you—write advertising copy to the tune of phonograph music?" was his cowardly finish.

She closed her eyes once more.

"The suggestive setting I need," she finally began, "in order to write phonograph advertising, is this combination of hideous business-office atmosphere with the music of the Humantone phonograph itself. I write better advertising copy than any one else I know of," went on her modest, patient voice, "because I know how to harness the limitless power of suggestion. Suggestion—suggestion—suggestion," she chanted, like a seeress in a trance. "You can have anything in the world you want if you'll surround yourself with the proper suggestions." She suddenly opened her eyes full on poor Rand. "I'll demonstrate my method," she offered. "What is it you want most in life?"

"Money," promptly smiled Rand. "Easy money," he amended.

Miss Vannah looked positively ill for some seconds. "The main obstacle in the way of achieving the pitiful thing that you desire," she finally murmured indifferently, "is very probably your own indolence. To fight that by suggestion is perfectly simple. The thing for you to do is to keep yourself in a state of perpetual envy of the rich. Cultivate wealthy acquaintances. Whenever the impulse to shirk the dollar pursuit arises, destroy it by going about and pricing automobiles, yachts, costly houses—soul-stifling things of that sort. Create extravagant habits that will soon enslave you so that you will be forever obliged to live up to them. You will undoubtedly succeed—Heaven pity you! We should all be extremely careful as to the things we permit ourselves to want, because we're so likely to get them. Now leave me!"

**W**E LEFT her, all right. We left her with such speed that we capsized Gabriel; the dear child fell forward into the room as Rand opened the door.

"Dear Gawd, how I hate money!" shuddered Gabriel, reeling stagily down the hall. "What a happy woman I'll be when I git fired next Saturday! I'll only have to take one week's filt'y pay. Oh, rapcher!"

But Miss Vannah was not fired on the following Saturday. By the following Saturday the boss was beginning to live in fear that Miss Vannah would take a notion to leave his employ. It was this way:

After the finish of an infernal phonograph selection which had driven everybody in the office nearly crazy, she had



*Rand went a bit closer to Miss Vannah, however, whereupon the enraptured Gabriel refused to budge.*

strolled into the Old Man's sanctum, an office-rule-breaking cigaret between her lips, and announced:

"I want you to tell the Humantone Company, please, that they must immediately begin to make phonograph records giving excerpts—whole scenes and acts—from popular new plays. In two months from now, the Humantone Company ought to be able to tell the public that it can invite its friends in after dinner to hear the perfectly reproduced voices of the Barrymore brothers in a scene from 'The Jest,' for instance, or Fay Bainter in an act from 'East is West.' Get the idea? Tell the Humantone people they mustn't waste a minute before getting contracts with producers and actors and playwrights! Some competitive phonograph company is sure to be inspired with the same idea soon. How about getting the Humantone president on the telephone right away and telling him he must come here for a conference this afternoon?"

Without a word, the boss reached for the telephone.

Everybody knows by this time what a hit those play-extract records made from the day they were first marketed. The Humantone phonograph owner on the California fruit-ranch who reads a magazine review lauding the exquisite love-scene in Billie Burke's newest comedy, or the false-alarm repartee in the boudoir episode from the latest Americanized French farce, can enjoy those scenes, hearing every shading of the celebrated voices described by the dramatic reviewer—including those haughty voices whose owners seldom leave New York—in less than a month after the plays open on Broadway. The records are proving to be one hundred per cent. efficient as curiosity-whetters for the plays from which they are taken; they are adding to the prosperity of the theatrical business all over the country, and earning royalties for all concerned in their making. On the strength of that one little suggestion of Miss Vannah's, the Humantone Phonograph Company doubled its advertising appropriation, which meant joy-bringing commissions for the MacTavish Advertising Agency. Miss Vannah, it was plain, had the type of business imagination which generates ideas for new products, ideas for new uses for old products, and new selling fields for all kinds of products. And what rich new veins are to the gold-mine, are ideas of that sort to the ad-shop.

"Gosh, the Old Man'd let you ride round the office in a tin Lizzie if you wanted to now, I bet, Miss Vannah!" chuckled Gabriel, as he respectfully filed the Humantone's fat signed contract.

She stared musingly at the rotund face of the world's most impudent office boy.

"Poor little starved soul!" she murmured, with a gesture.

SOON after Miss Vannah's advent, Rand landed a much-coveted camera account—that of the Westman Kam-Ra Company. Smilingly full of the desire to tell somebody, and especially the orchid copy-writer to whom the Kam-Ra advertising would probably be assigned, he was ambling toward that young woman's office when he came upon her. She was clad in a suit of brown overalls, bending low over the bowl of the office lavatory. Her

eyes were closed, her expression rapt. She was brushing her teeth. Before her were ranged tubes of the ten or twelve best sellers among the tooth-paste brands. She brushed ponderingly, sensing the effect on her taste-buds, occasionally scribbled a note on the besprinkled scratch-pad beside her, selected another brand of tooth-paste and brushed again.

Randley hastily tiptoed away from there.

"Wh-what's the idea, Gilcoyne?" he gasped, kiddishly blushing to the loathed brown waves of his hair.

"MacTavish has given her the job of selecting a new flavor for the tooth-paste that your recently landed client, the Daintigirl Toilet Goods Company, is going to manufacture," I explained. "They're dead anxious to find a tooth-paste flavor that'll be new and distinctive enough to make a real news feature for their advertising. She's tasting for ideas—see?"

"An' just before the boss started her on that job, she was writin' some copy for the Trouserette Work-Garment," informed Gabriel, between muffled yodels. "Oh, joy, oh, boy! She's beginnin' to dress the parts!"

THAT thought fired the youth's imagination. One of the simple duties by which his salary was fearfully and wonderfully made was to clip and paste on the office bulletin-board the daily newspaper list of new Illinois incorporations, to furnish new business leads for us solicitors. He suddenly began to remember to do that little thing every morning without being told. He would avidly scan the list and then plead with Rand and me and the rest of us to go after accounts which in his young fancy offered attractive possibilities.

"Aw, please chase up this firm fer some business," he would beg, indicating the name of the Neeley Home for Drug Addicts. "If Vannah got this copy to write she'd maybe take morphin and smoke opium around here!" Imploringly he would point out the extreme desirability of bringing into the office the account of the meagerly capitalized Spungold Hair Bleach Corporation, the Back-to-Nature School of Dancing and the Parisienne Nightgown Company.

But Rand and I gradually stopped making sport of Miss Vannah behind her small batik-dyed back. We came to have a faith in her amazing working methods which was positively superstitious. We learned that after an entire day of reducing the office force to a state of shell-shock by her wearing of the bifurcated work-garment, she had written the woman's magazine advertising campaign which soon cleared the trouserette work-garment company's factories of the big stocks of uncontracted-for trouserettes, which they had given up hope of selling at a profit after the women munition-workers stopped buying.

This was also the advertising campaign that has created so large an after-the-war demand that, before the end of this summer, I think every woman who owns a garden, or does part of her own house-cleaning, or goes camping or tramping, or who merely likes any old excuse to wear a new kind of garment in which she will look fetching—I think every such woman

will possess at least one trouserette work-garment.

As for the teeth-brushing performance—we soon had it borne in on us that we had therein witnessed the genesis of the idea of the famous "Tasteless Paste That Leaves No Taste," as Miss Vannah's slogan describes it. Instead of suggesting a new taste, as she had been asked to do, that girl had told the Daintigirl Toilet Goods Company that it should manufacture a dentifrice with no taste at all. She somehow sold them on the idea.

And in the advertising copy she wrote on the "tasteless paste," she made me, for one, feel that anybody who didn't prefer an absence of all taste while brushing his teeth, to the cool mintiness that accompanies and follows the use of most good tooth-pastes, was a bit of a vulgarian, and a brother to the male scent-user. She didn't violate advertising ethics by doing this invidiously, either; she simply did it with her little hatchet of feminine ability to write between the lines.

About eighty per cent. of Chicago's tooth-paste users, I should judge, reacted to her newspaper advertising copy just as I did—sent for samples, that is, and then formed a brand-new tooth-paste habit; and the Daintigirl Company ordered the preparation of a national tasteless tooth-paste advertising campaign from our agency. After that Miss Evangeline Vannah could have got away with a gay fancy for desk ornaments containing TNT.

One gray-and-golden Indian-summer afternoon, Gabriel greeted the return of Rand and myself with a series of interpretative dances easily recognizable as being intended to convey the spirit of youth and love. Keeping his stage smile and gestures directed always toward Miss Vannah's closed door, he arched his fat back and tripped with the daintiness of a happy hippo to the music of the imaginary pipes of Pan which his sausage fingers were airily playing. Blithely he changed to the Egyptian mood, doing what he could to make angles of his padded curves, and at last seized a cheese-cloth duster which he held flutteringly on high, after the well-known manner of Paul and Virginia fleeing from the storm, and pirouetted heftily to rest before us.

"Vannah's got a sweetie!" he ecstatically explained.

"Get me the July 'Tasteless Tooth-paste' proofs," irritably ordered Rand.

"SHE got a longhand special-delivery letter marked 'pers'n'l,'" burred Gabriel, "an' she right away yanked it open an' gasped fer air and turned red clear around to the back of her neck, and hid it in the front of her battick kimono when the boss came up and asked her to go into conf'rence with him. Never saw her fussed before. Sa-ay, wouldn't you love tuh see the kind of a lookin' bird she'd fall fer?"

"What's that awful scent?" I demanded. The air was sickeningly sweet.

"Oh, Miss Vannah's workin' on the copy for Breath o' the Orient Perfume," eagerly explained Gabriel. "Her room's so full of it that when I went in there a minute ago I nearly got gassed! An' you oughta see that room! Say——"

A large lady came rustlingly into the reception-room, squeezed her way through the little door of the railing which is

supposed to keep out uninvited callers, and handed Gabriel a traveling-bag.

"MacTavish in?" she asked, puffing starting down the hall toward his office. An unholy light slowly illumined Gabriel's countenance.

"He's right in here, Mrs. MacTavish," he answered, politely rushing to turn the knob of Miss Vannah's door and then quickly sidestepping.

Rand and I spun around in our swivel-chairs, at the perfectly nondescript sound emitted by the large lady, and rushed to her side.

Perfumed smoke floated from the doorway of Miss Vannah's shadowy office. It was wafted from a gently swinging censer filled with smoldering Breath of the Orient incense. The window-shade was closely drawn, and an electric bulb, covered with a piece of yellow copy-paper and a thick Japanese shade, gave out a dim, irreligious light. Smoking a cigaret, her feet comfortably tucked under her, sat Miss Vannah, on the artistically draped divan which was one of her office necessities. The boss was sitting on the extreme edge of said divan, both of the chairs in the room being covered with pagoda-shaped boxes and imitation-jade bottles of Breath of the Orient perfume, toilet-water, incense, sachet-powder and bath-salts.

I think it was several moments before the large lady spoke.

"No wonder, MacTavish," she began in a voice that ominously rumbled, "no wonder you've been writing me letters all the while I've been away, about how the new copywriter's worth her weight in Liberty Bonds and all that other tommy-rot! No wonder, MacTavish!"

Rustlingly she turned and took her suitcase from the purple-faced Gabriel.

Miss Vannah jumped to her feet. It was the swiftest movement I'd ever seen her make.

"THIS is merely a business conference, Mrs. MacTavish," she explained in crisp tones, that nobody around the office had ever heard her use before. She ran up the window-shade, stretched the full of her brief height to close up the swaying censer, and snapped off the Japanese-shaded light.

"I was just telling your husband, Mrs. MacTavish," she went on in a poisonously sarcastic little voice, "the sentimental confidence that he's the stingiest, meanest old employer in the advertising business! I've made him more real money than all his other copywriters put together since I've been here, and just now he's refused me, for the last time, the kind of a salary increase I know I'm worth. There, I hope that convinces you that our interview hasn't been at all—sentimental?"

Mrs. MacTavish continued to glare straight over Miss Vannah's head, down upon her stunned spouse.

"MacTavish," she began fatefully, "you needn't think I'm fool enough to believe a word this indecent-looking, lying little freak says! Until you get her out of your office, don't you dare try to see me or even write to me!"

Miss Vannah clutched a handful of the departing black taffeta.

"Oh, wait a minute!" she giggled girlishly. "Your husband probably will never lay eyes on me again after to-day. See

this letter?" She took from her blouse the letter which had intrigued the sentimental fancy of Gabriel. "It's a business offer which I'm going to accept—an offer of the vice-presidency of the Publicity Service Advertising Agency of New York!"

MacTavish, Rand, Gabriel and I gasped. The Publicity Service Agency is one of the biggest in the game.

"And I don't like these clothes any better than you do, Mrs. MacTavish!" she declared vehemently.

"Then why in the name of—" began Rand, and blushing stopped short.

She spun around on one sandal to face him.

"I'VE been dressing like a rejected futurist sketch, and acting like a lady lunatic, for the purpose of making myself exactly what I am to-day—the most talked-of person in the advertising business!" she exulted. "I had to do something like this in order to compete with the male of the business species! In Detroit, before I came here, you men, I filled a man's-size job; when I asked for a man's-size salary they wouldn't give it to me, so I left. The popular belief in the superior ability of the male, I saw, amounts to a positive superstition. So I lay awake nights, till I figured out this way of making the popular belief in my ability amount to a superstition. Mystery was the thing, I concluded. Be a mystery woman, said I to myself. Anything a man doesn't understand awes him. And, incidentally, toot your own horn and advertise yourself and your ability to the business world so thoroughly that the head of every advertising firm that pays a big salary will know all about you inside of the next three months."

"Well, I've done it! You all reacted just beautifully. And the fun I've had with you—seeing how far I could go! If anybody'd told me I could get away with this musical-comedy psychology in a business office, I'd have told him he was wilder than I've been pretending to be! Well, my present business reputation as an eccentric advertising wizard—a wonderful 'nut'—is worth—well, I won't tell you just what my income's going to be with the Publicity Service, but it's about seven times as much as my mere good work would ever have brought me, if I'd stuck to businesslike manners and office hours and clothes—the kind of clothes I applied for this job in, you know, and the kind I'm going to wear from now on."

"And I owe the success of my self-advertising campaign all to you, gentlemen—you're absolutely the best press-agents outside of the theatrical business! Judging from the number of job offers I've had from all your business friends and enemies and mere competitors all over the country, you men must have made me and my work the chief subject of conversation at the Advertising Association Convention, and at every Advertising Club luncheon and Pullman-smoker powwow you've attended since I came here. You've made me famous. All the advertising trade-journals are after me for articles on my working methods. Thank you so much!"

She stooped to open the small suitcase she had always carried to and from the office, took out a pair of French-heeled pumps and kicked off a sandal.

"Won't you please leave me now, people?" she requested—unnecessarily.

Rand and Gabriel and I stood a short distance from her door, after we'd closed it behind us, speechlessly watching. In an incredibly short time there emerged a trigly tailored little Miss Vannah, a Miss Vannah with a thick bun of dusky hair showing beneath the rim of her smart toque, and an entirely new set of dimples showing in the vicinity of her unrouged mouth.

"Gee—didja put on a wig?" breathed Gabriel.

"No—took off one, you little plump rascal," laughed Miss Evangeline Vannah. She started for him, one hand crooked into a wicked-looking nipper. "For three months I've been dying to pinch you, and I'm going to obey that impulse now!"

With a single long-legged stride, Rand put himself in her way.

"I wish I knew, Miss Vannah, just when you've been acting and when you haven't during the past three months," he declared solemnly. "For instance, did you mean all you said about the miserable game of dollar-chasing, and what a pitiful aim it was in life and all that—?"

"Oh, rot!" vigorously broke in Miss Vannah. "Would you like to know what I really think about business—dollar-chasing? Well, I'm wild about it! I think it's the most exciting, most inspiring, most all-around worth-while game in the world!"

"OH, NO, it isn't!" said Rand, staring down at her. Rand's eyes, from where I stood, suddenly ceased to look lazy; they seemed to look something else, which so disconcerted Miss Vannah that she shifted her own gaze down to the approximate vicinity of Rand's very good-looking shoulder, and began a rambling remark as to the unusual hurry she was in to get home.

It wasn't till that instant that I had the intelligence to grab my hat and try to start Gabriel and myself on our homeward ways.

Rand went a bit closer to Miss Vannah, however, whereupon the enraptured Gabriel refused to budge.

"Miss Vannah," began Rand intensely, "in the last three months I've landed more business than I ever thought I was capable of getting in the next three years. That's cured me of laziness, believe me, and it's given me a self-confidence that's going to change my whole life! And I owe it to you—on my word I do! D'you remember that piece of advice you handed me once? When you practically told me that, as I seemed to be too weak-minded to maintain a decent amount of working pep by natural methods, your advice would be to keep myself in a state of perpetual lowbrow envy of people with money?"

"Yes, I remember," smiled Miss Vannah. "Did you follow it?"

"I did not!" replied Rand grimly. "But I—it—" he began to flounder.

"But it made you so fighting mad at me and yourself both," softly laughed Miss Vannah, "that you plunged in and did things that I knew at a glance were in you!"

I'd got Gabriel almost as far as the door.

"Somehow," breathed Rand, "somehow I knew all along that you were a regular girl!" I gently kicked Gabriel out into the corridor and closed the door on them.

# Hidden Creek

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Author of "The Branding-Iron"

## III.

### CHAPTER TEN

#### The Beaconlight

**O**UT of the Wyoming Bad Lands—orange, turquoise-green and murky blue, a country of outlandish ridges, of streaked rock, of sudden twisted cañons, a country like a dream of the far side of the moon—rode Cosme Hilliard in a choking cloud of alkali dust. He rode down Crazy Woman's Hill toward the sage-brush flat, where in a half-circle of cloudless snow-streaked mountains lay the town of Millings on its rapid glacier river.

Hilliard's black hair was powdered with dust, his olive face was gray, dust lay thick in the folds of his neck-handkerchief; his pony matched the gray-white road and plodded wearily, coughing and tossing his head in misery from the nose-flies, the horseflies, the mosquitoes.

His rider seemed to be charmed into patience, and yet his aquiline face was not the face of a patient man. It was young in a keen, hard fashion; the mouth and eyes were those of a Spanish-American mother, golden eyes and a mouth originally beautiful, soft and cruel, which had been tightened and straightened by a man's will and experience. It had been used so often for careless, humorous smiling that the cruelty had been almost worked out of it. Almost, but not quite.

Perhaps his one consistent, his one solvent expression was that of alert restlessness. Cosme Hilliard was not happy, was not content, but he was eternally entertained. He was not uplifted by the hopeful illusions proper to his age, but he loved adventure. His was a bitter face, bitter and impatient and unschooled. It seemed to laugh, to expect the worst from life, and not to care greatly if the worst should come. But for such minor matters as dust and thirst and weariness, he had patience.

Physically the young man was hard and well-schooled. He rode like a cowboy and carried a cowboy's rope tied to his saddle. And the rope looked as though it had been used.

Millings, that seemed so close below there through the clear high atmosphere, was far to reach. The sun had slipped down like a thin bright coin back of an iron rock, before the traveler rode into the town. His pony shied wearily at an automobile and tried to make up his mind to buck, but a light pressure of the spur and a smiling word were enough to change his mind.

"Don't be a fool, Dusty! You know it's not worth the trouble. Remember that fifty miles you've come to-day!"

The occupants of the motor snapped a camera and hummed away. They had no

#### THE STORY

**S**HEILA ARUNDEL, a seventeen-year-old, elf-like, elusive creature, is left by the death of her artist father alone in the world. Sylvester Hudson, owner of a chain of rather disreputable hotels in the West, has bought a picture from Arundel, and calls for it the day after the artist's death. He takes Sheila with him to his home in Millings, ostensibly to help his wife and his daughters, Girlie and Babe, with the housework.

Hudson's son Dickie, clerk in the Aura Hotel, is an habitual drunkard, but sweet-natured and gentle, with a love of beauty and a poetic sense which his father vainly tries to suppress. He is greatly attracted by Sheila, and although forbidden by Hudson to see her, determines to stand by her in case—as he thinks likely—she may need a friend. Mrs. Hudson is jealous of her husband's interest in Sheila, and insults her. Hudson begs her to leave his home and to become barmaid in the Aura. He persuades her that she can, in this way, exert a wonderful influence for good over the town.

prevision of being stuck half-way up Crazy Woman's Hill with no water within fifteen miles, or they wouldn't have exclaimed so gaily at the beauty and picturesqueness of the tired cowboy.

"He looks like a movie hero, doesn't he?" said a girl.

"No, ma'am," protested the Western driver, who had been a chauffeur only for a fortnight and knew considerably less about the insides of his Ford than he did about the insides of Hilliard's cow-pony. "He ain't no show. He's the real thing. Seems like you dudes got things kinder twisted. Things ain't like shows. Shows is sometimes like things."

"The real thing" certainly behaved as the real thing would. He rode straight to the nearest saloon and swung out of his saddle. He licked the dust off his lips, looked wistfully at the swinging door, and turned back to his pony.

"You first, Dusty—damn you!" and led the stumbling beast into the yard of the Aura. In an hour or more he came back. He had dined at the hotel and he had bathed. His naturally vivid coloring glowed under the street light. He was shaved and brushed and sleek.

**H**E PUSHED through the doors of the bar and stepped into the saloon. It was truly a famous bar—the Aura—and it deserved its fame. It shone bright and cool and polished. There was a cheerful clink of glasses, a subdued comfortable sound of talk. Men drank at the bar, and drank and played cards at the small tables. A giant in a white apron stood to serve the newcomer.

Hilliard ordered his drink, sipped it leisurely, then wandered off to a near-by table. There he stood watching the game. Not long after, he accepted an invitation and joined the players. From then till midnight he was oblivious of everything but the magic squares of pasteboard, the shifting pile of dirty silver at his elbow, the faces—vacant, clever, or rascally—of his opponents.

But about midnight trouble came. Hilliard had been irritated by the divided attention of a player opposite to him across the table. This man with a long thin face was constantly squinting past Cosme's shoulder, squinting and leering and stretching his great full-lipped mouth into a queer half-smile. At last, abruptly, the irritation came to consciousness, and Cosme threw an angry glance over his own shoulder.

Beside the giant who had served him his drink a girl stood: a thin, straight girl in black and white, who held herself so still that she seemed painted there against the mirror on the wall. Her hands rested on her slight hips, the fine pointed ringless fingers white against the black stuff of her dress. Her neck too was white, and her face the pure unpowdered whiteness of childhood. Her chin was lifted, her lips laid together, her eyes, brilliant and clear, looked through her surroundings. She was very young, not more than seventeen.

**T**HE mere presence of a girl was startling enough. Barmaids are unknown to the experience of the average cowboy. But this girl was trebly startling. For her face was rare. It was not Western, not even American. It was a fine-drawn, finished, old-world face, with long arched eyebrows, large lids, shadowed eyes, nostrils a little pinched, a sad and tender mouth. It was a face whose lines might have followed the pencil of Botticelli—those little hollows in the cheeks, that slight exaggeration of the pointed chin, that silky rippling brown hair. There was no touch of artifice; it was an unpainted young face, hair brushed and knotted simply; the very carriage of the body was alien, supple, unconscious, restrained.

Cosme Hilliard's look lasted for a minute. Returning to his opponent it met an ugly grimace. He flushed, and the game went on.

But the incident had roused Hilliard's antagonism. He disliked that man with the grimacing mouth. He began to watch him. An hour or two later, Cosme's thin dark hand shot across the table and gripped the fellow's wrist.

"Caught you that time, you tin-horn," he said quietly.

Instantly, almost before the speech was out, the giant in the apron had hurled himself across the room and gripped the cheat, who stood, a hand arrested on its way to his pocket, snarling helplessly. But the other players, his fellow sheep-herders, fell away from Hilliard dangerously.

"No shootin'," said the giant, Carthy, harshly. "No shootin' in the Aura. It ain't allowed."

"No callin' names, either," growled the prisoner. "Me and my friends would like to settle with the youthful stranger."

"Settle with him then, but somewheres else. No fightin' in the Aura."

There was an acquiescent murmur from the other table, and the sheep-herder gave in. He exchanged a look with his friends, and Carthy, seeing them disposed to return quietly to the game, left them and took up his usual position behind the bar. The barmaid moved a little closer to his elbow. Hilliard noticed that her eyes had widened in her pale face. He made a brief contemptuous excuse to his opponents, settled his account with them and strolled over to the bar. From Carthy he ordered another drink. He saw the girl's eyes studying the hand he put out for his glass, and he smiled a little to himself. When she looked up, he was ready with his golden eyes to catch her glance. Both pairs of eyes smiled. She came a step toward him.

"I believe I've heard of you, miss," he said.

A delicate pink stained her face and throat, and he wondered if she could possibly be shy.

"Some fellows I met over in the Big Horn country lately told me to look you up if I came to Millings. They said something about Hudson's queen. It's the Hudson hotel, isn't it?"

A puzzled, rather worried, look crept into her eyes, but she avoided his question. "You were working in the Big Horn country? I hoped you were from Hidden Creek."

"I'm on my way there," he said. "I know that country well. You come from over there?"

"No." She smiled faintly. "But—" and here her breast lifted on a deep spasmodic sigh, "some day I'm going there."

"It's not like any other country," he said, turning his glass in his supple fingers. "It's wonderful. But wild and lonesome. You wouldn't be caring for it—not for longer than a sunny day or two, I reckon."

HE USED the native phrases with sure familiarity, and yet in his speaking of them there was something unfamiliar. Evidently she was puzzled by him, and Cosme was not sorry that he had so roused her curiosity. He was very curious himself—so much so that he had forgotten the explosive moment of a few short minutes back.

The occupants of the second table pushed away their chairs and came over to the bar. For a while the barmaid was busy, making their change, answering their jests, bidding them good-night. It was, "Well, good-night, Miss Arundel, and thank you."

"See you next Saturday, Miss Arundel, if I'm alive."

Hilliard drummed on the counter with his finger-tips, and frowned. His puzzled eyes wove a pattern of inquiry from the men to the girl and back. One of them, a ruddy-faced town-boy, lingered. He had had a drop too much of the Aura's hospitality. He rested rather top-heavily against the bar and stretched out his hand.

"Aren't you going to say me a real good-night, Miss Sheila?" he besought, and a tipsy dimple cut itself into his cheek.

"Do go home, Jim," murmured the barmaid. "You've broken your promise again. It's two o'clock."

He made great ox-eyes at her, his hand

still begging, its blunt fingers curled upward like a thirsty cup.

His face was emptied of everything but its desire.

It was perfectly evident that "Miss Sheila" was tormented by the look, by the eyes, by the hand, by the very presence of the boy. She pressed her lips tight, drew her fine arched brows together, and twisted her fingers.

"I'll go home," he asserted obstinately, "when you tell me a proper goo'-night—not before."

Her eyes glittered. "Shall I tell Carthy to turn you out, Jim?"

He smiled triumphantly. "Uh," said he, "your watch-dog went out. Dickie called him to answer the telephone. Now will you tell me good-night, Sheila?"

Cosme hoped that the girl would glance at him for help; he had his long steel muscles braced; but, after a moment's thought—and she can think. She's as cool as she's shy," commented the observer—she put her hand on Jim's. He grabbed it, pressed his lips upon it.

"Goo'-night," he said. "Goo'-night. I'll go now." He swaggered out as though she had given him a rose.

THE barmaid put her hand beneath her apron and rubbed it. Cosme laughed a little at the quaint action.

"Do they give you lots of trouble, Miss Arundel?" he asked her sympathetically.

She looked at him. But her attitude was not as simple and friendly as it had been. Evidently her little conflict with Jim had jarred her humor. She looked distressed, angry. Cosme felt that, unfairly enough, she lumped him with the enemy. He wondered if she had given the enemy its name, if her experience had given her the knowledge of such names.

He had a vision of the pretty, delicate little thing standing there night after night as though divided by the bar from prowling beasts. And yet she was known over the whole wide, wild country as "Hudson's queen." Her crystal child-like look must be one of those extraordinary survivals, a piteous sort of accident.

Cosme called himself a sentimentalist. Spurred by this reaction against his romantic tendencies, he leaned forward. He too was going to ask the barmaid for a good-night or a greeting or a good-by.

His hand was out when he saw her face stiffen, her lips open to an "Oh!" of warning or of fear. He wheeled and flung up his arm against a hurricane of blows.

His late opponents had decided to take advantage of Carthy's absence, and to inflict chastisement prompt and merciless upon the "youthful stranger." If it had not been for that small frightened "oh," Cosme would have been down at once.

With that moment's advantage he fought like a tiger, his golden eyes ablaze. Swift and dangerous anger was one of his gifts. He was against the wall, he was torn from it. One of his opponents staggered across the room and fell, another crumpled up against the bar. Hilliard wheeled and jabbed, plunged, was down, was up, bleeding and laughing. He was whirled this way and that; the men from whom he had struck himself free recovered themselves, closed in upon him.

A blow between the eyes half stunned him, another on his mouth silenced his laughter. The room was getting blurred.

He was forced back against the bar, fighting. The snarling laughter was not his now, but that of the cheat.

Something gave way behind him; it was as if the bar against which he was bent backward had melted to him and hardened against his foes. For an instant he was free from blows and tearing hands. He saw that a door in the bar had opened. There was a small pressure on his arm, a pressure which he blindly obeyed. In front of him another door opened and closed. He heard the shooting of a bolt.

He was in the dark. The small pressure, cold through the torn silk sleeve of his white shirt, continued to urge him swiftly along a passage. He was allowed to rest an instant against a wall. A dim electric light was turned on with a sharp little sound above his head. He found himself at the end of an open hallway. Before him lay the brilliant velvet night.

Hilliard pressed his hands upon his eyes trying to clear his vision. He felt sick and giddy. The little barmaid's face, all terrified and urgent eyes, danced up and down.

"Don't waste any time," she said. "Get out of Millings. Where's your pony?"

At that he looked at her and smiled.

"I'm not leaving Millings till to-morrow," he said uncertainly, with wounded lips. "Don't look like that, girl. I'm not much hurt. If I'm not mistaken, your watch-dog is back and very much on his job. I reckon that our friends will leave Millings considerably before I do."

In fact behind them at the end of the passage there was a sort of roar. Carthy had returned to avenge the Aura.

"You're sure you're not hurt? You're sure they won't try to hurt you again?"

He shook his head. "Not they." He stood looking at her and the mist slowly cleared, his vision of her steadied. "Shall I see you to-morrow?"

She drew back from him a little. "No," she said. "I sleep all the morning. And afterward I don't see any one except a few old friends. I go riding."

He puckered his eyelids inquiringly. Then, with a sudden reckless fling of his shoulder, he put out his hand boldly and caught her small pointed chin in his palm. He bent down his head.

She stood there quite still and white, looking straight up into his face. The exquisite smoothness of her little cool chin photographed itself upon his memory. As he bent down closer to the grave and tender lips, he was suddenly, unaccountably, frightened and ashamed. His hand dropped, sought for her small limp hand. His lips shifted from their course and went lower, just brushing her fingers.

"I beg your pardon," he said confusedly. He was painfully embarrassed. "I—I wanted to thank you. Good-by."

She said good-by in the smallest sweet voice he had ever heard. It followed his memory like some weary pitiful little ghost.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### In the Public Eye

NO SIGHT was more familiar to the corner of Main and Resident streets than that of Sylvester Hudson's Ford sliding up to the curb in front of his hotel at two o'clock of a summer afternoon. He would slip out from under his steering-



*Cosme's thin dark hand shot across the table and gripped the fellow's wrist. "Caught you that time, you tin-horn," he said quietly.*

wheel, his linen duster flapping about his long legs, and would stalk through the rocking meditative observers on the piazza and through the lobby past Dickie's frozen stare, up-stairs to the door of Miss Arundel's "suite." There he was bidden to come in. A few minutes later they would come down together, Sheila, too, passing Dickie wordlessly, and they would hum away from Millings, leaving a veil of golden dust to smother the comments in their wake.

There were days when Sheila's pony, a gift from Jim Greely, was led up earlier than the hour of Hudson's arrival, on which days Sheila, in a short skirt, a boy's shirt and a small felt Stetson, would ride away alone toward the mountain. Sometimes Jim rode with her. It was not always possible to forbid him.

**T**HE day after Cosme Hilliard's spectacular passage was one of Hudson's days. The pony did not appear, but Sylvester did, and came down with his prize. The lobby was crowded. Sheila threaded her way among the medley of tourists, paused, and deliberately drew near to the desk. At the sight of her Dickie's whiteness dyed itself scarlet. He rose, and with an apparent effort lifted his eyes to her look.

They did not smile at each other. Sheila spoke sharply, each word a little soft lash.

"I want to speak to you. Will you come to my sitting-room when I get back?"

"Yes'm," said Dickie. It was the tone of an unwinning pride. Under the desk, hidden from sight, his hand was a white-knuckled fist.

Sheila passed on, trailed by Hudson, who was smiling not agreeably to himself. Over the smile he gave his son a cruel look. It was as though an enemy had said, "Hurts you, doesn't it?" Dickie returned the look with level eyes.

The rockers on the piazza stopped rocking, stopped talking, stopped breathing, it would seem, to watch Sylvester help Sheila into his car—not that he helped her greatly—she had an appearance of melting through his hands and getting into her place beside him by a sort of sleight of body. He made a series of angular movements, smiled at her and started the car.

"Well, little girl," said he, "where to this afternoon?"

When Sheila rode her pony she always rode toward the Hill. But in that direction she had never allowed Sylvester to take her. She looked vaguely through the wind-shield now and said, "Anywhere—that cañon, the one we came home by last week. It was so queer."

"It'll be dern dusty, I'm afraid."

"I don't care." Sheila wrapped her gray veil over her small hat, which fitted close about her face. "I'm getting used to the dust. Does it ever rain around Millings? And does it ever stop blowing?"

"We don't like Millings to-day, do we?"

Sylvester was bending his head to peer through the gray mist of her veil. She held herself stiffly beside him, showing the profile of a small Sphinx. Suddenly it turned slightly, seemed to wince back. Girlie, at the gate of No. 18 Cottonwood Avenue, had stopped to watch them pass. Girlie did not speak. Her face looked smitten, the ripe fruit had turned bitter upon her ruddy lips. The tranquil emptiness of her beauty had filled itself stormily.

Sheila did not answer Hudson's reproachful question. She leaned back, dropped back, rather, into a tired little heap and let the country slide by—the strange wide broken country with its circling mesas, its somber grays and browns and dusty greens, its bare purple hills, rocks and sand and golden dirt, and now and then, in the sudden valley-bottoms, swaying groves of vivid green and ribbons of emerald meadows.

"What was the row last night?" asked Sylvester in his voice of cracked tenderness. "Carthy says there was a bunch of toughs. Were you scared good and plenty? I'm sorry. It don't happen often, believe me."

"I wish you 'could 'a' heard Carthy talking about you, Sheila," went on Sylvester, his eyes, filled with uneasiness, studying her silence and her huddled smallness—hands in the pockets of her light coat, veiled face turned a little away—"say, that would 'a' set you up all right! Talk about beacons!"

Here she flashed round on him, as though her whole body had been electrified. "Tell me all that again," she begged in a voice that he could not interpret, except that there was in it a sound of tears. "Tell me again about a beacon."

He stammered. He was confused. But stumblingly he tried to fulfil her demand. Here was a thirst for something, and he wanted above everything in the world to satisfy it. Sheila listened to him with unsteady parted lips. He could see them through the veil.

"You still think I am that?" she asked.

**H**E WAS eager to prove it to her. "Still think? Still think? Why, girl, I don't hev to think. Don't the till box speak for itself? Don't Carthy handle a crowd that's growing under his eyes? Don't we sell more booze in a week now than we used to in a—" Suddenly he realized that he was on the wrong tack. It was his first break. He drew in a sharp breath and stopped, his face flushing deeply.

"Yes?" questioned Sheila, melting her syllables like slivers of ice on her tongue. "Go on."

"Er—er, don't we draw a finer lot of fellows than we ever did before? Don't they behave more decent and orderly? Don't they get civilization just for looking at you, Miss Sheila?"

"And—and booze? Jim Greely for instance, Mr. James Greely of the Millings National Bank—he never used to patronize the Aura. And now he's there every night till twelve and often later, for he won't obey me any more. I wonder whether Mr. and Mrs. Greely are glad that you are getting a better type of customer! Mrs. Greely almost stopped me on the street the other day—that is, she almost got up courage to speak to me. Before now she's cut me, just as Girlie does, just as your wife does, just as Dickie does——"

"Dickie cut you?" Sylvester threw back his head and laughed uneasily, but with a strained note of alarm. "That's a good one, Miss Sheila! I kinder fancied you did the cuttin' there."

"Dickie hasn't spoken to me since he came to me that day when he heard what I was going to do and tried to talk me out of doing it."

"Yes'm. He came to me first," drawled Sylvester.

They were both silent, busy with the amazing memory of Dickie, of his disheveled fury, of his lashing eloquence. He had burst in upon his family at breakfast that April morning when Millings was humming with the news, had advanced upon his father, stood above him.

"Is it true that you are going to make a barmaid of Sheila?"

Sylvester, in an effort to get to his feet, had been held back by Dickie's thin hand that shot out at him like a sword.

"Sure it's true," Sylvester had said coolly. But he had not felt cool. He had felt shaken and confused. The boy's entire self-forgetfulness, his entire absence of fear, had made Hudson feel that he was talking to a stranger, a not inconsiderable one.

"It's true, then." Dickie had drawn a big breath. "You—you—" he seemed to swallow an epithet, "you'll let that girl go into your filthy saloon and make money for you by her—by her prettiness and her ignorance——"

"Say, Dickie," his father had drawled, "you going to run for the legislature? Such a lot of classy words!" But anger and alarm were rising in him.

"You've fetched her away out here," went on Dickie, "and kinder got her cornered, and you've talked a lot of slush to her and you've——"

Here Girlie came to the rescue.

"Well, anyway, she's a willing victim, Dickie," Girlie had said.

Dickie had flashed her one look. "Is she? I'll see about that. Where's Sheila?"

Mrs. Hudson and Sylvester had spoken together: Mrs. Hudson—"Dollin' up in the hotel suite Syllly has gave her," and Sylvester—"None of your damned business!"

And then, there was Sheila's memory. Dickie had come upon her in a confusion of boxes, her little trunk half-unpacked, its treasures scattered over the chairs and floor. Sheila had lifted to him from where she knelt a glowing and excited face. "Oh Dickie," she had said, her relief at her escape from Mrs. Hudson pouring music into her voice, "have you heard?"

He had sat down on one of the plush chairs as though he felt weak. Then he had got up and walked to and fro while she described her dream, the beauty of her chosen mission, the glory of the saloon whose high priestess she had become. And Dickie had listened with the bitter and disillusioned and tender face of a father hearing the prattle of a beloved child.

**"YOU** honest think all that, Sheila?" he had asked her patiently.

She had started again, standing now to face him and beginning to be angry at his look. This boy whom she had lifted up to be her friend!

"Say," Dickie had drawled, "Poppa's some guardian!" He had advanced upon her as though he wanted to shake her. "You gotta give it right up, Sheila," he had said sternly. "It's not to go through. Say, girl, you don't know much about bars."

He had painted a picture for her, drawing partly upon experience, partly upon his imagination, the gift of vivid metaphor descending upon him. He used words that bit into her memory. Sheila had listened and then she had put her hands over her ears. He pulled them



*Sheila would ride away alone toward the mountain of her dreams.*

down. He went on. Sheila's Irish blood had boiled up into her brain. She stormed back at him.

"It's you, it's your use of the Aura, that has been its only shame, Dickie," was the last of all the things she had said.

At which Dickie, standing very still, had answered: "If you go there and stand behind the bar all night with Carthy to keep hands off, I—I swear I'll never set foot inside the place again. You ain't a' goin' to be my beaconlight—"

"Well, then," said Sheila, "I shall have done one good thing at least by being there."

Dickie, going out, had passed Sylvester on his way in. They had looked at each other with a look that cut in two the tie between them, and Sheila, running to Sylvester, had burst into tears.

**T**HE motor hummed evenly on its way. It began, with a change of tune, to climb the graded side of one of the enormous mesas. Sheila, having lived through again that scene with Dickie, took out a small handkerchief and busied herself with it under her veil. She laughed shakily.

"Perhaps a beacon does more good by warning people away than by attracting them," she said. "Dickie has certainly kept his word. I don't believe he's touched a drop since I've been barmaid, Mr. Hudson. I should think you'd be proud of him."

Sylvester was silent while they climbed the hill. He changed gears and sounded his horn. They passed another motor on a dangerous curve. They began to drop down again.

"Some day," said Sylvester in a quiet voice, "I'll break every bone in Dickie's body." He murmured something more under his breath, in too low a tone, fortunately, for Sheila's ear. From her position behind the bar, she had become used to swearing. She had heard a strange variety of language. But when Sylvester drew upon his experience and his fancy, the artist in him was at work.

"Do you suppose," asked his companion in an impersonal tone, "that it was really a hard thing for Dickie to do—to give it up, I mean?"

"By the look of him the last few months," snarled Sylvester, "I should say it had taken out of him what little real feller there ever was in."

Sheila considered this. She remembered Dickie, as he had risen above the desk half an hour before. She did not contradict Sylvester. She had learned not to contradict him. But Dickie's face with its tight-knit look of battle stood out very clear to refute the accusation of any loss of manliness. He was still a quaint and ruffled Dickie. But he was vastly aged. From seventeen to twenty-seven he seemed to have jumped in a few weeks. A key had turned in the formerly open door

of his spirit. The indeterminate lips had shut hard, the long-lashed eyes had definitely put a guard upon their dreams. He was shockingly thin and colorless, however. Sheila dwelt painfully upon the sort of devastation she had wrought: Girlie's face, and Dickie's, and Jim's! A grieving pressure squeezed her heart, she lifted her chest with an effort on a stifled breath.

"God! Sheila," said Sylvester harshly. The car wobbled a little. "Ain't you happy, girl?"

**S**HEILA looked up at him. Her veil was wet against her cheeks.

"Last night," she said unevenly, "a man was going to kiss me on my mouth and—he changed his mind and kissed my hand instead. He left a smear of blood on my fingers from where those—those other men had struck his lips. I don't know why it f-frightens me so to think about that. But it does." She seemed to collapse into a little sobbing child.

"And every day when I wake up," she wailed, "I t-taste whisky on my tongue and I—I smell cigaret smoke in my hair. And I d-dream about men looking at me—the way Jim looks. And I can't let myself think of father any more. He used to hold his chin up and walk along as if he looked above every one and everything. I don't believe he'd ever seen a barmaid

*(Continued on page 96)*



Marjorie Daw.

Photo copyrighted by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## The Creed of the Ingénue

By Peter Merritt

**M**AYBE vampires and designing war-widows are the only simple and natural people, and all sweet young things are steeped in relentless purposefulness.

For you seldom find a sinuous sequined home-destroyer who does not seem to be acting up thus in spite of herself, like the gas-jet in the boarding-house hall.

On the other hand, a convinced ingénue like Marjorie Daw, a thing of dimples, pouts and curl-shaking, knows what she is about all the time.

Because she is acting *on principle*.

I have the plain truth from Marjorie herself, that very Marjorie who recently left off acting with Douglas Fairbanks to become a star that shines by herself.

Says Marjorie, very sweetly:

Everybody's Magazine, June, 1920

*"I believe in plays that have happy endings.*

*"I believe people come to the theatre to forget their problems and they should not be disappointed.*

*"I believe in protecting the lovely illusions of youth.*

*"I believe the cynical titles that are creeping into films should be weeded out.*

*"I believe in comedy—gay, sparkling, sweet comedy.*

*"I believe in sweet heroines.*

*"And I intend to be always just as sweet as I can possibly be."*

Seeing that nothing could shake her dulcet determination I left her to her candied devices.

She is a sweet thing.

And they say she lives in a barley-sugar bungalow in California with a baby brother almost as sweet as herself.

# Simple Simon and the Fourth Dimension

By Ruth Sawyer

Author of "The Primrose Ring," "Seven Miles to Arden"

**D**ID you ever happen to notice the way Fate has of writing some folks up for the funny sheet of Life, fixing them there as firmly and for all time as if they had been a serial comic cartoon? The more serious they try to be the harder the world laughs at them. And the only way out for those folks is to quit being serious and laugh along with the world.

That is, of course, if you have a sense of humor to begin with. Luckily for Simon, he had.

First of all Simon was a joke on his parents, who oddly enough wanted a girl, and had trimmed up a bassinet in pink for him and picked out the name of Angelica. Likewise was he a joke on the town of Haddock Harbor, which had speculated on his arrival some nineteen years—on and off—and had finally given him up. Everybody had settled down comfortably to disposing of his inheritance to local charities when he came along, thereby depriving many praiseworthy institutions of considerable money. I quote the Haddock Harbor *Free Democrat*.

His mother made him a joke on himself by adding to the surname of Simple the given name of Simon. It was her maiden name, poor lady, and she never lived long enough to find out the awfulness of the thing she had done. The nickname fastened itself on to him like a part of his own person.

Now I believe it is proper when one is writing biographical fiction about any one else to begin with a description as flattering as possible. I am sorry for this, for I seem to have as few adjectives of the proper size to fit Simon as Bud French's furnishing emporium had ready-made clothes. Simon's size was a town joke the same as his name; and there's a story that once Bud French went so far as to make a window display of his spring suit with a large placard reading:

"Simple Simon went a-shopping for to get a suit.

We sewed him up a 'three-in-one.' Say, isn't Simon cute!"

I can't honestly swear to the truth of this, for I never saw it myself. But I know Bud French had nerve enough to do it—and Simon humor enough to stand for it.

Simon was gigantic, and by that I don't mean fat. He was too hard and well packed to be classed with the ordinary suetty fat man. And he wasn't lazy or humid, either. He was just big in a way-back-to-creation sort of way that outstripped everything around him. The last time we measured him he was six feet seven and still growing, and he tipped the scales at a scant three hundred and forty. His head was colossal, his hands matched up pretty well with one of those Greek figures done heroic size.

Here is the charming romance of an over-sized man with a gigantic good nature. What ruffled it and how it got smoothed out make up the story—one of Ruth Sawyer's delightful combinations of whimsical humor and quaint tenderness.

With a great hulking exterior like this and an interior that yearned for poetry and all things beautiful, you can easily see that the inside and outside of Simon didn't match. It was this, I guess, that made him such a joke on himself, and the saving grace was that he fell for it early. Whenever there was a laugh, he joined in—he saw to it that folks could laugh with him but never at him.

As the owner of the Simple fortunes—father and grandfathers before that had made it in the shipyards of Simple & Son, as old an institution in Haddock Harbor as the sea itself—Simon could have had nearly anything money could buy.

But what Simon wanted most was not purchasable. He had dreams of being a poet—a musician—an artist—one of those soul vocations; but the picture of anything as huge as Simon standing up fiddling away at a violin or reciting sonnets was funny even to Simon. So he took a straight college course and came back to Haddock Harbor to manage the shipyards.

Of course it was the only sensible thing to do; and it pleased old John Simple so that he died soon after, a proud and satisfied father. Simon also had dreams of love, but he gave them less encouragement than the others—you might say these were blighted before they were squarely born.

**A**S KID, boy and man he was the best-tempered chap you ever saw; and with his all-the-year-round generosity he was about the most popular of all the bunch, meaning us boys. Who doesn't like a chap that can stand teasing and ballyragging all morning and then turns about and treats to circus in the afternoon—side-shows, lemonade, devil-blowers and all? He was a thoroughbred at winning or losing, was Simon; and there wasn't one of us that didn't like him as hard as we tormented him.

But it wasn't that way with the girls. They weren't crazy about going to parties with anything that looked so like a mountain; and as for dancing—well, it was like getting gay and flirtatious with a whale or a mastodon.

One day when I was trying to make the girls feel mean about it, Anne Higgins put it all into unforgettable language—regularly spilled the beans. Anne was the high-school belle; and what she said went with the rest of the girls as absolutely as if it had been United States law. And she stuck her pert little nose into the air and

flicked the dirt from her shoes all over me as she said it.

"Huh! Who wants to dance with a circus-freak? We don't—and we won't, so there! Why, he's so big he ought to be kept out-of-doors. He's so thick and so broad and so high—he's big enough to have a fourth dimension. He needn't ask us to dance."

And he didn't.

But Anne Higgins's remarks somehow got beyond the high school to the town, and another stock joke fastened itself to Simon. And when the summer vacationers at the Harbor got up a circus for a local benefit Simon went into the freak tent without a murmur and exhibited as the only living human with a fourth dimension. I remember little Billy Talbot stopped and asked him which way it measured. And Simon answered with that funny, twisty smile of his:

"Don't just know, sonny, unless it's down the length of my funnybone."

**B**UT he cut out the parties and the dancing. By the time we were through college half of us were married and the other half engaged—all but Simon. He'd settled down to a sort of comic bachelorhood; and that got to be another town joke.

So much for Simon up to thirty; and then the Perkinses came to Haddock Harbor for the summer and the unexpected happened.

Perhaps I had better say by way of extenuation for Simon that it is born in all human beings to crave glamouring. Slim or fat, large or small, pretty or plain, we all need to be seen once in a while through the eyes of love, whether they're our mother's or our sweetheart's. We may know the full measure of our blemishes and face them like men—but it is like manna to our souls to know there is some one waiting for us round the corner who sees those same blemishes as if they were not. See what I mean? Well, Simon's mother was gone and past the glamouring of Simon—and there wasn't any one else; so that by the time he had reached thirty his soul-appetite for manna had grown considerably.

I can do the Perkinses up in one paragraph. There were four of them; father, mother and two sizes of daughters. The youngest was still thin-legged, cripple-skirted, hair-braided and downright sassy; but daughter number two had all the build and rigging for what the society papers call a brilliant match. All but the youngest were the soft, purry, pussy-footed kind. They called everybody "My dear"; told us all what "lovely natures" we had, "how awfully sweet and attractive" and "how deliciously hospitable" we were; and "what a dear, quaint old place" Haddock Harbor was and how they wished they could live in it all the year round.

They were always wishing they could see more of us, know us better, hoped to have us as life-long friends, and all the rest of it that goes with the exhilarating sport of catching the natives and taming them. I guess you know the kind; hot off the griddle and well buttered to pass round, but not an "honest-to-God" feeling in the lot for any one but themselves.

They hadn't been in our town a day before they had listed every eligible man in the order of their incomes. Their own income must have been considerably on the wane, and the only chance of its waxing again was by virtue of a son-in-law.

I needn't tell you that Simon figured not inconspicuously on their list; and they spent more art and time on taming him than any of the rest of us, with the result that they had him eating on their front veranda in about a fortnight. I don't mean that Simon didn't size them up as we did—after a fashion—but he'd never been told in his life that he had a beautiful, unappreciated soul and he'd never been called a "big old sweet thing" by anything in frou-frou skirts. It sounded sort of good to Simon—that and being treated as an honor to the establishment, and no insinuations cast as to the likeliness of his breaking the chairs down. They found out he liked poetry and fed him up on it.

Well, Simon furnished free entertainment for them most of that summer, which must have helped out considerably on their income. He motored them, sailed them, picnicked them, loaned them saddle-horses, and got three regular meals a day in glamouring by way of return. Under the flowery breath of their flattery he sprouted a gallantry something awful. For the first time in his life Simon began to get touchy and wouldn't take our ballyragging. Once when Billy Talbot—full grown by now—asked him if his fourth dimension had shrunk any, he picked him up by his collar and tossed him like a puppy down Bud French's steps.

**S**OMEHOW or other the Perkinses didn't manage as well as they had hoped to; the list of eligibles faded out with the summer, and by Labor Day Simon was the only one left on the competition. We boys groaned a lot among ourselves; to have Simon and the good old Simple dollars go to anything as shoddy as those Perkinses seemed like a penal offense. But what could we do? We expected the summer to end with the usual bag of tricks—engagement announced, big affair to celebrate and Simon receiving congratulations up and down Main Street and passing out cigars with every handshake.

Well, they had the big celebration all right, but it didn't celebrate anything but the Perkinses' exodus and Simon still hanging on. It isn't necessary to mention the fact that Simon footed the bills for the fête—or whatever you call it; but the invitations and planning came from the house of Perkins.

For a month or two afterward we sort of stood round to see what was going to happen next. We hoped, once rid of them, that he'd see they were just a bunch of summer grafters and let go, and we'd have our good old Simon back again to joke all we liked. But our hopes didn't cash in. I guess the Perkinses had found out he was too fat a proposition to lose. Any way, about twice a month he took to going to

New York for a handful of days—the Perkinses were wintering in that town; and every time he'd strike Haddock Harbor again he'd be a little more touchy. Talk about the leopard changing his spots—it looked as if Simon was changing his whole skin.

We used to hold our breaths each time Simon came home, expecting the thing to happen; but each time all we'd get was something like this—as Simon swung up Main Street—

"Hello Simon!" or "Hello Simp!"

"Lo!"

"Been away?"

"Rather."

"When'd you get back?"

"Just back."

"Been to New York?"

"Had a look at it."

"Didn't stumble on any of the summer folks there, did you?"

"Some."

"You don't say! How was everybody?"

"First-class."

"Didn't pick up any news, did you?"

"If I did, I left it behind."

**I**T WAS certainly a losing game to try to get anything out of Simon. Once Jimmy Cox got so exasperated he couldn't hold in any longer.

"Say, Simon, I cal'ate you must have done some shoppin' in the big town?" says Jimmy.

And Simon nails him with a look—"Some."

"Pick out anything in the line of wedding rings?"

"No, I didn't, Jimmy Cox. But I brought home some perfectly good patent medicine for any one who can't mind his own business."

After a few like these, we all left Simon pretty much alone.

What I found out later was that Simon was a neat little free fund for entertainment and diversion for the Perkinses that winter, as well as bait for bigger and more stylish fish. They'd save up and go slow until Simon reached town, and then they'd fix it so he'd take them to all the shows and hotels and swell joints they wanted to see and be seen at.

They developed a real cozy way of letting him hire taxis for them by the month and giving daughter number two simple little gifts that cost only a few hundred dollars apiece. They were staying at a hotel themselves, so of course they couldn't entertain him as if they were in their own home; but when they were keeping house again—! The pause that always came after this must have sounded rich in promises, for it seemed to satisfy Simon, and he went on spending his money and furnishing entertainment to the best of his ability, which was in no way mean.

Along about April they were planking over the new six-master in the yards, the biggest vessel ever built by Simple & Son, shipbuilders. Gossip had it that it would be ready for launching by July and it was to be named the *Matilda P.* I don't know whether I've mentioned it, but *Matilda* was the name of daughter number two.

We all spunked up considerably over this news and fixed it up that the Perkinses were coming back for the summer; that there'd be the biggest launching Haddock Harbor had ever seen; that *Matilda* would

christen the vessel with American Beauty roses and white doves, and incidentally and publicly accept the Simple fortunes and Simon. Our sentiments on the whole business were rather mixed. We were mad through and through, but we wanted it over with and out of our systems like malaria, and we wanted the old Simon back again. We missed him terribly, and we calculated the only way to get him back now was to get him married.

For a couple of months we had all the consolation of our hopes and then they were smashed flatter than a potato-bug. The Perkinses were not coming to Haddock Harbor for the summer. They had taken a cottage at a resort down the coast. *The Free Democrat* gave this out, but how they got hold of it I don't know. Simon certainly would never have told them.

The next day Simon was held up every time he appeared on Main Street. Conversation, like history, kept repeating itself.

"Hello, Simon. I see by the paper the Perkinses aren't coming back. Sort of postpones the launchin' of the *Matilda P.*, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm going down to visit them at Mackerel Point; tell you more when I get back."

Yes, sir, for the first time Simon had taken to free speech again; and he almost grinned. Later in the day he called me into his office as I was passing and showed me the letter. He was as tickled as a small boy—the old Simon. The letter was as flowery as they were; mother wrote it. They had taken a cottage for the summer, and though they regretted not being in dear, quaint old Haddock Harbor, they would be near enough, perhaps, to run in on all the folks. In the meantime they were looking forward to a nice weekend visit from him. He was to be their first honored guest.

I gave the letter back to Simon, and watched him put it carefully and tenderly into an inside pocket.

"Fine folks. Worth a lot, boy, to get a letter like that."

He looked at me as for confirmation and I hadn't the heart to say what I thought. Maybe they were going to treat him fair. Maybe they had sense to know they were getting something as big inside as it looked outside, and were beginning to appreciate it.

Another letter came soon after, setting the date for the first week in June. Simon bought a new pigskin bag, though he didn't need one; ordered a fourth pair of white flannels, and began to convalesce from his grouch. A week before the visit, however, a letter came saying *Matilda* was ill and the visit would have to be postponed.

**S**IMON took it good-naturedly enough; didn't seem to disappoint him in the least; acted as if it was just a good thing put off—a sort of can't-have-your-cake-and-eat-it-too philosophy. Funny part of it was the rest of us didn't take it so pleasantly. For the first time in our lives we were taking Simon seriously.

"If she turns him down now," Neb Peeler confided to me, "I'm goin' to white-wash the letterin' off the vessel an' go straight to Mackerel Point an' tell the whole bunch of 'em what I think."

And Billy Talbot, old enough to feel

## SIMPLE SIMON AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION

romance in his gills and having always worshiped Simon on the side, stopped me regularly to ask if they'd set another date, and if I thought Matilda really had been ill.

Time answered the first. Along came another letter asking him for the last week in June. Simon made no extra preparations that we knew of, and two days ahead came a wire saying father was ill. Feeling ran so high after this that no one dared trust his tongue by saying anything.

ONLY Simon stayed Simon. Laughed and joked and took to teasing us and went about making his plans for the launching just the same. It was to be the biggest one out—State band, lunch for the town served on board, whole town in bunting and evergreen, and boat or motors to bring everybody from everywhere who couldn't come otherwise. He even had a sort of pavilion nursery planned, and got a couple of women engaged to tend babies so no one would have to stay at home on that account. Oh, it was going to be big doings, I can tell you, and Simon went about it as if he was having the biggest, best time of his life. But he slowed down the work on the vessel a bit and put off the launching till August.

The first week in July came another letter setting his visit for the following week-end.

"Three times or out," said Billy Talbot. "You just see—either he'll go this time or it's nix on the Perkinses forever."

The betting was hot for the next few days in Haddock Harbor. Jimmy Cox put up a hair-cut against two pairs of socks in Bud French's furnishing emporium that he'd go. Ed Taylor, who keeps the garage, bet ten gallons of gasoline against ten quarts of ice-cream from the Confectionery Parlor that he wouldn't; and promised to treat all the kids in the neighborhood if he won. Folks who were not interested on Simon's account were interested on the launching's. They thought there would be no celebration if Simon didn't get the girl; and they didn't see how he was to get her without that week-end visit to put it through.

It got to be the day before his going, and excitement ran high. No wire came. Simon had his crew shining up the brasses on his yacht as if they had been bar-trimmings. But when the day came, a stiff southeast storm drove up the bay and Simon had to leave his yacht at her moorings and take the train. I guessed the Perkinses would be considerably disappointed as they'd probably counted on entertaining most of Mackerel Point on the yacht; but Simon didn't seem to care which way he went—so long as he went.

He stopped at Jimmy's for a last hair-cut on his way to the train. I had just left him there with "God-speed" when I caught Ben Homes throwing gestures at me from his window across the street. Ben is day operator at the Western Union.

"What's happened?" I yelled across.

"Say, I want you. Come on, quick!"

I ran. Ben met me with a yellow sheet in his hand. He was shaking all over with excitement as if he'd had ague. "Read that!" he said, and shoved the yellow sheet at me.

It was addressed to Simon Simple, Esquire, and it was signed Cordelia Smart Perkins. I'd never known her middle

name before; it certainly suited. Between these two came ten fatal words: "Maids have left without notice; must close house for week-end."

"Good Lord!" I removed my hat for fanning purposes and looked at Ben.

He looked weak, too. "Say, hain't that the limit? Third time turned him down. They ought to come in for some awful luck, folks like that. All ready, hain't he?"

"Getting a last hair-cut. Train due this minute. Say, if only he hadn't got it——"

But Ben finished it for me. "By the great sea-serpent, he don't have to. All I've got to do is put it an hour ahead and send it along to his place about the time I hear the engine tootin'." He grinned like a lost cherub who had suddenly stumbled on the pearly gates and found them open. "And I was wishin' them bad luck. Say, can't you see it? Simon walkin' in on them so sweet, and they knocked silly. You can take my word or not, just's you please, but it's goin' to be a weddin' now or a funeral!"

Simon took the train. Jimmy got his socks and Ed Taylor paid up his gasoline like a good-sport, and then bought the ten quarts of ice-cream just because he was so tickled and didn't want the kids disappointed.

All the town went foolish with good spirits for an hour, and then Hannah Black, Simon's old housekeeper, opened the wire and sent the news broadcast. War news, a Presidential election, meeting of town board, taken all together had nothing on that message. If we had speculated before, we went in for a regular orgy of prognostication now.

Would Simon take the next train home?

Would the Perkinses bluff it out?

Would the pride of the Simples, and the temper, show at last?

Would Simon fling his glove in their faces? (This was meant purely poetically.) Or would Simon take it as a joke?

We had to wait four, going on five, hectic days to find out; and I'll have to give out what happened as Simon told it to me long afterward.

HE LEFT the Harbor at two o'clock and reached the station at Mackerel Point at five. No sign of the Perkinses, no sign of anything or any one but some jitneys, and a Swedish girl crying softly beside a baggage truck and a dilapidated telescope bag.

In regular Simon fashion he had to find out what was the matter with the girl before going on. So he sat down on the truck—it being perfectly safe—and asked her the time and when her train went.

She had evidently patterned her speech after the Scriptures, for it consisted in the main of "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." But Simon quizzed her artfully, and having an imagination, he found out a lot.

Her train had gone. She didn't know the time and she did not care to. She had lost her place—sent away without notice or extra pay. She had no place to go except back to the city and she knew no one there. All her friends had gone away for the summer, like herself. No, she hadn't been the only one sent. They had sent the cook and butler—she, herself, was the up-stairs girl—but the cook and the butler were married and had stepped right into another place. They'd overheard what the lady was going to put

up on them and they'd walked out the night before.

What had the lady put up?

The girl sort of took another tack and sobbed harder. She, a poor respectable girl, adrift in a strange country with no place to go. And why? Because they had a chance to go off on a trip with a rich gentleman who might marry the daughter.

"Why don't you get a lawyer and sue her?" suggested Simon. Then he laughed. "I tell you what you do. Get an injunction on her so she can't get away and make her appear in court. I'll put up the money."

"But she's gone!"

"Stay over, then, and sue her when she gets back. It'll take you a little time to find a lawyer and make out the case. I'll stand witness if you need one." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. "Here, take some. Find a hotel. If you need any more help, you'll find me at the residence of Mr. Ignatius Perkins, Coddling Ro——"

THE look on the girl's face cut him short.

She looked as if she was going to have shell-shock or something worse. The sight of the money had mixed up her emotions considerably. There was fear as to Simon's intentions, gratitude for the help of some human being, and amazement at the enormousness of the bills and Simon; all this showed. But with the mention of the name of Perkins it was all eclipsed by what we Down-Easterners term "flabbergastedness." Finally she caught her breath and sniggered.

"Perkins! Haven't I tol' you? Mrs. Perkins—Miss Perkins—Miss Grace—the little devil—Mr. Perkins—they all go. And why?"

She turned and regarded Simon with several degrees more interest and curiosity; then she put her hand, not disrespectfully, on his sleeve.

"I sorry. You so nice and 'ey call you t'e Poor Ol' Simp. T'at is why t'ey go away—to get you rid of t'e visit and marry Miss Perkins to rich widower if he can be helped to marry again. So t'ey shut house so quick and send us all away."

There was genuine sympathy in the Swedish girl's face and she'd lost all fear of Simon's motives as far as she was concerned.

It took a few minutes for Simon to get the situation in hand and size the whole thing up; and then he stood up to it like a good sport. He shoved the roll of bills at the Swedish girl again and grinned.

"I tell you what you do. Want a place—a good place?"

"Sure."

"All right. You take the next train going east to Haddock Harbor and ask for Simon Simple's house—or call it Simple Simon if it comes any easier. You tell Hannah I sent you, and I'll be home when my visit's up. But don't you tell her anything more—understand? Not if you want a good place."

She understood all right, and when Simon came back from buying her ticket she was as chipper as a yellowhammer, smiles and quirks all over.

"You said the house was closed?" asked Simon. "What did they do with the key?"

"T'ey leave key with neighbor, I t'ink,



*They explored the cliffs and picked out the highest one for her castle and there he'd perch her—all wrapped up in a blanket, the gulls screeching over her head and the spray wetting her cheek.*

neighbor in little white cottage by beach."

"You know the name?"

"Parsons, I t'ink."

"All right. I'll get along. Don't you forget—Haddock Harbor—train due in thirty minutes."

They parted, both grinning. Simon hailed a jitney and steered for Coddington Road. It wasn't hard to find the neighbor's, having first located the Perkins mansion. The cottage was a small white affair covered with vines, and so close to the beach it might almost have been one of its barnacled rocks. Simon left the jitney and went down and rang the bell. After several ringings he went around to the beach side, where he found a frail little lady and a middle-aged man, none too husky, trying to lift between them a girl with bobbed hair who might have been almost any age around fifteen.

The unexpectedness of Simon caused

them to drop the girl where she had been. Then they straightened up and looked at him as if he had dropped from another planet. "It's all right," said Simon. "Just stopped for the key. I'm a friend of the Perkinses. They're letting me spend a sort of vacation in their house."

"Oh!" Simon said afterward they all said it together like the front row in the chorus.

"It's all right," he repeated. "I've known them a long time, and very well." I guess he put the last strong.

"Oh, we know that, at least we know you wouldn't be coming for the key unless it was quite all right. But there are no maids left; you'll be alone. I was afraid you wouldn't be very comfortable—" It was the frail little lady that spoke, and she smiled at Simon with a look that was all mother.

"I'm sort of used to looking after my-

self, thank you." Simon smiled back at her.

"Abner, will you get the key?" But the middle-aged man was already starting after it.

All the time the girl was watching him with wide eyes, the way an interested friendly child does. She couldn't seem to take them off Simon and his bigness. He was going to follow the man when the girl's eyes sort of held him, and then he remembered that something must be the matter with her, for the two were trying to carry her back to the house.

"Couldn't I carry her in?" he asked the mother. "I'm rather a good hand at carrying; sort of used to that, too." Simon smiled equally at the two of them.

"Would you, please?" The girl answered for herself and reached out two arms as friendly as her eyes. To Simon she seemed just the best kind of a nice kid.

A flush of something spread over the frail lady's cheek, but no one seemed to notice and the girl went right on.

"It must be splendid to be so big and strong and—well." There wasn't any Perkins brand of flattery to that, just downright admiration, with a sprinkle of envy perhaps. The girl wasn't any of these things, you see—little and frail like the mother, with something besides.

Simon picked her up as if she had been a grasshopper. "The giant coming to rescue the salt-water fairy." He felt so sorry for the kid he thought he'd have to camouflage it somehow, and his sneaking fancy for romance put the words on his tongue for him, as you might say.

The girl laughed and clapped her hands. "Think of that, Mummie, a real giant at last!" She leaned down from Simon's shoulder and looked at him. Her eyes were rippling and dancing all over now, like the sun on the harbor when cat's-paws ruffle it. "You know, ever since I've been getting better and mother and daddy have tried to carry me about, I've been just wishing and wishing for somebody big and strong; Hercules or Samson or Goll, the Irish giant. Remember him? Daddy wanted to get a wheel-chair, but that looked too much as if I was never going to walk again, and I am—I am!" She said the last like a hard lesson she'd been learning over and over by saying it to herself a long time; and she pounded her two little fists together hard.

THE little frail lady reached up a white hand and took one of those fists, while she tried to keep pace with Simon's stride. "Maidie's been ill, very ill, typhoid fever with a touch, we fear, of paralysis. But the doctor says that this summer—on the beach—oh, it's going to do wonders for her. It has already; she took three steps yesterday."

"Whew! That's going some." Simon said it as if it had been big doings like Christmas or a horse-race, and how the kid laughed! Then he looked up at her as if somehow she was the joke. "Maidie?" he repeated the name. "Ought to be Mermaidie, oughtn't it, for a salt-water fairy?"

They were all laughing when they reached the cottage, and the middle-aged gentleman—who was intended to look sort of melancholy and tired-liver-like—joined in when he saw them. "That's better than father and mother and the old hand-chair," said he.

Simon said afterward that by that time he felt as if he'd known them for years, and liked them like home folks. I guess, without knowing it, he was standing them up alongside the Perkinses and matching them up in his mind's eye; and I calculate they didn't lose out any by the comparison.

"It's like being atop of the world," says the kid from Simon's shoulder. "I sha'n't want to come down," and then suddenly pulled hard at her mother's hand, "Mummie—Mummie—could I ask to go into the garden—just for a smell of it?"

This time Simon saw the frail lady's flush, and put it down to a sort of sensitiveness, afraid to ask favors for fear of asking too much. Guess it felt a little refreshing to Simon's feelings. So with his free hand he pulled at the frail lady, too.

"Sure thing, why can't we go to the gar-

den? When a giant's on a vacation, he gets to hankering horribly for garden smells."

Well, they must have put the bees and butterflies out of commission, from Simon's account of that first trip. The kid had been longing to get into that garden ever since she had come, but had never let on, because the father and mother had about all they could do to get her as far as the beach. She nuzzled her little nose into everything that grew—sweet peas, honey-suckle, mignonette, and every last bush and bud—until it was dusted thick with pollen and Simon had to wipe it off with his handkerchief, bought off the counter. The old folks watched them from the porch as if they could hardly believe their eyes. They'd never expected to keep the poor little kid, and now the sight of her laughing and all must have warmed up the cockles of their hearts considerably.

When Simon brought her back and exchanged her for the key, they shook his hand and asked him to come over as often as he felt lonesome; and the kid waved her hand to him all the way to the gate and called:

"Come back oftener, Mr. Giant. Come back to-morrow."

And Simon waved his hat back and shouted: "You bet I will. First thing after sun-up."

The days between Friday—when he came—and Monday—which was his last—flew some for Simon; and I have a hunch they flew some for the kid. Simon spent every spare moment of them on the Parsons' front porch or on the Parsons' beach or in the Parsons' garden. He found out all the places she wanted to see and rode her there on his shoulder, and maybe they didn't have high old times! You see, for the first time in his life Simon could let those old dreams of poetry and make-believe loose, because the kid was as keen about that kind of stuff as he was, or a bit keener. They spun regular fairy yarns out of everything they saw or did. They made castles in the sand, they sailed boats in the pools, they explored the cliffs and picked out the highest, reddest one for her castle and there he'd perch her, all wrapped up in a blanket, the gulls screeching over her head and the spray wetting her cheek, and the two would play at romance like the craziest, happiest parcel of kids you ever heard about.

And when they got tired of that they went back to the garden and watched the butterflies. I guess they did the things kids love best to do and what all who have kept the heart of a kid hope some day they may have a chance to do again, when nobody else is by to laugh.

AND all the time Simon was making himself really comfortable at the Perkinses.

The pantry was well provisioned, and what he couldn't find he ordered at the Perkinses' grocer. As he put it, he ate well and regularly—just as if the family were at home; and he argued his responsibilities were finished when he'd seen to it that he was fed. After that he just piled everything into the kitchen and left it. Luckily there were dishes enough in the pantry to see him through this kind of housekeeping. He managed the same about sleeping—knew it wasn't his place to make his bed or tidy his room up, so he took a new room and a fresh bed every night.

What he took the most pleasure out of, I guess, was the way the Parsons treated him down at the white cottage. They somehow got the idea he must be an old-fashioned friend or a poor relation or something that the Perkinses weren't especially keen about—the kind of chap that gets only one vacation a year, and that mighty short. So they tried to make up where the Perkinses failed—as they thought—and were just as kind and folksy and hospitable as they could be. As for the kid—well, it wasn't put on, the way she gloried in every pound of his strength and every inch of his muscle; and she sat on his shoulder as if she'd been riding in company with the finest gentleman in the land.

So maybe the days didn't fly some for Simon.

THE Perkinses were due some time Tuesday and Simon planned to take the last train East Monday night. Well, they went for a last trip to the red cliff on Monday, and Simon, finding out the kid had been longing for a picnic, got Mrs. Parsons to put up some stuff so they could have their supper there. It turned out to be the kid's birthday, and by way of extra doings he was to stop for a moment before going, to have a cake and such at the house. Of course it was to be a surprise for the kid, and Simon was tickled to death with the whole arrangement. He bought some volumes of fairy yarns to give her when they got back, and away they went. You see Simon had figured the kid about fourteen, and he knew how delighted she'd be with the whole celebration.

Once on the cliff he unpacked the supper and spread it out as if it had been a king's feast. "Here's nectar and ambrosia," said he, and he passed her a thermos cup full of chocolate, and a chicken sandwich. "It's a fairy feast," says he, "ordered in your honor, Mermaidie."

"It's perfectly wonderful." She laughed softly—Simon said afterward just as if some one had given her the world wrapped up and ready to carry home. "I didn't know you were a magical giant—like this."

"I am," says Simon as solemnly as if he was swearing before a justice of the peace. "This is magical food—real magic in it."

"Can't I eat it? What will it do? I'm awfully hungry."

"You can eat it," says Simon. "Only beware!"

"Beware of what?" The kid's eyes were as big and as deep as black pools in the woods.

"You can eat," says Simon. "But, like the pom'granate seeds in old Pluto's castle, for every bite you take the giant has power to come back once a year and spend a day on your beach with you. And if you drain your goblet dry—" He stopped and looked straight at her.

The eyes of the kid were dancing now like sunlight on the pools. She took up the yarn where he'd dropped it—same as they had been doing right along. "I know. If a salt-water fairy ever drains the goblet, she puts herself in the giant's power for ever and ever." She ended with a scared look that was half real and half make-believe. At least Simon thought so.

"Something like that," agreed Simon.

Well, the kid ate sandwiches and sandwiches. Simon counted the bites up to thirty or so, but his eyes were mostly on the cup, and at last the kid took it and

drained it down to the last drop. After that they went home, and Simon's heart thumped hard all the way. You see he was speculating that she'd grow up in about five years more, and every one of those years he could come back and make her care for him a little more, until at last she might come to loving him as he knew he'd be loving her till kingdom come. He was just screwing up his courage enough to let out his fancy so he could picture a rosy future with the two of them together, when they reached the cottage steps and Mrs. Parsons was there, ready to show them in to the birthday-cake.

Simon was smiling all over as they went in—smiling at what had happened and was going to happen and what was sure to keep on happening; but the smile faded right out the minute he put foot over the doorsill and took one look at the cake. There it stood in the center of the table with all its white frosting and pink flowers and nineteen candles. Nineteen! It was counting them that faded the smile off Simon's face.

The frail lady must have guessed at least part of what was the matter, for she sort of brought Simon to by saying: "You didn't think our little girl was quite as old as that, did you? She's been ill so long—and her hair—and I'm afraid we've kept her little and——"

**S**IMON didn't wait for her to finish. He carried the kid over to her chair, and as he put her down he whispered—so no one but her could hear: "You drained the goblet—don't forget. And that magic holds faster at nineteen than if years younger. Remember!"

It must have been a fine party from Simon's accounts. Anyway, the ending was better than the beginning, which ought to make it fine. Simon brought out the books and was going to put the kid's name in them, when it turned out that Maidie was only a kid name for her and her real grown-up name was Matilda—Matilda Parsons.

Do you get it?

It took Simon only about a second, and then he threw back his head and roared until it sounded like the breakers booming outside. The old folks gave them the last few minutes together.

"I'm coming back in a month," said Simon, "and I'm coming back as a giant comes—only being a sea-giant, I'm coming back on a ship instead of a steed. And I'm going to make that goblet magic come true."

She just smiled up at him as if she had known it and dreamed it out through all the years, same as Simon had.

"There's one thing I've got to tell you, though. I don't want you to be snatched up and run away with without knowing whose doing it and what the folks that live around his castle think of him." Simon stopped, and because he'd gotten used to it and found he could talk better that way, he picked her up and held her in front of him in his arms so their eyes could meet on the same level. For, as Simon said afterward, the time had come.

"Around my way the giant's sort of a joke, and there are lots of wisps of salt-water fairies who mightn't care to be tied up to a town joke for the rest of their lives. Especially one by the name of Simple Simon."

"It's an adorable name." And the kid curled up like a kitten and tucked her head out of sight on Simon's shoulder.

"No, you don't!" Simon brought her back to eye-level again and went straight on. "The folks in my town don't stop at much; knowing me since I was born seems to give them free speech as far as I'm concerned. You'll come in for a lot of kidding."

"I like it."

"They won't ever let you forget how big I am or how much cloth it takes for one suit or how big my hats are or the size of the chairs I have made to order."

The kid just kept on beaming at him. Didn't she know how big he was? Hadn't she in all her frailness and dependence felt every whit of hugeness and encompassing strength?

But Simon hadn't ever shirked the truth before, and he didn't intend to dodge it this time. "They've made a joke out of every occasion of my life. They laughed at my christening—grinned at my graduation—they're sure to split their sides chuckling at the size of my coffin; so you can't naturally expect them to take my wedding anyways seriously. Why, the size of me walking up Main Street sets all the babies to crowing; and the biggest town joke of all is my fourth dimension."

The kid looked puzzled and Simon explained. Didn't keep back the fact that the girls would never dance with him, either. For a minute it looked as if the kid was going to cry, right through the smiles.

She slipped her two little arms close about Simon's neck, looked at him hard for a second and then said very softly: "I know what that fourth dimension is—which way it measures. It measures the bigness of a man's heart right through the middle. And believe me, it's some dimension!" And with that she kissed him—all of her own free will.

Before he left the Perkinses' that night he wrote a letter—it being polite to thank your hostess for a pleasant time—and he pinned it to the cushion in Mrs. Perkins's room, where he spent the last night.

"**M**Y DEAR hostess," it read, "I like new places and new people and new ways of doing things—that's why I liked my visit, and have made myself just as much at home as if you had all been here. I also like new maids—picked up the Swedish one you had finished with, just by chance, and sent her home to Hannah. I tell you this so you needn't have any anxiety about her. I have had a great time getting acquainted with your neighbors, too. We are going to keep right on getting better and better acquainted—until about August. Can't give you just the date now, but will send it to you later—on a card. So you see I am fixed fine all round, hoping you are the same. Yours truly, Simon Simple—and some."

I guess he smiled all the way from the Perkinses' home—anyway, he was still smiling when he got off the train at Haddock Harbor.

After that things hustled. Simon gave out that the launching of the *Matilda P.* was coming off per schedule, and everybody commenced to get ready for it. The town began bunting up two days before, and the State Band arrived and gave a

free concert on the town green. Simon had the baby pavilion finished; and folks who had been having them pretty regularly for fifteen years—I mean babies and not pavilions—and hadn't had a day's outing in consequence—got new fixings and talked about the coming event as if it had been next to the Day of Judgment in importance.

And all the time all of us were thinking that the Perkinses were coming, and daughter number two was to christen the vessel.

**W**ELL, the day came at last, clear as a whistle, wind southerly, harbor just crinkled over and everybody in holiday clothes. Never saw so many folks in Haddock Harbor before or since. The yards were packed two hours before the time *Matilda P.* was due to slip from her pinnings; the vessel was packed and the band was playing and the flags flying, and, taken all in all, it was about the prettiest sight you could see, the world over.

Every one was asking who had seen the Perkinses, and everybody else was shaking their heads skeptically. Word went round that they were on Simon's yacht in the harbor along with Simon, and expected in any moment.

Then somebody started a cheer and we who were on board looked off the *Matilda P.*'s stern and saw the little motor dingey Simon uses coming up to the dock with a party on board. But it wasn't until Neb Peeler, Simon's foreman, was clearing the gangway that we saw there wasn't a Perkins among them.

Up first came a frail little lady and after her a middle-aged gentleman—none too husky—and then the minister, and last of all Simon, carrying the prettiest wisp of a girl all in white, and hugging the biggest bunch of roses—white ones—I ever saw. Simon carried her straight to the bow, where the platform and the canopy and the flowers were all ready fixed for the christening; but before any of us knew what was happening we were right in the middle of a wedding.

I guess none of us let out our breath till the benediction was over and the band started the wedding march. Then the bride broke her bunch of roses over the prow, said "God-speed" to the *Matilda P.*, and the next moment we were all sailing down the ways along with Simon straight toward the sea of matrimony, as you might say. It was some great, glad surprise, I can tell you.

After that it was all hands round and the biggest feast Haddock Harbor had ever seen.

I guess Jimmy Cox sort of voiced what was in the minds and hearts of every one that day: "Smotherin' Sally! to think of it! This here vessel was never named for the Perkinses' girl after all—and not a soul aboard but Simon knowin' it! And all the time we was mournin' over his fate he was on the q. t. picking out that there little winner. Why, I cal'ate Simon was playin' them Perkinses same as they were playin' him—lettin' us fall for it." He stopped here for breath and to make the last word impressive. "It looks to me as if Simon had handed Haddock Harbor a bigger joke than the town ever handed him."

# The Colyumists' Confessional

## VI. Frank L. Stanton, *by Himself*

"**W**HY, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "a rabbit can't climb a tree!"

"Well," was the reply of Uncle Remus, "dis wuz one time he wuz des 'bleeged ter climb it!"

And that's the way I feel about this answer to EVERYBODY'S cordial invitation to tell how I came by a ticket to the show where the colyumists of the country are the star performers. For when now I come to the new bright lights of their column ways I feel that I am but a ticket-holder—a free-pass beneficiary, seated away back, and mighty glad of it! In other words, I feel like the old Methodist brother in the crowded "experience" meeting, who finally attracted the attention of the "leader," with this: "Can I say just one word, Brother Jones?" And that word was "Hallelujah!" till the shout shook the shingles.

When I was quite a young man, say some thirty odd years ago, I recall a day when I was seated with my brother on a log in the woods of Waycross, Georgia, when, with reference to a future he had planned for me, he said quite seriously: "If you'd just quit running round the country, with no objective, you'd soon be on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*." I laughed till I fell off the log! But I answered the advertisement of a country editor for an assistant, and he let me edit the paper, which was the *Smithville (Georgia) News*, and write what I would in a signed column.

**I**N THAT first country weekly column I handled rural "happenings" in a humorous way, and placed the friendly townfolk, who would stand for it, in all sorts of comic situations. "Go as far as you like," they said; "you're putting the town on the map!" An ancient colonel, with whom I sometimes played "checkers" summer evenings on "the old pine box by the grocery store," was the only one that counseled me to "call the whole dadblamed column off."

"If you don't," he said, "you stand a chance of being 'called off' sudden yourself, for writing such wild tales as the one about an alligator biting off the left leg of a preacher at a river-baptizin', 'because the 'gator was without a Christian conscience!' And furthermore," he said, "you'd better leave off signing your own name to the poetry you get out of old scrap-books, for I know that's where you get it! I used to do that once when I was too young to know better, but I quit while the quittin' was good!"

Even when I showed him a letter from Joel Chandler Harris complimentary to the column—especially the poetry feature—my critical old colonel still held his ground: "You may fool Joel Harris,"



Here he is, the humorist of the "*Atlanta Constitution*."

### Just From Georgia

By FRANK L. STANTON.

The New Year and Joy.

he said, "but darned if you can fool me! And who's Joel Harris, anyway? Didn't I used to go in swimmin' with him? He took an' signed his name to them 'Uncle Remus' tales, and yet I heard every one of 'em myself, at cabin firesides, before he ever put one in the paper!"

Pretty soon my little old country-column of poetry and prose was copied far and wide. They got it from the *Atlanta Constitution*, for Mr. Harris, then doing editorial work for that paper, featured it once a week on the editorial page. They came to call it "Mr. Smith, of Smithville." With the influence of Joel Chandler Harris it soon landed me in the *Constitution* office, in a room next to his, as a column man and exchange editor of the Georgia weekly newspapers. "Keep up the column," he said, "and let's call it 'Just From Georgia.' Whirl in and write the same sort of stuff that you reeled off down yonder, in the piny places where you met the mocking-birds. We all, up here, are just plain home-folks, kind o' like children that crawled in under the tent of the big circus, and when we look back to where you and lots of us came from, we are apt to feel that we're a long ways from home! Make your column homelike."

And Editor Clark Howell, then Managing Editor of the *Constitution*, said: "That's right. Keep up the home-lick!"

And from that day to this—it's long past the thirty-year mark now!—the column hasn't wandered far from home.

I've a room all to myself on the fourth (editorial) floor of the *Constitution* building, where one sees a desk so littered that the Atlanta fire department, on a notable occasion, utterly condemned it as a dangerous firetrap! But I don't think I'd ever get anywhere at all on an orderly desk. I couldn't write the column there! It's fortunate, in that respect, that I don't use a typewriter, for I'd never have any room for it. The newspaper clippings and what not sometimes crowd me off the desk to the "flap," and I write there, till "the boss" discovers me, and says: "Suppose you take a week off and do a little lawn-mower work on that desk? Just consider yourself on full pay while you're cleaning up, and go to it!"

**B**UT when I do that, and some sort of order is attained, it's always at the expense of the column. It takes weeks for me to get the "swing" of it again, and the "swing" comes only when the desk takes on once more the friendly and familiar littered look. It's as Mr. Harris used to say of his own desk at the office: "I think if I had to work at a spick-and-span desk, or had what writers call a study, I'd never write a line!" And another thing, I can get through with the work better in the rush of things—with necessary noises all around me. I have never liked, as some one has put it, to "listen to the quiet."

I have no contributors—or only at rare intervals. Long or short, I do it all myself. Wish I had contribs. Mightn't have to cut the column then.

There are times when I feel that I'm really growing old, when some white-haired brother—homefolks or stranger—drops in and says: "I've long been wantin' to meet you, for I've been reading your column since I was a little boy! My father used to read it, and if I make no mistake, I've heard my old grandfather say that he subscribed for the paper when you first came on it! As I've got nothin' else to do to-day, I thought I'd just sit around and watch you work."

That's where *this* column feller throws a fit. But it's Southern, and sociable, and so good-natured!

The column has made friends for me all over the country, for while it has always been the "homey" thing we all wanted it to be, for that very reason it caught on—for that, and because I didn't put my troubles into it, as I wanted to. I sang about the sunshine often when the rain was round my eyes, though the sad note just *will* creep in at times. The sad things appeal to me, as to many, and life's the better when they do. The old, sweet gift of tears is one for which to be heart-thankful.

But I've had a high old time of it writing

the dialect songs that race along as far as the space will let 'em. Lord love you, it's been joy on joy to me to jingle to the "dead line"—to dance down old trouble in a dream, letting the "banjo songs" sing themselves while I "keep time" to their music with a "patting" of my feet under the desk, much as an old-time darky fiddler does at a Georgia country dance when he calls out, "Swing corners!" And this I have frequently done, wholly unconscious of the presence of visitors, who were waiting and wondering at the door! That's when you lose yourself in the joy of the work, as in this characteristic jingle of "The Dancing Spirit":

Gimme time ter lissen what de fiddle got ter say:

Still got de sperrit fer de dancin'!  
W'en de fiddle's gwine, put me down fer break o' day:  
Still got de sperrit fer de dancin'!

O de halleluia chillun  
Is a-fallin' right in line;  
It's de Georgy double-shuffle  
W'en de fiddle's gwine fine!

De worl' is full o' trouble, an' it's knockin' at de do',

But I still got de sperrit fer de dancin'!  
Shingles des a-shakin' ter de creakin' o' de flo'.  
Fer I still got de sperrit fer de dancin'!

O de halleluia chillun  
Is a-axin' me ter jine  
In de Georgy double-shuffle—  
When de fiddle's gwine fine!

Just as Joel Chandler Harris had his old-time colored friends, who used to tell him "Uncle Remus" stories he had probably missed, who knew the way to his Atlanta home, and came to him at his office, too, I made friends of many of them, and especially of one sable veteran who was known to all Atlanta as "Brother Dickey."

Dickey was his real name. He gave me the cue for many little dialect poems, and in the early years of the column I gave its readers samples of his quaint sayings in "Texts from Brother Dickey." He really helped the column out, and he came to know it, too! And just before he "crossed over the river," he said to me: "I done tol' you 'nuff ter keep my name in de paper fer de longest, an' I doan' want you ter fergit me w'en I ain't heah no mo'. I done been dreamin' dat my res' time has come, but you mus' always keep dis in min': it wuz me dat made you what you is."

All sorts of curious gifts—remembrances—come to the "Just From Georgia" column from the country precincts. I have been the recipient of live 'possums, raccoons, monster sea-turtles, and an occasional wild cat. The other day a card came asking me to "Please accept the Georgia salamander which I am sending you by express. This salamander is the only one ever captured in Georgia. I suppose you'll know what to do with it, as I don't."

There's one good column reader who annually "comes across" with a Christmas turkey. That's substantial appreciation!

I can't say I have any particular ideas on the column-making subject except that I like the art that is evidenced here and there in the column display when the col-

yumist can "boss the whole shop" as to the way he wants things to go. That helps wonderfully. But if you are interested as to "where I first saw the light," I'll say Charleston, South Carolina.

Greetings to colyumists of the country; everywhere their lights are shining! The world has truly made a pathway to their doors, and when the entertainment sign is out, they'll never lack an audience. I know that it has been said of many of them: "When I wake up in Grouchtown I turn to the column, and then I know I'll pull through!"

*THE following selections have been made by Mr. Stanton himself, as typical of his best work:*

#### UP AGAINST IT

The government word is that we shall have to "wear less," but in our own case, we don't see how we could, since our frayed trousers are now nearly to our knees. We've been thinking of wearing a barrel, but the price of barrels has riz on us, and the one we buried when drybone broke out in Georgia was stolen by some unknown, thirsty poor devil and we couldn't afford to ask questions.

#### OLE MULE

Ole mule, gwine  
Slow ez slow kin be,  
Don't you stop an' tu'n roun',  
An' shake yo' head at me!  
Yit, I come ter de conclusion:  
De way de wise man feels,  
I ruther have you shake yo' head  
Than shake dem hu'tful heels!

#### THE UNLITERARY MULE

It has been some time now since we purchased a mule and abandoned American literature to its fate. The mule is not literary, but that worthy animal has enabled us to make substantial crops for eating purposes, and neither mule nor man has any kick coming.

#### THE HOME WORD

A Billville editor says to one who wrote that he "couldn't get away to fix his fences":

"It don't matter. The last darned one of 'em is down an' you ain't got time to split rails enough to go round."

#### HE SAMPLED IT!

"We can't see, for the life of us, why they call the bottled tiger-stuff in these parts 'moonshine,'" says the Mountain Patriarch, "which is weaker than weakness itself in comparison. It's our free-expressed opinion that it's unadulterated hell-fire, chain-lightning, broiled brimstone—red hot and still a-heatin'! And somebody's took and broke our water-pitcher, and they ain't no ice nohow, and blest if we ain't a-goin' to blaze before our time!"

#### HOME-APPRECIATION

For a wonder all the seed we got through the efforts of our congressman came up! So congress is doin' good work all round, and we're glad to give credit where credit is due.

#### LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Bill: air you in Texas still where you fust wus is what i'm awantin' to no as this letter will tell ef you git it also what news they is in the settlement which ain't much to speak of outside of your house bein took off by a harricane and the land it wus on disapperain in a hole in the ground an all your fambly connections down with the brokebone fever an your uncle jim afflicted providential with the rattlin of the brain an jenny air got a boy baby an hits a-rainin like hell Bill!

#### JES' LIKE THAT

We take life as we find it. We have never yet quaffed a cup of joy, and started to congratulate ourself, that some one didn't holler: "Look out! There's the tax collector, hitchin' his hoss at the front gate!"

#### THE STATESMAN'S PROGRESS

##### I

He writ out a speech  
The people for to teach,  
And to win the statesman's crown,  
For he never yet had heard  
That annihilatin' word:  
"Sit down, my brother, sit down!"

##### II

He took the woods  
With his speechifyin' goods,  
Where never a critic could frown,  
But an owl said: "Who,  
In Thunder's name, are you?  
Sit down, old feller, sit down!"

##### III

And when at the gate  
Where the saints and sinners wait  
He said: "I'm from Legislature Town,"  
The keeper shook his head  
And this fatal word he said:  
"Go down, old feller, go down!"

#### STILL WATCH THE WOODPILE!

All ter de good, folks—all ter de good—be ready fer de work, or de dance; when you keep up de fire you's a-burnin' up de wood, but de wood must take its chance!

#### THE HOME-GROUND

"Don't ax me ter leave de country I wuz raised an' bo'n in," said Brother Dickey. "If I comes ter be lynched, I'd ruther be lynched by my fr'en's."

#### A GEORGIA TEXT

It's fine for to hope, and it's fine for to trust  
That you'll win when the life-work is done,  
But while dancin' your troubles all down in the dust  
The fiddler ain't playin' for fun!

#### NUGGETS ON THE WAY

Don't climb the hill like you have to, but make believe like you're doing it for exercise. If you can't shout "Amen!" when the other fellow gets happy, just hold your peace and give him room to holler.

Whistling at your work may be a good sign, but it might not be healthy for folks who think they are thinking.

#### HELL

If the producer gets one dollar a bushel for tomatoes, and the retailer gets nine dollars a bushel for them, what does the consumer get?—*Elberton, Georgia, Star.*

We have spilled the "lightnin'" that was in the jug, and folks are even raisin' thunder 'bout the lightnin' that's in the sky.

Since the bonedry law came in the Georgia fishermen maintain that anyway the fish ain't worth lying about.

#### WITH MISTER JAYBIRD'S COMPLIMENTS

Mister Jaybird says, says he:

"The other birds are still,  
And yet it's time for them to be  
A-singing fit to kill!  
But since the singing's up to me  
I'll trill 'em out a trill!  
I'm not a favorite of Spring:  
I just can't tell 'em how to sing;  
But when a note or two I drop,  
The rest will sing—to make me stop!"

# Jimmie Pulls a Miracle

By C. Rowland Wood

**T**HIS is primarily a chronicle of how Jimmie Jackson, press-agent for the Mark Green chain of movie theatres, employed his almost superhuman skill as a news faker to put across a rather untimely war-spectacle film called "Twentieth Century Knights."

But since the fake reacted so curiously on Mary Anderson, and brought her so much into the limelight, we might just as well get acquainted with Mary at the outset. And perhaps there is no better way to do it than to imagine ourselves seated, invisibly, at Jimmie's side in the offices of Mark Green, Inc., on the day when Mary came in to answer his ad for a stenographer.

Jimmie, who never before had hired a stenographer, being but newly graduated to the dignity of an office all his own, had interviewed upward of a dozen applicants, jotting down the qualifications of several of the prettier blondes, when Mary floated in.

He took one look at her and promptly tore up his list of blondes, realizing suddenly that he had really wanted a brunette all along.

He looked again, and all of the stenographer-hiring finesse that he had built up in the preceding interviews vanished. He floundered. Which was very unusual—for jaunty, self-assured Jimmie.

"Do you—er—think you would like to work for—that is—here?" he asked lamely.

"Why, yes. I—I think I would."

"And what—er—salary do you—er—"

He coughed uncomfortably. It seemed almost like sacrilege to discuss a mere matter of stipend with such a peach. Which also was very unusual—for Jimmie.

While the divinity was summoning her courage for the plunge (she was almost as unused to this sort of thing as was Jimmie), he drank in her charms with greedy eyes. There was the neatest complexion he had seen on Broadway in months. Real, too. Smooth, delicately molded forehead, crowned by a halo of delightfully recalcitrant wavy brown hair. Nose saucily tilted. Certainly a most kissable mouth. And a figure—oh, man!

**B**UT it was perhaps the eyes that hit Jimmie hardest. Which was not strange, for they really were very remarkable eyes. Big, brown and softly lustrous they were. And they had a wistful, far-away look that seemed to lift their owner out of herself and soar with her to some distant, ethereal plane.

"Dreamy," Jimmie classified them.

"Would—would twenty-five dollars be too much?" Mary suggested finally in a timid little voice.

"Thirty," said Jimmie fatuously. "Could you begin—now?"

"But you haven't even heard my qualifications. And I am not at all sure I could do your work."

When you learn that Jimmie is a movie press-agent, you will guess that the miracle he staged was not of a Biblical sort. Mr. Wood is a brand-new fiction writer, and this is his first story—very fresh and amusing, we think. We hope to publish more of Mr. Wood's stories in later numbers.

Jimmie was regaining some of his worldly poise.

"Oh, I can tell by looking at you that you are just the gir—person I am looking for," he said pointedly, favoring her with his most engaging smile.

Jimmie's smile was one of his very best points. But, oddly, it didn't seem to work this time. Mary's eyes retained their dreamy, far-away wistfulness. She accepted the job, however; which, after all, was the main thing, Jimmie consoled himself. Her eyes really weren't anything in his life anyhow—though of course it was always nice to be on good clubby terms with one's office associates. It made business a little more pleasant.

Jimmie's telephone rang. He took down the receiver.

"Jimmie, dear?"

Jimmie dear scowled slightly, and stole a glance at Mary, who was gazing out of the window and far off over the skyscraper tops.

**I**T WAS Mademoiselle Aimée de la Vergne, whose blonde charms had occupied Jimmie's attention almost exclusively for the preceding three or four weeks.

"Yes," he said, in guardedly non-committal tones.

"I want you to take me to lunch."

Jimmie stole another glance at far-away, wistful-eyed Mary.

"Very sorry—important appointment," he informed the telephone in his best business voice.

"Say, where did you get that cold, aloof stuff?" Mademoiselle de la Vergne wanted to know, with some asperity. "Here I go gettin' out of bed an hour ahead of time, spoiling my beauty sleep just to see you—and you pull this 'important appointment' stuff."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't possibly make it to-day," Jimmie persisted, still in his best business tone. "Some other day, perhaps."

"Perhaps!" blazed the Mam'selle. "Well, of all the unmittygated gall!"

She hung up with a bang that made Jimmie wince.

"Oh, well," he told himself, "Aimée'll come out of it, and if she doesn't—"

He drew out his watch.

"By the way, Miss— Gee! I didn't even get your name," he said, with an embarrassed laugh. Which again was very unusual for Jimmie.

Mary enlightened him.

"Oh, yes, Miss Anderson—I was going

to say—er—what time do you usually go to lunch?"

"I've been going at twelve-thirty, but it really doesn't make a particle of difference," she answered.

"Fine! That's just the time I usually go. Suppose we go out together, and we can talk over the work."

Mary considered the far-away horizon.

"I—I should have to insist on paying my own check," she hesitated.

"Oh, well, if you insist," Jimmie conceded.

**D**OWN in the lobby of the Splendora Building, which houses the Mark Green offices and sundry other offices, as well as the movie theatre of the same name, Jimmie and Mary passed Mademoiselle de la Vergne. She had been headed, Jimmie surmised, for his office.

Somewhat discomfited, he made as if to stop, but Mademoiselle de la Vergne flounced by, boring him through and through with a malignant glare. He shrugged, and stole a glance at Mary. She evidently hadn't noticed, he observed with satisfaction.

"Suppose we go to the Entre Nous—it's just around the corner," he suggested.

Mary assented vaguely.

Seated in the Entre Nous—in a little private compartment—Jimmie plied Mary with spicy food and peppery, chatty conversation, but she evinced little interest in either. When he touched on office affairs, she listened carefully, asking an occasional question. Otherwise she was silent. And the eyes continued to hold their dreamy, far-away look.

Jimmie was altogether intrigued. She was wholly different from Aimée de la Vergne. Different, in fact, from any of the other girls Jimmie had known—and imagined he cared for. And it would be a great game, coaxing a new sort of light into those somber, dreamy brown eyes. Of course he could do it, sooner or later—

But therein Jimmie was mistaken.

Mary continued to be as alluring as ever. And despite the criminally careless manner in which he hired her, she turned out to be a reasonably good stenographer. But she never seemed to see Jimmie, or his very obvious advances.

Jimmie evolved many theories to explain this, discarding one after another as she exploded it by failing to respond to the little measures he took to overcome her supposed peculiarities. But he never came near the real explanation, which was that she was thinking of a very tall, very straight soldier named John, who had gone overseas with the Twenty-Seventh Division some fifteen or twenty months before, and whom she didn't expect to see again—ever.

There had been a little lovers' quarrel the day before his regiment embarked. Ever so little a quarrel, and Mary had intended to fix it all up before he sailed.



*It seemed almost like sacrilege to discuss a mere matter of stipend with such a peach.*

But he sailed suddenly. And that was the last she heard of him—except that she had read in a casualty column the laconic announcement:

"Killed in Action: Sergeant John Alexander."

Thereafter Mary had consigned herself to single blessedness and hard work. Hence the stenography. She had given up all of her old friends; even her best chum, Alice Morton. The old crowd brought too poignant a flood of memories. And she wasn't seeking any new friends.

As we have said, Jimmie didn't guess that she had buried her heart. And even if he had guessed, he probably would have continued his efforts to exhume it, for Jimmie was a very practical young man, and what he wanted he went after.

**A**T ANY rate his efforts to dazzle Mary came to naught. Her big brown eyes went soberly about their business of deciphering uncanny fish-hooks and curlicues from her note-book, while delightfully white, tapering fingers translated them, via the typewriter, into trim, orderly sentences. And when there was no shorthand to be transcribed the eyes would go gazing wistfully off out of the window—which, by the way, faced west.

"She sure is remote," Jimmie confessed to Mr. Green when Mary had withstood his siege for a week. "Sometimes I think she's not a regular girl at all. She reminds me of the classification a newspaper I once saw out in Ohio puts at the top of its help-wanted columns. It reads: 'Help Wanted—Males, Females and Stenographers.' She must be just stenographer. But I've got to admit she's some stenographer."

Jimmie had to admit, a few days later,

however, that she was pretty much all girl. And the story of how he found it out is all bound up with the story of how he put over what was perhaps the niftiest heart-interest fake of his whole press-agenting career. Which we started out to tell in the first place.

Of course Jimmie didn't have any idea how his artificially produced heart-throbs were going to rack Mary. Had he known, he might not have pulled this particular fake, even to put "Twentieth Century Knights" across. But that is a debatable question. When a press-agent gets hold of a good hunch, it takes a great deal to make him drop it before he has shaken out all the publicity that's in it. Press-agents are very much like bulldogs in this respect.

Jimmie had feared, from the day Mr. Green signed up for the first run of "Twentieth Century Knights," that it was going to be a hard job to make the film draw. The war had been over for some eight or nine months; most of the soldiers were home and out of uniform; and New York, plunged in a frothy sea of gaiety, was doing its best to forget the anxious, tense days.

"Getting all worked up over soldiers, my dear boss," Jimmie had told Mr. Green, "is about as fashionable to-day as wearing a last-year's suit. Patriotism doesn't demand either any more."

But the contract for "Twentieth Century Knights" had already been signed, and there was no pulling out.

The evening on which the film began its run at the Splendor a Jimmie's forebodings were justified. And Jimmie didn't even have to look into the sparsely peopled auditorium to find it out. Mr. Green was there, pacing the lobby, when Jimmie dropped in to see how things were going

and Mr. Green's face told the whole story—a wrinkle for every empty seat.

"Well, you had the right dope," Mr. Green growled. "It's a fizzle."

Jimmie laid aside his debonair demeanor and assumed one of commiseration.

"I was afraid it would be," he sighed.

**"A FRAID!"** Mr. Green snorted. "Why don't you *do* something? You haven't got a line in the papers except the paid advertising—and that's as dead as—as—"

Mr. Green looked out on the gay throngs that were flowing, ever flowing, past the Splendor, and choked with impotent rage.

"'Twentieth Century Knights!' Bah!" he exclaimed when he finally regained his voice.

"I told you—"

"You told me! You told me!" Mr. Green fairly shrieked. "I don't want you to tell me nothing! What I want you to do is to put a little life into it!"

"It'd take a miracle to do that," Jimmie retorted.

"Well, pull a miracle then! Do something! Think up a stunt! Hell! What am I paying you for, anyhow?"

Thus driven by the lash of impatience, Jimmie retired to the little inner sanctum which Mr. Green had fitted up just off the box-office and moodily lighted a cigaret.

"Pull a miracle," he laughed. "Wonder who the old boy thinks I am, anyhow—one of the prophets of old—or—or—"

Jimmie subsided into a blue haze of smoke, through which he traced intricate, involved figures. Five minutes he sat so; perhaps ten. Then he emitted a soft chuckle. When he had thought it all

## JIMMIE PULLS A MIRACLE

through again, he chuckled louder. Then he began to whistle a bar from the old classic, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

The merry strains floated out to Mr. Green, who inserted his head angrily.

"What do you think you are, a band?" he inquired caustically. "Here we are, losing money hand over fist, and you sit there——"

"Come in, boss, hear about my miracle," Jimmie invited.

"What!"

"You told me to think up a miracle, didn't you? Well, I'm nothing if not obliging. Come on in and have a cigar while I tell you about it. It'll soothe your nerves."

Mr. Green felt his grouch melting before the press-agent's cheerful patter. Shortly he found himself sitting in a comfortable chair, puffing at a comforting black cigar, and waiting for Jimmie to elucidate.

"My first premise," said Jimmie with an air of great erudition, "is that the one subject on which the great American public never goes stale is the old, old story—love."

"You never seem to," Mr. Green snorted, thinking of Mary—and Mademoiselle de la Vergne—and others.

"That premise being granted," Jimmie continued, unperturbed, "we will proceed. 'Twentieth Century Knights' would have rung the bell before the war enthusiasm died out. But now it's rotten because it has no appeal to the one big theme. Am I right?"

"Well, it's rotten—let it go at that."

"Now, since the picture has no love-interest in it, the only thing to do is drag in a love-interest from outside. Which will be better, anyhow, because it will be real—whereas one in the film would only be reel."

Mr. Green declined to smile at this pleasantry.

"The question is," Jimmie rattled on, "how to do it. Now, let's see—we have real New York soldiers—plenty of them—in 'Twentieth Century Knights.' Right?"

"I SHOULD hope we had a plenty," said Mr. Green fervently.

"Furthermore, some of the soldiers that went over with the Twenty-Seventh didn't come back. Ever think of that?"

"Get on, get on—what are you driving at?" said Mr. Green.

"This," said Jimmie. "You told me to work a miracle. I'm going to work one. Now, scattered all over New York City are girls whose sweethearts didn't come back."

Jimmie paused impressively. "Boss, I'm going to bring one back."

Mr. Green's eyes bulged. "What do you mean, bring one back? How the hell can you——"

Jimmie laughed.

"Oh, in the movies they do it," he said glibly. "If you read the papers, you'll know that more than one soldier has come back after the War Department had him listed as dead. That fact is the foundation of my hunch. Here's the idea."

He seized a sheet of paper and wrote briskly for a minute.

"Read that," he said.

Mr. Green read aloud:

"Mary—John is not dead. I saw him last night in the movies at the Splendora.

They are showing 'Twentieth Century Knights,' a war picture, with scenes of the Twenty-Seventh marching up Fifth Avenue in the home-coming parade. I saw John as plain as day. I can not be mistaken. Meet me in front of the Splendora at 8:10 to-night and I will point him out to you. Alice."

Mr. Green looked at Jimmie expectantly. "Go on," he said. "I don't quite get you."

"That goes in the personal column of the *Star* in the morning," Jimmie said. "And who reads the *Star* personals? Well, maybe the blind don't. But then the blind don't go to the movies, either, so that offsets that. At a conservative estimate—the ad solicitors would put it much higher, but we'll be conservative—at a conservative estimate, one hundred thousand people will read that personal. And can't you imagine them," he concluded triumphantly, "especially the ladies—God bless 'em—fighting to get in and see whether Mary really finds John?"

Mr. Green beamed. Then he frowned. "That might get one crowd," he conceded. "But what about the rest of the week, after little Mary fails to show up?"

JIMMIE gave him a pitying smile.

"Little Mary won't fail to show up," he said. "I'll have a little Mary on the job, and she'll behave in the most approved manner—whatever that is. I'll have to do a bit of scientific investigation to find out. But she'll be here. And she'll see her John—in the movies."

"And there's where the free publicity will begin—the good little old front-page reading matter that you couldn't buy for a hundred dollars an inch. Man, if I can't smear that story all over Page One in half the newspapers in New York, I'll eat my hat. Think of it! 'Beautiful young woman'—large picture—'seeks soldier sweetheart, mourned for months as dead. Discovered in movie film.' Of course there'll be a picture of the soldier—clipped right out of the film. Boss, the romance—the good old human heart-throbs—that will attach to 'Twentieth Century Knights' when the hunt for the missing sweetheart starts, will produce a riot at the box-office. And we'll keep the hunt going all week!"

Mr. Green beamed again.

"Great!" he chuckled. "How'n the devil did you ever think it up?"

Jimmie rose and made mysterious passes in the air. "Miracle," he said. "I pull 'em every once in a while when I'm feeling right."

Mr. Green chuckled again appreciatively.

"You're certainly there, kid!" he averred heartily. Then his face clouded slightly as another disquieting thought came. "Are you sure you can get the ad across?" he inquired. "Will they stand for a fake?"

"Oh, we wouldn't be so crude as that. We'll have Alice take it over. Didn't you notice, I signed her name to it?"

Jimmie raised his voice. "Oh, Al-ice!" he called.

The blonde ticket-seller emerged from her booth. Jimmie showed her the penciled sheet and explained briefly.

"Think you could act well enough to put it across, if you copied it off in your own handwriting?"

Alice coughed discreetly. "I might," she said doubtfully.

"Mr. Green will buy you a pair of those

silk-lace stockings if you do—two pairs," Jimmie offered.

"Leave it to muh," said Alice with a sudden accession of enthusiasm. "Will you take my window for me?"

"Sure!" said Jimmie. "Run along, now. The classified closes in about forty-five minutes."

When Alice returned a half-hour later and reported her mission well performed, Jimmie donned his hat and sallied forth into the glare of ten-o'clock Broadway.

Blithely whistling, he swung along the glittering thoroughfare until he came to McDuffy's cabaret, which he entered.

MADemoiselle Aimée de la Vergne was wriggling through her star jazz number. When she had finished, Jimmie caught her eye, and motioned invitingly. Mademoiselle de la Vergne was still a little huffy over the incident of the Splendora Building lobby, but after a moment's hesitation she walked down to Jimmie's table.

"You've gotta crust," she remarked tartly.

"Now, now, Ame—forget it!" Jimmie said, favoring her with one of his rarest smiles. "I told you she was just my stenographer and that I took her out to lunch so I could tell her about the job."

"Why should I believe that?"

"Well, you haven't seen me with her since, have you?"

"No," Mademoiselle de la Vergne admitted. "But that's not saying you haven't been out with her."

"Well, I'm saying I haven't. Now lay off that, will you? I want to talk to you."

"Well—talk."

"Suppose—now don't get fresh, I'm in earnest—suppose you had been in love with some fellow that had gone overseas and gotten his name into the killed-in-action column."

Mademoiselle de la Vergne raised her penciled eyebrows. "Do you get this way often?" she inquired.

"Oh—all right——"

Jimmie pushed back his chair as if to rise. Mademoiselle de la Vergne placed a powder-white, restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't go, Jimmie. I—I thought you was kidding me."

"I told you I was in earnest. Now listen. Suppose he got his name in the casualty-list. Then suppose you were in a movie show and saw a bunch of soldiers marching up Fifth Avenue in a film made after the war was over—and he was in it. What would you do?"

Mademoiselle de la Vergne edged closer to Jimmie. "Say it was you, eh, hon?" she suggested with eager eyes.

"Well, say it was me," Jimmie responded without great enthusiasm.

"Jimmie," she averred solemnly, "I'd just naturally let out a yelp of joy and faint dead away."

"Honest?"

"Honest. But why, Jimmie? What's the big idea?"

"Doping out a press stunt," Jimmie said briefly. "Got a rotten film this week. All soldiers. Nobody wants to see 'em. Got to stir up a little excitement. Say, do you know anybody I could get to come over to the Splendora about nine tomorrow night and stage a nice, realistic faint for twenty-five iron men?"

"Let me do it, Jimmie. My fainting histrionics are grand."

"Nah—you're too well known," Jimmie vetoed. "Anyway, I want an innocent, clinging-vine type. You're too—Broadwayish."

Mademoiselle de la Vergne stiffened and glared. "You don't like 'em Broadwayish any more, eh? Maybe if I looked like that moon-eyed stenographer you'd——"

Jimmie pushed back his chair again.

"Wait, Jimmie. Wait. Don't run off mad. Suppose I looked like this—would you like me any better?"

She snapped open a bracelet locket and extended it across the table. Jimmie glanced at the little upturned photograph. Then he took her wrist and examined the picture more closely.

"Well, if you looked like that—who is she, anyway?"

Mademoiselle de la Vergne smiled. "That's Amy Smith. Widely and favorably known—when she gets on her paint and feathers—as Mam'selle Aimée de la Vergne, the première Broadway Chicken. I never showed it to you before, did I?"

"Cut the kidding," said Jimmie.

"If I get myself up to look like that picture, do I get the twenty-five?"

"You do," said Jimmie. "And by Gad——"

Mademoiselle de la Vergne leaned forward eagerly. "Yes?" she breathed.

"Well, go ahead and do it," said Jimmie.

"I'll have them hold a seat for you well down in front. Just sit quiet until the boys begin marching up Fifth Avenue. Then cut loose."

He took her bracelet arm and pried out the little photograph.

"I'll have this enlarged for the newspapers," he said.

Jimmie didn't put in an appearance at the offices of Mark Green, Inc., the next morning. Instead, he called Mary Anderson on the telephone.

He was going to be very busy—perhaps until late in the afternoon. Could Miss Anderson look after any little matters that might come up?

Miss Anderson thought she could.

"Oh, yes, and I wish you could save me about a half dozen copies of the *Star* classified section," Jimmie said. "There's an ad—hello—operator!"

Jimmie was cut off just as he was about to tell Mary what might have prevented her from believing in that fake Mary-John personal. And as he was in a hurry, and had said all of importance that he had intended saying, he let it go at that.

**SO** OF course Mary saw the personal. And you can probably guess just how Mary felt. It was like the miraculous answer to an oft-said prayer.

When her eyes first fell on the ad, her heart stopped virtually still. Then it pounded like a trip-hammer. Then, of course, she cried a great deal—and laughed a little, hysterically.

It didn't once occur to her that the ad might be just a big, heartless, press-agent fake. She did worry a little at the thought that it might be some other Mary's John that had come back instead of her own John. But the circumstances were so unusual—three names that fitted perfectly. And besides, she wanted so cruelly hard to believe. So she did believe.

Good old Alice Norton! Wasn't it just perfectly wonderful of her to have gone to all the trouble of putting the ad in, after



*Jimmie rose and made mysterious passes in the air.*

the way Mary had dropped her. But of course Alice had understood that it was only because of Jack's death—because she had thought he wasn't coming back. And wasn't it clever of Alice to think of the idea of putting a personal in! Of course she wouldn't know where to reach Mary, now that she had moved. Dear, dear old Alice!

But suppose it wasn't Jack, after all—suppose Alice had been mistaken——

And then she cried some more. And went on that way very nearly all day long.

Jimmie, in the meantime, caught a down-town subway which deposited him twenty minutes later before the Hall of Records, where the Army Reemployment Bureau was located.

Jimmie still had to find a soldier from the Twenty-Seventh who had marched in the parade and who would stand for the fake. He knew it wouldn't do to pick out any old soldier in the film and run the risk of having him go storming around the newspaper offices with an irate wife or sweetheart in tow and a chip on his shoulder.

But Jimmie anticipated no trouble in spotting a man who would be willing to take the part of the missing sweetheart. He knew there would be plenty of Twenty-Seventh men around the Bureau looking for jobs, and that the fifty dollars he would offer for a week's easy work would look mighty big to them.

Sergeant Bill O'Reilly, the first soldier to whom he unfolded the scheme, proved Jimmie right by accepting with avidity. It struck the sergeant as a gay lark. And he certainly could use the fifty bucks.

"What kind of a looker is the skirt?" Sergeant O'Reilly inquired as an afterthought. "Pretty?"

"I'll say she is," said Jimmie. "Look here——"

He extended the photograph he had pried from Mademoiselle de la Vergne's bracelet.

"And you're paying me jack to be her beau? Shake! This is about the softest job that ever came my way."

"But remember, you'll have to lay low for the rest of the week," Jimmie warned. "Everybody that sees your picture in the papers will be on the lookout for you to restore you to your darling. And I don't want you restored until I've squeezed all the publicity I can out of it."

**H**OW about to-night?" the sergeant inquired. "I'd like to see the fun—and meet the girl. A bunch of us fellows were going up to to-night, anyhow, to see ourselves march."

"Oh, to-night's all right," answered Jimmie. "It's only after the publicity starts that I want you to keep under cover."

"We'll be there, then," said Sergeant O'Reilly. "With bells on."

From the Reemployment Bureau Jimmie drifted across City Hall Park and made a few casual calls along Park Row. Of course the Mary-John personal had come to the eyes of all the city editors, and they were inclined to kid Jimmie unmercifully about it.

"I certainly didn't put it in," Jimmie declared with meticulous truthfulness. "But say—that's luck, isn't it? That's the greatest little piece of publicity the *Splendor* has had for years. I mean it will be if it pans. Going to send a man up? Oh, well, I thought you might."

(Continued on page 110)

# Mary Wollaston

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure," "The White Arc," etc.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### The Impresario

MARY returned to High Forest—went on duty, as she put it to Wallace—the following afternoon rather taut-drawn in her determination to have things out with Paula at once. But the mere attitude and atmosphere of the place, as before, let her down a little.

It was restful to have her days filled up with trivial necessary duties; an hour's errand-running in the small car; a pair of soiled satin slippers to clean with naphtha; a stack of notes to answer from such unknown and infatuate admirers as managed to escape the classification feeble-minded and were entitled, therefore, to have the fact recognized (this at a little desk in the corner while Novelli at the piano and Paula ranging about the room ran over her part in half-voice in the opera she had rehearsed yesterday with the orchestra and was to sing to-night); a run to the park for a visit to Paula's dressing-room in the pavilion in order to make sure, in conference with her dresser, that all was in order for to-night; a return to the cottage in time to heat Paula's milk (their maid of all work couldn't be trusted not to boil it); then, at seven, driving Paula to the park for the performance, spending the evening in her dressing-room or in the wings chatting sometimes with other members of the force whom she found it possible to get acquainted with; occasional incursions into the front of the house to note how something went or, more simply, just to hear something she liked; driving Paula home again at last; undressing her; having supper with her—the most substantial meal of the day—talking it over with her; and so, like Mr. Pepsys, to bed.

It might shock Wallace Hood, a schedule like that, but there were days when to Mary it was a clear godsend.

SHE decided within the first twenty-four hours to wait for some sort of lead from Paula before plunging into a discussion of her father's affairs. It would take the edge off a little if the thing weren't too glaringly premeditated. It was not quite impossible that during the two days he had spent with her he might have given her some inkling into the state of things himself; enough perhaps to make interference by an outsider like herself superfluous. There was no hurry about it, anyhow. Paula just now was doing all she could. Mary in her capacity of secretary opened all her mail and would know if any offer came in that involved future plans. She accepted the respite gratefully.

She had a use to put it to. For the first two or three days after her return she had not been able to turn to anything

### THE STORY

WHEN the story opens, Mary Wollaston and her brother Rush are about to return—one from war work in New York, one from overseas—to their home in Chicago. During their time together in New York, Rush realizes Mary's nervous tension, but never glimpses the truth that, living alone in New York, she has been swept off her feet during the hectic period of 1917-1918. Neither has been much at home since the marriage of their father, a distinguished surgeon, to Paula Carresford, a young and temperamental opera-singer.

Paula has recently "discovered" Anthony March, an unusual piano-tuner who is also a composer of great promise, and it is to an atmosphere of considerable strain, caused by John Wollaston's jealousy both of March and of Paula's career, that Rush and Mary return. Doctor Wollaston gives a dinner in their honor, after which Paula sings some songs of March's. Mary escapes from the guests into a darkened room next the studio and there encounters March. They are both greatly moved and while the music lasts are drawn together in a remarkable mood of breathless understanding. A brilliant producer has heard the songs and that evening, despite her knowledge of Doctor Wollaston's jealousy, Paula accepts an offer to sing in the opera at Lake Forest the following summer. Her debut is to be made in an opera written by March, but he is unable to rewrite it in accordance with her rather self-centered views. During this time Doctor Wollaston is taken ill and Paula loses all interest in everything else in her anxiety for her husband.

After Doctor Wollaston's recovery, Mary, with her aunt, visits Rush at the model farm which belongs to him and his friend, Graham Stannard. Stannard asks Mary to marry him, and she promises to do so "if she can."

Mary and Paula are to spend the opera season in a little cottage near Lake Forest. After the brilliant success which Paula scores with the Lake Forest Opera, Doctor Wollaston joins her there, and all their differences are adjusted. Mary, during his visit, spends a few days with Rush and Stannard at the farm. Here she meets Anthony March again, who has stopped there for a few days during a walking trip through the country—and here he and Mary come to a realization of their love for each other. March, however, leaves suddenly, and Mary, returning to Lake Forest, is met in Chicago by her father's old friend, Wallace Hood, and told by him of her father's precarious financial condition.

that associated itself with Anthony March without such an emotional disturbance as prevented her from thinking at all. It was not that in the absence of these associations she forgot him; he was there in every breath she drew. It was not, either, that she grieved over him as one lost. But the mere physical effect of those sheets of score-paper was, until she could manage to control it, such as to make any continuance of the labor of translating his opera impossible. The mention of his name, even to Paula, was something she did not dare attempt. Paula, for some reason or other, perhaps because she had at last got used to her piano, forbore to reproach her for having failed to send him to High Forest.

By a persistent effort of will she presently got herself in hand, however, and went on not only with her translation, but with the other moves in her campaign to get "The Outcry" produced. Her first thought was that something might be accomplished directly through La Chaise. Her simple plan had been to make friends with him so that when she urged the arguments for producing this work they'd be—well—lubricated by his liking for her.

She didn't get very far with that.

The director was a young man for the position he held, hardly out of his thirties, and endowed with the high vitality which is, I suppose, the necessary characteristic of operatic conductors. It was easy to imagine that in the dark his sharply pointed mustache and beard would give off sparks. You couldn't sit beside him without being conscious of a sort of electrical purring such as one hears from a dynamo.

He had from the first seemed to like Mary pretty well, though in a rather absent-minded way. He complimented her French. It wasn't as fluent as Paula's, but more grateful to the ear. There was always an appreciative gleam in his eye when she spoke to him. When she was silent, as she mostly was, he showed a disposition to forget that she was there. It wasn't so much his indifference that she had to overcome as her own invisibility to him.

And this she made a loyal effort to do. She couldn't help March's cause much with him until she did. She began saying things to him on a rather more personal note, things with a touch of challenge in them. There was no gradual response to this, but suddenly—a week or ten days after her return from Hickory Hill this was—he seemed to perceive her drift. He turned a look upon her, the oddest sort of look, startled, inquiring, lighted up with a happy though rather incredible surmise. It was an exclamatory look which one might interpret as saying, "What's this! Do you really mean it!"

MARY, as I said, got no further than that. She didn't mean it, of course—a serious love-affair with La Chaise—and she tried for a while to feel rather indignant against an attitude toward women which had only two categories—did she offer amorous possibilities or not; an attitude that had no half-lights in it, no delicate tints of chivalry nor romance. La Chaise would do nothing for the sake of her blue eyes. He had no interest whatever in that indeterminate, unstable emotional compound that goes, between men and women, by the name of friendship.

Mary, as I say, tried to call this beastly and feel indignant about it, but somehow that emotion didn't respond. She had more real sympathy for and understanding of an attitude like that than she had for one like Graham's. It was simpler and more natural. It involved you in no such labyrinths of far-fetched absurdities and exasperating cross-purposes as Graham's did.

It was characteristically—wasn't it?—a Latin attitude; or would it be fairer to say that its antithesis as exemplified by Graham was a northern specialty? She extracted quite a bit of amusement from observing some of the results of individual



"He urged you to carry out your High Forest contract, didn't he?" Mary asked.

failures to understand this fundamental difference, all the more after she had Jimmy Wallace to share observations with.

Wallace was a dramatic critic, but he consented to take a fatherly, or, better, avuncular, interest in the High Forest season during the month of his musical colleague's vacation.

The special episode they focused upon was Violet Williamson's flirtation with Fournier. She was a pretty woman, still comfortably on the east side of forty, socially one of the inner ring, spoiled rather, by an enthusiastic husband, but not, thanks to her own good sense, very seriously. Wallace was an old and very special friend of hers and she commandeered his services as soon as he appeared at High Forest in her campaign for possession of the French barytone.

It occurred to Mary that she might be able to turn this flirtation to her own account—or rather to her lover's. For that matter, why not, while she had him under her hand, recruit Jimmy as an aid in the campaign?

"DO YOU mind being used for ulterior purposes?" she asked him.

He intimated that he did not if they were amusing, as any of Mary's were pretty sure to be.

"I'm interested in an opera," she told him, "or rather, I'm very much interested in a man who has written one. Father and I have agreed that he's a great person, and everybody seems willing to admit that he's a musical genius. Paula considered the opera, but gave it up after she had

kept him working over it for weeks, because the soprano part wasn't big enough. It would be just the thing for Fournier."

Jimmy raised the language difficulty. "The book's in English, I suppose," he said.

"It's been translated into French," Mary said, and then admitted authorship by adding, "after a fashion; as well as an amateur like me could do it." She didn't mind a bit how much Jimmy knew. Not that he wasn't capable of very acute surmises, but that whatever he brought up he wouldn't have the flutters over.

"Does Fournier like it himself?" Jimmy wanted to know. "Does he see the personal possibilities in it, I mean?"

"I haven't shown it to him yet," Mary said. "I want him to hear about it in just the right way first. If Paula would only say just the right thing! She means to, but she forgets. La Chaise would back her up, if she took the lead. Otherwise—well, he isn't looking for trouble, I suppose, and of course it would mean a lot."

"Somebody has to put his back into an enterprise of that sort," Jimmy observed.

"I can't, directly," she said; "not with La Chaise nor with Mr. Kahn. But you see," she went on, "if Violet happened to hear, from somebody who was in the way of getting inside information, about a small opera floating around loose that had a sensational part for a barytone, she'd put her back into it and her husband's too, and since he's one of the real backers and a friend of Mr. Kahn, they'd be likely to accomplish something."

"Lead me to it," said Jimmy. "Give

me your inside information and leave Violet to me."

He got a little overflow from the fullness of her heart at that that would have rewarded him amply for a more arduous and less amusing prospect than he was committed to. It was always touch and go whether this summer plunge into musical criticism wouldn't bore him frightfully. Portentous solemnities of any kind were hard for him to tolerate, and an opera season is of course stuffed with these, even a democratized, blue-penciled, out-of-doors affair like this.

IT WAS a great relief to him to find a mind as free from sentimental resonances as Mary Wollaston's swimming about in it. They saw eye to eye over a lot of things. They were in whole-hearted agreement, for example, about a certain impresario, Maxfield Ware.

Jimmy had worked out empirically a sort of Grimm's law according to which, he asserted, the original form of names like that—before the bearers of them became impresarios, comic-opera librettists or composers, theatrical producers and so on—could be determined. But one didn't need Jimmy's discovery to feel quite sure that the name Maxfield Ware had once been quite different. The first syllable of it was, however, probably aboriginal, and this was what he usually went by.

It wasn't long before everybody knew, despite the concealments which his ponderous diplomacy never cast aside, that his objective was Paula. She divined this before he had made a single overt move in

her direction and pointed it out to Mary with a genuine pleasure sounding through the tone of careless amusement she chose to adopt.

"You wouldn't have anything to do with a person like that, would you?" Mary was startled into exclaiming. "Of course, if he were genuinely what he pretends to be and the things he boasts were true—"

"Oh, he's genuine enough," said Paula. "A quarter to a half as good as he pretends, and that's as well as the whole of that lot will average. Though he isn't the sort you and John would take to, for a fact."

It was not the first time Mary had found herself bracketed with her father in just this way. It wasn't a sneering way, hardly hostile. But Mary by the second or third repetition began reading an important significance into it. Paula in her instinctive fashion was beginning to weigh alternatives, one life against the other, a thing it wasn't likely she had ever attempted before.

There was a tension between her father and Paula now which Mary saw mounting daily over the question of his next visit to High Forest. Paula wanted him, was getting restless, moody, as nearly as it was possible for her to be ill-natured over his abstention. Yet it was evident enough that she had not invited him to come; furthermore that she meant not to invite him. Once Mary could have put this down to mere coquetry, but this explanation failed now to satisfy altogether. There was something that lay deeper than that; some sort of strain between them dating back, she surmised, to the talk her father had referred to down in North Carolina in the jocular assertion that he had told Paula she would have to begin now supporting the family. Had the same topic come up again during his visit to High Forest?

The perception of this strain in their relation increased Mary's reluctance to bring the topic up herself, in default of a lead from Paula, out of nowhere. It almost seemed as if Paula consciously avoided giving her such a lead, sheered away whenever she found they were "getting warm" in the direction.

There were hours when the undertaking she had committed herself to with Wallace Hood seemed fantastic. Between two persons like her father and Paula a meddler could make such an incalculable amount of mischief. All the current maxims of conduct would support her in a refusal to interfere. It was exclusively their affair, wasn't it? Why not let them settle it in their own way?

**Y**ET there were other hours when she put her procrastination down to sheer cowardice. This occurred whenever she got a letter from her aunt at Hickory Hill.

Miss Wollaston was a regular and dutiful but exceedingly cautious correspondent. Perhaps she bore in mind the possibility that Paula would wish these communications read aloud to her. But beneath the surface of her brisk little bulletins were many significant implications. Rush had made two or three trips to town for consultations with Martin Whitney. . . . Doctor Steinmetz, presence unaccounted for, had been a guest one day at lunch. . . . Graham's father had come out one Saturday and after he had been exhaustively shown over the place the men had

talked until all hours. . . . The building program was to be curtailed for the present; to be resumed, perhaps, when prices weren't so high nor labor so hard to get. . . . The New Holstein calves had come. Mary had been told, hadn't she, of the decision to constitute the herd in this manner instead of buying all milking cows. . . . Sylvia, declaring that Rush and Graham had got too solemn to live with, had finally obeyed her mother and gone home to the Stannards' summer place at Lake Geneva.

Mary did read these letters to Paula as they came in, in the hope of provoking some question that would make it possible to tell John Wollaston's wife the tale of his necessities, but nothing of the sort happened. Paula did observe (a little uneasily?) apropos of Steinmetz's visit:

"John says he's taken quite a fancy to him. He told me he was going to get him to come out if he could."

The other casts brought up nothing whatever.

**A**S IT happened, Mary paid dearly for her procrastination. Paula sent her into town one day with a long list of errands, a transparently factitious list, which, taken in connection with an unusual interest she displayed in the item of lunch, made it more than sufficiently plain to Mary that for the day she wasn't wanted at High Forest.

She concealed, successfully she thought, the shock she felt at these new tactics of Paula's, studied the list and said she thought she would be able to return on the three-o'clock train. She made a point, however, of not coming back until the four-fifteen. It was nearly six before she got back to the cottage, but the contented lazy tone in which Paula from up-stairs answered her hail made it plain that her tardiness had not been remarked. However Paula had spent her day, the upshot of it was satisfactory.

"Shall I come up?" Mary asked.

"Come along," Paula answered. "I'm not asleep or anything, and besides I want to talk to you."

"I think I got everything you want," Mary said from Paula's doorway, "or if not exactly, what will do just about as well."

Paula, stretched out on the bed rather more than half undressed, with the contented languor of a well-fed lioness, yet with some passion or other smoldering in her eyes (she had been crying not so very long ago and was, it couldn't be denied, a rather dissolute and dreadful spectacle), made no pretense at being interested in Mary's success in executing her commissions.

"I had Max to lunch to-day," she said. "I knew you hated him and then it was complicated enough, anyway. I suppose it might have been better if I'd told you so right out instead of making up all those things for you to do in town, but I couldn't quite find the words to put it in somehow, and I had to have it out with him. He's been nagging at me for a week and he's going away to-morrow. He's given me until then to think it over."

There was no use trying to hurry Paula. Mary took off her hat, lighted a cigaret and settled herself in the room's only comfortable chair before she asked, "Think what over?"

"Oh, the whole thing," said Paula. "What he's been harping on for the last week. He is a loathsome sort of beast," she conceded after a little pause. "But he's right about this. Absolutely."

Was her father ever fretted, Mary wondered, by this sort of thing? Did his nerves draw tight, and his muscles, too, waiting for the idea behind these perambulations to emerge?

"I can imagine a lot of things that Mr. Maxfield Ware would be right about," she observed. "Which one is this?"

"About me," said Paula. "About what I'd have to do if I wanted to get anywhere. He thinks I've a good chance to get into the very first class, along with Garden and Farrar and so on. And unless I can do that, there's no good going on. I'd never be happy as a second-rater. Well, that's true. And my only chance of getting to the top, he says, is in being managed just right. I guess that's true, too. He says that if I take this Metropolitan contract that La Chaise has been talking about, go down to New York as one of their "promising young American sopranos" to sing on off nights and fill in and make myself generally useful, I simply won't have a chance. They wouldn't get excited about me whatever happened. They'd go on patronizing me and yawning in my face no matter how good I was. I'd do just as well, he says, so far as my career is concerned, to stay right here in Chicago and get Campanini to give me two or three appearances a season—make a sort of amateur night of it for the Gold Coast to buzz about. I'd have a lot easier time that way and it would come to the same thing in the end. And unless I want to go in for his scheme, that's what I'd better do. Well, and he's right. I can see that, plainly enough."

Mary refrained from asking what Max's scheme was. She'd learn, no doubt, in her stepmother's own good time. She nodded a tentative assent to Max's general premises and waited.

**H**E CERTAINLY was frank enough," Paula went on after a while. "He wants to make a real killing, he says. Something he's never quite brought off before. He says the reason he's always failed before is that he's had to go and mix a love-affair up with it somehow. He's either fallen in love with the woman or she with him, or if it was a man he was managing, they both went mad over the same woman. Something always happened anyhow to make a mess of it. But he says he isn't interested in me in the least in that way and that he can see plainly enough that I'm not in him. But imagine five years with him!"

She broke off with a shudder—not a real shudder, though; the sort one makes over a purely imaginary prospect. Some expression of her feeling must have betrayed itself in Mary's face, for Paula, happening to look at her just then, sat up very abruptly and came into sharper focus.

"Oh, I know," she said. "It's all very well, but that's the sort of person you have to go in with and that's the sort of scheme you have to go into if you're going to get anywhere. Something of the sort, anyhow—I never heard of one exactly like this. But this is what he proposes: We're each to put up twenty thousand dollars. That's

(Continued on page 72)



*"It's intolerable!" cried John. "Think of her working—traveling, with a man like that!"*



# UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

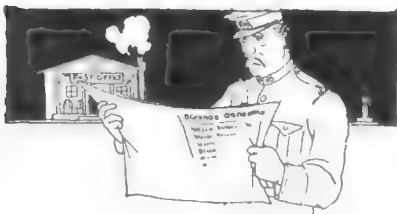
TWO small boys stood looking into a window containing an exhibit of the Tuberculosis Society. There were two glass jars, one labeled, "This lung is diseased," the other, "This lung was diseased but it was cured."

"Ain't it funny," said one of them, "if the man was cured, how they got his lung in that jar?"

A MAN was being tried for selling illicit whisky. The liquor was offered in evidence. The jury returned after taking fifteen minutes to come to a decision.

"What is the verdict?" asked the judge.

"We would like more evidence," replied the foreman of the jury.



THE village paper intended to eulogize the local veteran as "one of the most distinguished of our battle-scarred heroes."

A lapsing proof-reader let it be printed "battle-scaed." Of course the irate colonel demanded an apology and correction. The following issue announced that by mistake reference had been made to Colonel Brown which failed to express the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens, and that the sentence should have read: "Colonel Brown was one of the most distinguished of our *bottle-scarred* heroes."



A SHELL had just exploded outside the dugout and a scared darky came tumbling in.

"What's the matter?" asked the lieutenant. "Are you hurt?"

"No sah," answered the darky. "Dat shell had ma name an' number but thank Gawd it lost ma address."

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE sawmill where old Uncle Zenas worked was behind in its payments. But one bright day the "darkies" were told to line up in alphabetical order. Till sundown, Zenas waited at the foot of the line only to be told that the money had given out just before his turn.

After a hungry night, Zenas applied for work at another sawmill.

"What name shall I put on the pay-roll?" asked the foreman.

The old man scratched his head. "Boss," he said, "at de las' place whut Ah wuks at, mah name were Zenas; but fo' pu'poses of de pay-roll Ah *prefers* to be called Aaron, wid a double A."



FIRST little boy to his playmate: "Father told me that I could stay home from school to-day, and just tell the teacher to-morrow that two little baby brothers arrived at our house last night."

Playmate to first little boy: "Stupid! Why don't you tell the teacher that only one little brother arrived last night and next week stay home again and then tell her that another little brother came."

AN OLD lady went on a visit to her son, whose work was in the Navy Yard, near by. As they were talking, all of a sudden there was a loud noise.

"Goodness!" said she. "What was that?"

"Only sunset, mother," said he.

"Sunset!" she ejaculated. "Well, I've lived by the sea all my life, but I've never heard the sun go down with such a bang before."

TEACHER: "Correct the sentence, 'The liquor what the man bought was soon drunk.'"

Bright Pupil: "The man what bought the liquor was soon drunk."



A WESTERNER on his first visit to a large city stopped in front of a movie theatre and saw a sign bearing these words:

"BABIES IN ARMS NOT ADMITTED."

"By heck," he cried, "do even kids carry guns here in the East?"

"OH, HE'S just a cur," replied the woman of the house to the query of the dog-assessor.

Tommy, the seven-year-old hopeful, was standing by, and feeling that his wonderful pal had been spoken of lightly, he patted the animal affectionately and said, "Yes, an' he's a full-blooded cur, too."

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD girl was winding up her rebuttal in a rural school debate. The subject was: Resolved that the horse is more useful than the automobile.

"And," quoth the young speaker, "if you have horses, you can raise horses. But if you raise an automobile, you have to have a jack."



IN MINNESOTA, last year, a little Swede presented himself to a certain schoolma'am for instruction.

"What is your name?" the teacher asked.

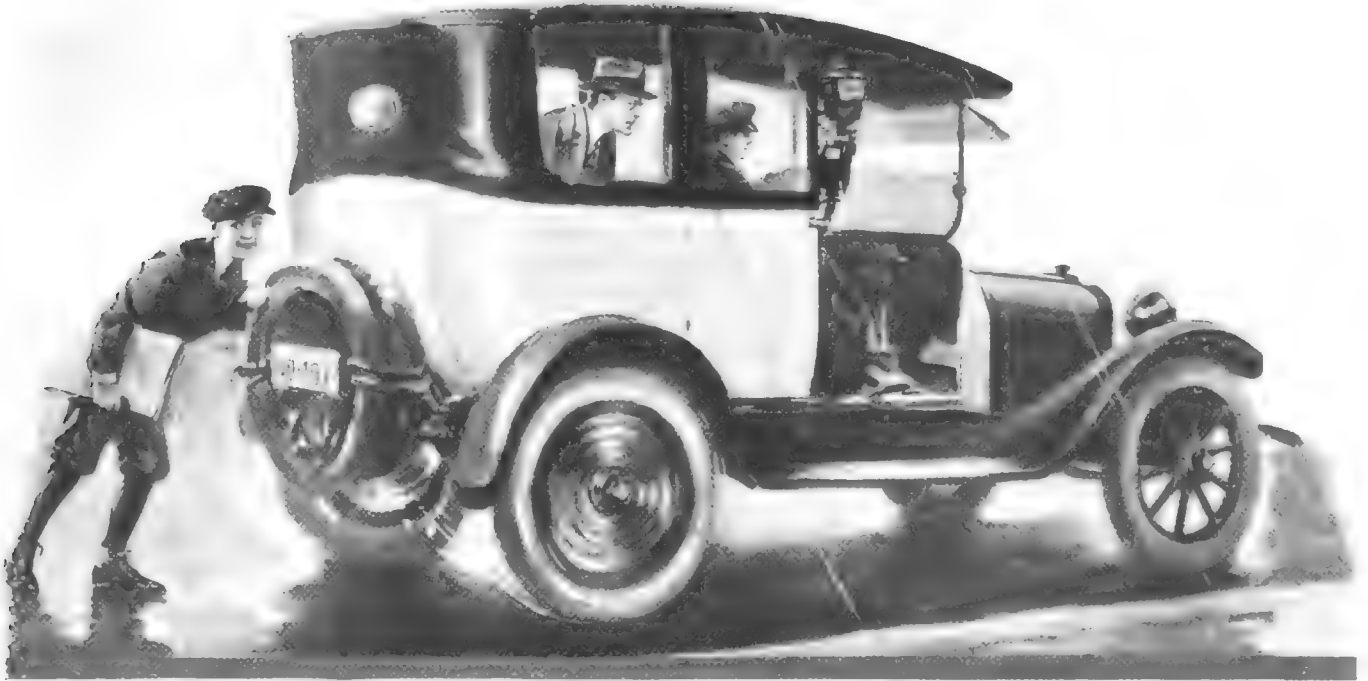
"Yonny Olsen," he said.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not know how old Ay bane."

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay bane not born at all; Ay got step-mutter."



## Plenty of Power but no Traction— spinning wheels that get nowhere

*—and the man in the taxi believes he is paying for the futile spinning of the wheels. The meter on his car back home would register them in miles.*

He believes the taximeter is registering a charge against him for the useless spinning of the rear wheels and the resulting damage to the tires.

A *valuable object lesson*, if it makes him think of his own car and how he abuses his own tires when he fails to put on

# Weed Tire Chains

## For Sure and Certain Traction

The taxicab companies protect the Public and themselves from skidding accidents—from excessive costs. *Taxicab wheels spin only when drivers disobey the companies' order to "Put on Tire Chains when streets are wet or slippery."* And to safeguard their patrons against the drivers' possible negligence, the taximeter is attached to front wheels.

Weed Tire Chains, when used judiciously, *lengthen the life of tires.* Whether they are used on taxicabs or on pleasure cars, Weed Tire Chains materially *reduce operating expenses.*

Nothing looks more ridiculous than a spinning tire—nothing more brainlessly extravagant. Put on Weed Tire Chains "at the first drop of rain."



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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE  
MARY WOLLASTON

(Continued from page 68)

easy enough as far as I'm concerned, because what I put up isn't to be spent at all. It's just to be turned over to somebody—some banker like Martin Whitney—as a guarantee that I won't break my contract. He says he wouldn't take anybody in my position without a guarantee like that. He's to spend the money he puts up for publicity and other things, but he's to get paid back out of what I earn. He's to be my manager absolutely. I'm to go wherever he says; carry out any contracts he makes for me. He's to pay my expenses and guarantee me ten thousand a year beyond that. If he doesn't pay me that much, then it's he that breaks the contract. And of course he can't make me do anything that would ruin my voice or my health. He says he's going to work me like a dog. That's what he thinks I need. He says he can get me in with the Chicago company for their road tour before their regular season opens here.

"He won't let me sing either in Chicago or New York until I've landed, but he wants me to go to New York this winter and coach with Scotti, if we can get him. Then go to Mexico City in the spring and then down to Buenos Aires for their winter season there. That's July and August, of course, when it's summer up here. By that time he thinks we'll be ready for Europe: London or Paris. He's rather in favor of London. He knows all the ropes, and he'll buy the people that have to be bought and square the people that have to be squared and work the publicity. He says he's the best publicity man in the world and I guess he knows. Then after a year or two over there, he thinks we'll be ready to come back to the Metropolitan and clean up."

"And what," asked Mary, "is his share of the clean-up to be?"

"Oh, a half," said Paula, "we'd be equal partners. That's fair enough, I suppose."

There was a rather long silence after that, but Mary was no longer waiting with what patience she could command for Paula's meandering thoughts to come to the point. She felt herself left suddenly far behind, lost rather, as if having turned a page she found herself staring at something that was printed in a language she couldn't read. Paula had dropped back into her former attitude of complete relaxation. After a while, lazily, she went on:

"I SAT there all through lunch while he was talking, hating him; hating his big blue chin and his necktie and his great shiny fingernails and the way he ate, and feeling, of course, perfectly frightfully unhappy. I told him I'd let him know what I could do some time before tomorrow noon, and as soon as I could I got rid of him. And then I came up here and cried and cried. And that's something I haven't done for a long while. I felt as if he was a big spider that had been running about all over me tying me up in his web, and as if I was a fly and couldn't get out. There is something spidery about him, you know; the way he goes back and forth, and the way he's so patient and indirect about it all.

"It seemed like the end of the world to me before he finished, as if I never was going to see John again. Oh, I cried my eyes out. Well, and then about an hour ago I came to. I realized that I hadn't signed his horrible contract and that I needn't. And that when this beastly season was over—and it isn't going to last much longer, thank goodness—I could go home to John and lock up the piano and never look at a score again. It was like coming out of a nightmare."

Mary dared not stop to think. She took the plunge.

"There's something about father you've got to be told. I promised Wallace Hood weeks ago that I'd tell you. I guess he and Martin Whitney think you know about it by now."

"Something I've got to be told about John?" Paula echoed incredulously. "Why, I was talking with him over the telephone not ten minutes before you came in."

"Oh, I know. It's nothing like that," Mary said; "but they say he has tuberculosis. Not desperately, not so that he can't get well if he takes care of it. If he lives out-of-doors and doesn't worry or try to work. But if he takes up his practise again this fall they say—Doctor Steinmetz says—that it will be committing suicide. That's one thing. And the other is that he's practically bankrupt. Anyhow, that for a year or two, until he can get back into practise, he'll need help. That's why Wallace and Mr. Whitney wanted you told about it."

There hadn't been a movement nor a sound from Paula. Mary, at the end of that speech, was breathless and rather frightened.

FINALLY Paula asked: "Does he know about it—his health, I mean?"

"He's been told," Mary answered, "but he doesn't believe it. They nearly always are skeptical, Doctor Steinmetz says."

"He's probably right to be. He's a better doctor than six of Steinmetz will ever be."

Another pause; then, once more from Paula: "Did he tell you about the other thing—about his money troubles—when you were down in North Carolina with him?"

Mary flushed at the hostile ring there was to that. "He told me a little," she said, "but not much more, I thought, than he had already told you."

"Told me?" Paula swung herself off the bed and on to her feet in one movement. "He told me nothing."

"He urged you to carry out your High Forest contract, didn't he?" Mary asked, as steadily as she could.

Paula stood over her staring. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and a moment later she repeated the ejaculation in a drier tone and with a downward inflection. She added presently: "I'm not clever the way you are at taking hints. That's the thing it will be just as well for you both to remember." She began brusquely putting on her dressing-gown. "I'm going down-stairs to telephone to Max," she explained. "He's got the paper all drawn up—not the final contract, but an agreement to sign one of the sort I

told you about. I'm going to tell him that if he will bring it back with him now I'll sign it."

Mary stood between her and the door. "Don't you think it would be fairer to wait," she asked, "before you signed a thing like that, until at least you were no longer angry with me for having told you too much, or with father because he had told you too little?"

Paula pulled up at that and stood looking at her stepdaughter with a thoughtful expression that was almost a smile. "I am angry," she admitted, "or I was, and just exactly about that. It's queer the way you Wollastons, you and your father, anyhow, are always getting through to things like that. What you say is fair enough. I guess you're always fair. Can't help being, somehow. But I can't put off telephoning to Max. You see, I called up John at Hickory Hill an hour ago. I told him I had made up my mind to stop singing. I told him I didn't want any career. That I just wanted to belong to him. And I asked him to come to me just as fast as he could. He's on the way now. So it's important, you see, that Max should get here first."

## CHAPTER TWENTY Two Women and John

PAULA seemed calm enough after that one explosion, but she moved along toward the accomplishment of her purpose to get herself thoroughly committed to Max before John's arrival, with the momentum of a liner leaving its pier. Mary made two or three more attempts at dissuasion, but their manifest futility kept her from putting any real power into them.

She was, to tell the truth, in a panic over the prospect of that evening—her father arriving triumphant in Paula's supposed surrender, to find Maxfield Ware with his five-years' contract in his pocket. And the responsibility for the disaster would be attributed to herself; was indeed so attributable with a kind of theatrical completeness seldom to be found in life. It didn't often happen that any one was as entirely to blame for a calamity to some one else as Mary was for this *volte-face* of Paula's.

If panic had not clouded her very good faculties of observation and reflection, she might have perceived that Paula's dramatic instinct—a quite unconscious instinct to be sure—had seized upon and stage-managed the whole episode into a sharply defined parting of the ways such as even a French playwright would not have scorned; and that either dénouement she chose could be contrived to put John Wollaston in the wrong. It would not have been a very far-fetched guess of Mary's that attributed this rankling to the unreported scene between her father and Paula that had taken place down in North Carolina just before Paula came home.

There might not have been much real comfort for Mary in this chain of inferences, but it would probably have tuned her up to a point where something less ignoble than flight would have seemed possible. She did not, as a matter of fact, run away altogether. Paula, indeed, didn't

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Out

know that she had fled at all, for Maxfield Ware's tardiness about coming back the second time supplied her with a pretext.

It was nearly eight o'clock before he came, and Paula, who was momentarily expecting John's arrival by then, was in an agony of impatience to sign his papers and get him out of the house again. Ware may have divined her wish and loitered out of mischievous curiosity as to the cause of it; or he may merely have been prolonging an experience which he found agreeable. Anyhow, he wouldn't be hurried and he wouldn't go.

But Paula finally turned a look of despairing appeal upon Mary, who thereupon announced her intention of going to tonight's performance in the park. She would drive, of course, and would be glad to take Mr. Ware along; or, for that matter, she would set him down first wherever he might want to go. He smiled upon her with the fatuous smile of one who finds he has made an unexpected conquest and said he would be delighted to accompany Miss Wollaston anywhere.

She took him, driving pretty fast, to the Moraine Hotel and was glad the distance was not greater, for after various heavy-handed and unquenchable preliminaries he kissed her as nearly on the mouth as possible, clinging to a half-lit cigar the while, just before she whipped around into the hotel drive. She avoided a collision with one of the stone posts narrowly enough to startle him into releasing her—he hadn't realized the turn was quite so close—and stopped at the lighted carriage-door with a jerk that left him no option but to get out at once.

She nodded a curt good night and drove back to the park; went to one of the dressing-rooms and washed her face. Then she came around in front to hear Edith Mason sing "Romeo and Juliet." She didn't get just the effect she anticipated from this lovely performance because Polacco, who is Miss Mason's husband, came and sat down beside her—there was nothing spidery about him, thank goodness—and in running and vivacious commentary expressed his lively contempt for this opera of Gounod's. At its best it was bad "Faust." Its least intolerable melodies were quotations from "Faust"—an assertion which he proved from time to time by singing, and not very softly either, the original themes to the wrath of all and sundry who sat within a twenty-five foot radius of them.

MARY felt grateful to him for giving her something that was not maddening to think about, and after the performance, went with him and his wife to supper, so that it was well after midnight before she returned to the cottage.

It was an ineffable relief to find it dark. Her habit on warm nights was to sleep on the Gloucester swing in the screened veranda and she made it her bed to-night, though beyond a short uneasy doze or two she didn't sleep at all.

At half-past eight or so, just after she had sat down to breakfast, she heard her father coming down the stairs. She tried to call to him, but could command no voice and so just waited, frozen, until he appeared in the doorway.

He looked so worn and old, so helpless, that the fear with which she had waited their encounter lifted and blew away like an early morning fog. The tears which

came flushing into her eyes were true interpreters of the sudden contraction of pity that gripped her heart, but they were the only expression it had, for she was still voiceless, and he came to his place at the table without really looking at her.

"I thought I heard you stirring down here and that it perhaps meant breakfast. Paula won't be down, I suppose, for hours. She fell asleep about four o'clock and has been sleeping quietly ever since."

This was exactly like Paula, of course. She was the vortex of the whole tempest, but when she had thoroughly exhausted the emotional possibilities of it she sank into peaceful slumber exactly like a baby after a hard cry.

NO WONDER she was too much for these two Wollastons, who, unable to knit up the raveled sleeve of care in that way, sat now with dry throats and tremulous hands over the mockery of breakfast! Mary managed to ask her father whether he wanted his coffee clear or with cream in it, and having thus broken the spell, went on with a gasp:

"I'm glad Paula isn't coming down. It gives you a better chance to tell me just how you feel about my having interfered. I did run away last night. You guessed it, I suppose. But it wasn't to evade it altogether—my whipping, you know."

It had an odd effect on both of them, this reference to her childhood; produced a warm little silence during which her hand moved around the table rim and covered his, which rested on the edge of it.

"Did your mother ever punish you?" he asked presently. "Corporally? It's my recollection that she did not. I was always the executioner. I doubt now if that was quite fair."

"Perhaps not," she assented dubiously. "In general it isn't fair, of course. It probably wasn't in the case of Rush. But with me—I don't think I could have borne it to have Mother beat me. It would have seemed an insufferable affront. I'd have hated her for it. But there was a sort of satisfaction in having you do it."

After another moment of silence she smiled and added: "I suppose a Freudian would carry off an admission like that to his cave and gnaw over it for hours."

He stared at her, shocked, incredulous. "What do you know about Freud?" he demanded.

One couldn't live for two years within a hundred yards of Washington Square without knowing at least as much about it as that, she told him—and was glad of the entrance of the maid with another instalment of the breakfast. There was no more talk between them during the meal. But at the end of it she faced him resolutely.

"We must have this out, Dad. And isn't now as good a time as any?"

He followed her out on to the veranda; but the sounds from the dining-room, where the maid had come in to clear away the breakfast, disturbed him, so Mary suggested a little walk.

"Get your hat and we'll go over to the lake. I know a nice place not far, an open field right at the edge of the bluff with one big tree to make it shady. At this hour of the morning we are sure to have it all to ourselves."

He said as they walked along: "I've no reproaches for you. Not this morning.

I've thought over a lot of ground since four o'clock."

He said nothing more to the point until they reached the spot which Mary had selected as their destination—it lived up handsomely to all her promises—and settled themselves under the shade of the big tree.

"I suppose," he said then, "that I ought to forgive Whitney and Hood. Their intentions were the best and kindest, of course. But I find that harder to do."

He sat back against the trunk of the tree, facing out over the lake; she disposed herself cross-legged on the grass near by just within reaching distance. She offered him her cigaret-case, but he declined. Of late years, since his marriage to Paula, he had smoked very little. As a substitute, now, he picked up a forked bit of branch and began whittling it.

"I'm as much to blame as they are," she said presently. "More, really. Because, if I hadn't procrastinated—out of cowardice, mostly—until yesterday, when she was half-way over the edge, it might never have come to Maxfield Ware at all. After the situation had dramatized itself like that, there was only one thing she could do. Of course they didn't foresee that five-year contract any more than I did."

He nodded assent, though rather absently, to this. "I'm not much interested in the abstract ethics of it," he said. "It's disputable, of course, how far any one can be justified in making a major interference in another's life; one that deprives him of the power of choice. That's what you have done to me—the three of you. If the premises are right, and the outcome prosperous, there's something to be said for it. But in this case——"

"They aren't mistaken, are they. Dad? Wallace and Mr. Whitney? Or Doctor Steinmetz?"

"Why, it's reasonable to suppose that Whitney understands my financial condition better than I do. I mean that. It's not a sneer. But what he and Hood don't allow for is that I've never tried to make money. They've no idea what my earning power would be if I were to turn to and make that a prime consideration. A year of it would take me out of the woods, I think."

SHE waited, breathless, for him to deal with the third name. She was pretty well at one with Paula in the relative valuation she put upon her father's opinion and that of the throat and lung specialist.

"Oh, as for Steinmetz," John Wollaston said, after a pause, querulously, "he's a good observer. There's nothing to be said against him as a laboratory man. But he's got the vice of all German scientists: he doesn't understand imponderables. Never a flash of intuition about him. He's managed to intimidate Darby into agreeing with him. Neither of them takes my recuperative powers into account."

He seemed to feel that this wasn't a very strong line to take and the next moment he conceded as much.

"But suppose they were right," he flashed around at her. "Am I not still entitled to my choice? I've lived the greater part of my life. I've pulled my weight in the boat. It should be for me to choose whether I spend the life I have left in two years or in twenty. If they want to call

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that suicide, let them. I've no religion that's real enough to make a valid argument against my right to extinguish myself if I choose."

She wasn't shocked at all. It was characteristic of their talks together, this free range among ethical abstractions, especially on his part.

"You act on the other theory, though," she pointed out to him. "Think of the people you've patched together just so that they can live at most another wretched year or two."

"That's a different thing," he said, "or rather it comes to the same thing. The question of shortening one's life is one that nobody has a right to decide except for himself."

Then he asked abruptly: "What sort of person is Maxfield Ware?"

SHE attempted no palliations here; sketched him in for her father with unusually clear insight.

"He kissed me last night," she concluded, "taking his cigar out of his mouth for the purpose. He's not a sort of person I can endure or manage. Paula hates him as much as I do, but she can manage him. He'd never try to kiss her like that."

"Oh, God!" cried John. "It's intolerable." He flung away his stick, got to his feet and walked to the edge of the bluff. "Think of her working, traveling—living almost—with a man like that! You say she can manage him; that she can prevent him from trying to make love to her. Well, what does that mean, if you're right, but that she understands him; his talk; his ideas; his point of view? You can't make yourself intelligible to a man like that; she can. It's defilement to meet his mind anywhere—any angle of it. She's given him *carte blanche*, she says, to manage the publicity for her. Do you realize what that means? He's licensed to try to make the public believe anything that he thinks would heighten their interest in her. That she dresses indecently; that she's a frivolous extravagant fool; that she has lovers. You know how that game is played."

Mary did know. She ran over a list of the great names and opposite every one of them there sprang into her mind the particular bit of vulgar *réclame* that had been in its day some press-agent's masterpiece. She was able further to see that Paula would regard the moves of this game with a large-minded tolerance which would be incomprehensible to John.

After all, that was the way to take it. If you were a real luminary, not just a blank white surface, all the mud that Mr. Maxfield Ware could splash wouldn't matter. You burnt it off. None of those great names—take Mary Garden's for the first of them—was soiled.

She tried to say something like this to her father, but didn't feel sure that she quite had his attention. He did quiet down again, however, and resumed his seat at the foot of the tree. Presently he said:

"She's doing it for me. Because my incompetence has forced it upon her. She'd have taken the other thing; had really chosen it." Then, without a pause, but with a new intensity he shot in a question. "That's true, isn't it? She meant what she said over the telephone?" As Mary hesitated over her answer, he added rather grimly: "You can be quite candid about

it. I don't know which answer I want."

"She meant every word she said over the telephone," Mary assured him. "You couldn't doubt that if you had seen her as I did afterward."

She didn't pretend, though, that this was the complete answer. The reflective tone in which she spoke made it clear that there was more to it than that.

"Go on," John said, "tell me the rest of it. I think, perhaps, you understand her better than I do."

Mary took her time about going on and she began a little doubtfully. "I always begin by being unjust to Paula," she said. "That's my instinct, I suppose—reproaching her for not doing what she would do if she were like me. But afterward when I think her out, I believe I understand her pretty well."

"Paula exaggerates," she went on after another reflective pause. "She must see things large in order to move among them in a large way. Her gestures, those of her mind I mean, are sweeping. If she weren't so good-natured, our hair-splitting ways would annoy her. Then it's necessary for her to feel that she's conquering something."

That last word was barely audible, and the quality of the silence which followed it drew John Wollaston's gaze, which had been straying over the lake, around to the speaker. She had been occupying her hands while she talked collecting tiny twigs and acorn-cups that happened to be within reach, but now she was tensely still and paler than her wont, he thought.

"You needn't be afraid to say what's in your mind," he assured her.

"It wasn't that," she told him. "I realized that I had been quoting somebody else. Anthony March said once of Paula that if she had not been an artist she might have been a *dompteuse*."

JOHN settled himself more comfortably against his tree-trunk. A contact like this with his daughter's mind was inexpressedly comforting to him after a night like the one he had just spent. Its rectitude, its sensitiveness, the mere feel and texture of it, put his jangling nerves in tune.

"Is Ware the wild beast she has an inclination to tame in this instance?" he asked.

"He's nothing but a symbol of it," Mary said. Then she managed to get the thing a little clearer. "What she'd have done if she'd been like us and what we'd have had her do—Mr. Whitney and Wallace and I—would have been to make a sort of compromise between her position as your wife and a career as Paula Carresford. We'd have had her sign a contract to sing a few times this winter with the Metropolitan or the Chicago company, go on a concert tour perhaps for a few weeks, even give singing lessons or sing in a church choir. That would probably have been Mr. Whitney's idea. Enough to rather more than pay her own way and at the same time leave as much of her to you as possible."

"But that's the last thing in the world it would be possible for Paula to do. She must see a great career on one side—see herself as Geraldine Farrar's successor—and on the other side she must see a perfect unflawed life with you. So that whichever she chooses she will have a sense of making the greatest possible sacrifice. She couldn't have said to you what she did

over the telephone if Mr. Ware hadn't convinced her that a great career was open to her and she couldn't have signed his contract if it had not involved sacrificing you."

She propped herself back against her hands with a sigh of fatigue. "There's some of the hair-splitting Paula talks about," she observed.

"It may be fine spun," her father said thoughtfully, "but it seems to me to hold together. Isn't there any more of it?"

"Well, it was balanced like that, you see." Mary went on, "set for the climax, like the springs in a French play, when I came along at just the moment, and with just the word, to topple it over. Being Paula, she couldn't help doing exactly what she did. So, however it comes out, I shall be the one person she won't be able to forgive."

She knew from the startled look he turned upon her that this last shot had come uncannily close. She fancied she must almost literally have echoed Paula's words. If she needed any further confirmation, she would have found it in a rather panicky way in which he set about trying to convince her that she was mistaken, if not in the fact at least in the permanence of it.

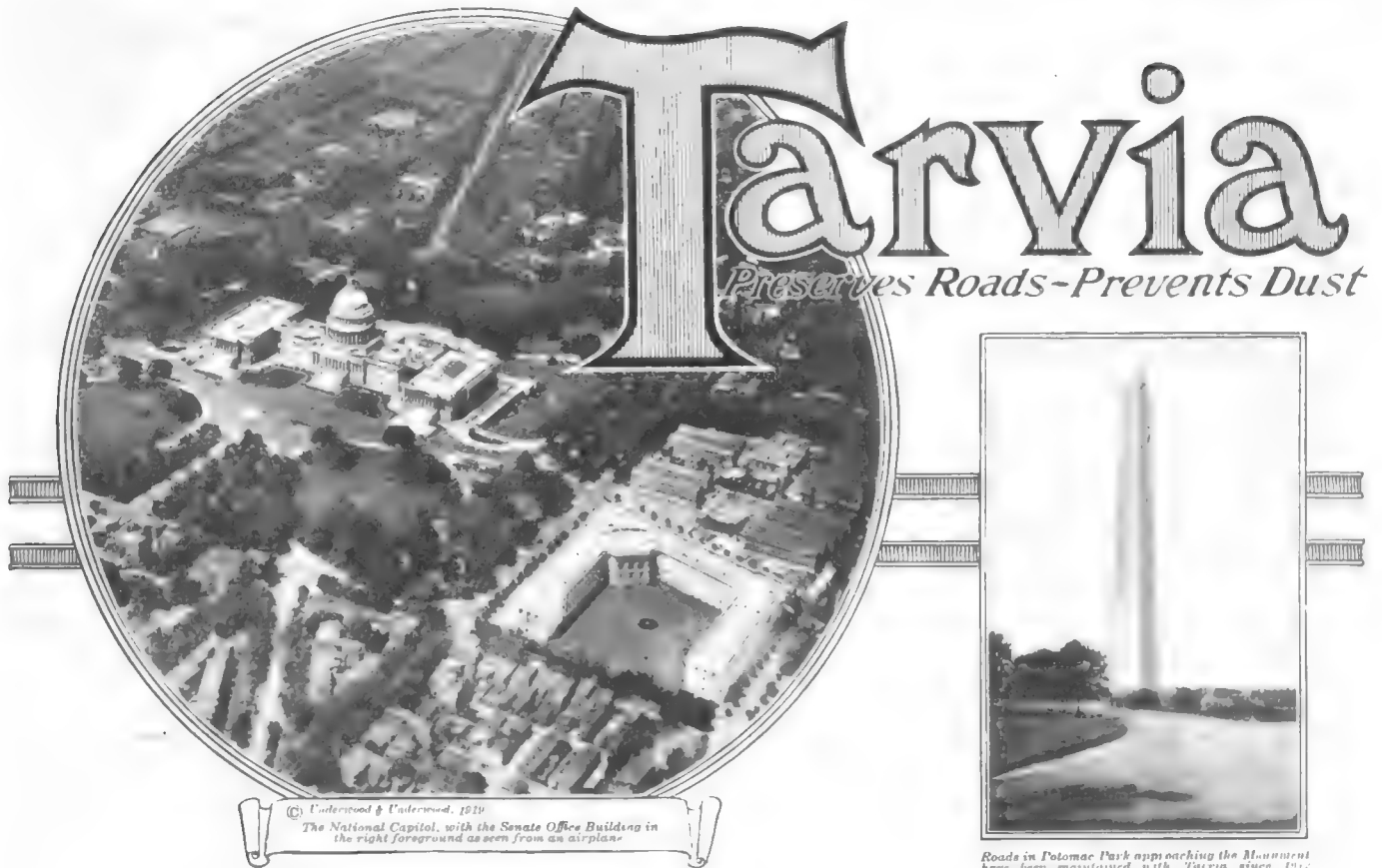
She insisted no further, made indeed no further attempt at all to carry on the theme, and though she listened and made appropriate replies when they were called for, she let her wordless thought drift away to a dream that it was Anthony March who shared this shade and sunshine with her and that veiled blue horizon yonder. It was easier to do, since her father had drifted into a reverie of his own. They need not have lingered, for they had sufficiently talked away all possible grounds of misunderstanding, even if they had not reconciled their disagreement.

It occurred to her to suggest that they go back, but she dismissed the impulse with no more than a glancing thought. It was his burden, not hers, that remained to be shouldered at the cottage, and it might be left to him to choose his own time for taking it up. Paula seldom came down very much before noon anyhow.

As for John Wollaston, he was very tired. Paula's volcanic moments always exhausted him. He never could derationalize his emotions, cut himself free; and while he felt just as intensely as she did, he had to carry the whole superstructure of himself along on those tempestuous voyages. In the mood Paula had left him in this morning there was nothing in the world that could have satisfied and restored him as did his daughter's companionship. The peace of this wordless prolongation of their talk together was something he lacked, for a long while, the will to break.

IT WAS not far short of noon when they came back onto the veranda together. He had walked the last hundred yards, after a look at his watch, pretty fast, and after a glance into both the down-stairs rooms he called up-stairs to his wife in a voice that had an edge of sudden anxiety in it. Then getting no response, he went up, two at a time.

Mary dropped down, limp with a sudden premonition, upon the Gloucester swing in the veranda. The maid-of-all work, who had heard his call, came out from the kitchen just as he was returning



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The National Capitol, with the Senate Office Building in the right foreground as seen from an airplane

Roads in Potomac Park approaching the Monument have been maintained with Tarvia since 1912

## Tarvia in Washington



**I**N 1791, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer and a veteran of the Revolutionary War, made the street plan for Washington, D. C. It is interesting to find that this plan of L'Enfant's, generally conceded to be the most complete as well as the most artistic city plan ever carried out, was made and adopted with the approval of General Washington himself.

And today, the broad streets of the Capital City are usually the first thing that attracts the admiration of the visitor.

Flanked by beautiful buildings and rows of handsome trees, they average from 80 to 160 feet in width.

Over their smooth surfaces rolls perhaps the heaviest, certainly the most interesting motor traffic in America.

**T**ARVIA plays a big part in keeping Washington streets smooth, firm, mudless and dustless.

The Avenue of the Presidents, Extended, the "show" street of Washington, is a Tarvia road. Built in 1912, this street has been maintained perfectly in spite of the endless stream of motor traffic that spins over the surface.

Executive Avenue at the south front of the White House, built in 1912, is another splendid example of Tarvia construction. It carries the heaviest motor traffic of any street of its width in Washington.

The roads leading to the War College, the State, Navy and War Department building and to many other busy Government centers, are Tarvia roads.

Washington has found Tarvia roads not only firm, mudless, dustless,

frostproof and waterproof, but the most economical, because they last so long and cost so little for upkeep.

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In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads and lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you. *Booklets free.*

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down the stairs. Mrs. Wollaston had gone away, she said. Pete had reported with the big car at eleven o'clock and Paula, who apparently had been waiting for him, had driven off at once, having left word that she would not be back for lunch.

"All right," John said curtly. "You may go."

He was so white when he rejoined Mary in the veranda that she sprang up with an involuntary cry and would have had him lie down where she had been sitting. But the fine steely ring in his voice stopped her short.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "where she has gone or what she has gone to do? She came down," he went on without waiting for her answer, "and looked for me—waited for me. And thanks to that walk we took, I wasn't here. Well, can you guess what she's done?"

"It's only a guess," Mary said, "but she may have gone to see Martin Whitney."

"Martin Whitney?" he echoed blankly. "What for? What does she want of him?"

"She spoke of him," Mary said, "in connection with the money, the twenty thousand dollars——"

He broke in upon her again with a mere blank frantic echo of her words, and once more Mary steadied herself to explain.

"Her agreement with Mr. Ware required her to put up twenty thousand dollars in some banker's hands as a guarantee that she would not break the contract. She mentioned Martin Whitney as the natural person to hold it. So I guessed that she might have gone to consult him about it; or even to ask him to lend it to her. As she said, it wouldn't have to be spent."

"That's the essence of the contract then. It's nothing without that—until she gets the money and puts it up. Yet you told me nothing of it until this moment. If you had done so—instead of inviting me to go for a walk—and giving her a chance to get away——"

He couldn't be allowed to go on. "Do you mean that you think I did that for the purpose?" she asked steadily.

He flushed and turned away. "No, of course I don't. I'm half mad over this."

He walked abruptly into the house and a moment later she heard him at the telephone. She stayed where she was, unable to think—stunned rather than hurt over the way he had sprung upon her.

He seemed a little quieter when he came out a few minutes later. "Whitney left half an hour ago for Lake Geneva," he said. "So she's missed him if that's where she went. There is nothing to do but wait."

HE WAS very nervous, however. He went to the telephone two or three times, but always returned without putting in a call. Whenever the instrument rang, as it did of course pretty often, he answered it himself, and each time his disappointment that it was not Paula asking for him broke down more or less the calm he tried to impose upon himself. He essayed what reparation good manners enabled him to make to Mary for his outrageous attack upon her. It went no deeper than that. The discovery that Paula was gone and simultaneously that he need not have lost her obliterated—or rather reversed—the morning's mood completely.

It was after lunch that he said dryly:

"I upset your life for you, half a dozen years ago. Unfairly. Inexcusably. I've always been ashamed of it. But it lends sort of poetic justice to this."

She made no immediate reply, but not long afterward she asked if she might not go away without waiting for Paula's return. "It would be too difficult, don't you think, for the three of us in a small house like this?"

He agreed with manifest relief. He asked if it was not too late to drive that afternoon to Hickory Hill, but she said she'd prefer to go by train anyhow. That was possible, she thought.

He did not ask, in so many words, if this was where she meant to go. There was no other place for her that he could think of.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### The Substitute

IT WAS a good guess of Mary's that Paula had gone to borrow the twenty thousand dollars, but it was to Wallace Hood, not to Martin Whitney, that she went for it and thereby illustrated once more how much more effective instinct is than intelligence.

Martin, rich and generous as he was, originator as he was of the edict that Paula must go to work, would never have been stampeded as Wallace was in a talk that lasted less than half an hour, into producing securities to the amount that Paula needed and offering them up in escrow for the life of Maxfield Ware's contract.

Wallace was only moderately well off and he was by nature cautious. His investments were always of the most conservative sort; this from habit as well as nature because his job—the only one he had ever had—was that of estate agent. But Paula's instinct told her that he wouldn't find it possible to refuse. I think it told her, too, though this was a voice that did not make itself fairly heard to her conscious ear, that he would be made very fluttered and unhappy by it whether he granted her request or not.

(It is to be noted that Paula had no idea how much she was asking. Ware had pointed out to her that the money need not be in cash and that the person who advanced it need not disturb the form in which it was invested, nor lose the interest on it. It was merely the locking of some securities up in one box instead of in another. This was all it amounted to so long as she did not break her contract. Well, of course, she wasn't going to break her contract. The service she asked of Wallace was, therefore, not a pecuniary but merely a friendly one.)

What he would hate, she perceived, would be the suddenness of the demand and the irrevocable committal to those five years; the blow it was to those domesticities and proprieties he loved so much. The fact that he should be made sponsor for those unchartered excursions to Mexico, to South America, and soon, under the direction of a libidinous-looking cosmopolite like Maxfield Ware.

Why she wanted to put Wallace into the flutters she couldn't have told. She was, as I say, not quite aware that she did. But he had been running up a score in very minute items that was all of five years old. The fact that all these items went by the name of services, helpful little acts of

kindness, made the irritation they caused all the more acute.

I don't agree with Lucile Wollaston's diagnosis, that Paula could not abide Wallace merely because he refused to lose his head over her, but there was a grain of truth in it. What she unconsciously resented was the fundamental unreality of his attitude to her. Actually he did not like her, but the relation he had selected as appropriate to the first Mrs. Wollaston's successor was one of innocent devotion, and he stuck indefatigably to the pose. So the chance to put his serviceability to the proof in consternating circumstances like these afforded her a subtle satisfaction. He'd brought it upon himself, hadn't he? At least it was he and no other who had put Mary up to the part she had played.

None of this, of course, came to the surface at all in the scene between them. She was gentler than was her wont with him, very appealing, subdued nearer to his own scale of manners than he had ever seen her before. But she did not, for a fact, allow him much time to think.

He asked her, with a touch of embarrassment, whether John was fully in her confidence concerning this startling project, and if she had won his assent to it.

"He knows all about it," she said—and with no consciousness of a *suppression veri* here. "We hardly talked of anything else all last night. I didn't get to sleep till four. He doesn't like it, but then, you couldn't expect he would. For that matter, neither do I. Oh, you don't know how I hate it! But I think he sees it has to be. Anyhow, he didn't try very hard to keep me from going on with it. And Mary, of course, is perfectly satisfied."

EVEN his not very alert ear caught something equivocal in those last sentences, and he looked at her sharply.

"Oh, I'm worn to ribbons over it," she exclaimed, and this touch of apology served for the tearing edge there had been in her voice. "I couldn't let him see how I feel about it. It would be a sort of relief to have it settled. That's why I came straight to you to-day."

He tried, but rather feebly, to temporize. We mustn't let haste drive us farther than we really wanted to go. The matter of drawing the formal contract, for instance, must be attended with all possible legal safeguards, especially when we were dealing with a person whose honor was perhaps dubitable.

"I thought we might go round to see Rodney Aldrich about it, now," she said. "He's about the best there is in that line, isn't he? Why don't you telephone to his office and find out if he's there?"

This seemed as good a straw as any to clutch at. The chance of catching as busy a man as Aldrich with a leisure half hour was very slim. The recording angel who guarded his wicket gate would probably give them an appointment for some day next week, and this would leave time for a confirmatory talk with John. But, unluckily, Rodney was there and would be glad to see Mrs. Wollaston as soon as she could be brought round.

"Then that's all right," Paula said with a sigh of relief. "So if you really believe I'll keep my word and don't mind putting up the money for me, it's as good as settled."

There was one more question on his

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tongue. "Does, John know that you have come to me for it?" But this, somehow, he could not force himself to ask. Implicitly she had already answered it, hadn't she?

"Of course I believe in you, in everything, my dear Paula. And I'm very much touched that you should have come to me. And my only hope is that it may turn out to have been altogether for the best."

And there was that.

It was not until late that night that his misgivings as to the part Mary might have played in this drama really awoke, but when they did he marveled that they had not occurred to him earlier. He recalled that Mary had prophesied during their talk at the Saddle and Cycle that Paula would attribute to her the suggestion— whoever might make it—that an operative career for John's wife was desirable and necessary for financial reasons. She had said, too, in that serious measured way of hers: "If Paula ever saw me coming between her and father, whether it was my doing or not, she would hate me with her whole heart."

**H**AD that prediction been justified? There were half a dozen phrases that Paula had allowed herself to use this afternoon which added up to a reasonable certainty that it was altogether justified. It was not easy for him to admit to himself that he didn't like Paula; that he knew her and had long known her for a person incapable of following any lead save that of her own primitive straightforward desires.

His self-communings reached down deeper into him than they had done for many a long year. He convicted himself, before his vigil was over, of flagrant cowardice in having allowed Mary to undertake the burden of that revelation. What harm would it have done any one, even himself beyond an hour's discomfort, to have drawn down Paula's lightnings on his own head? Her enmity, even though it were permanent, could not seriously have changed the tenor of his ways.

But to Mary such a thing could easily be a first-class disaster. Could John be relied upon to come wholeheartedly to her defense? No, he could not. Indeed—this was the thought that made Wallace gasp as from a dash of cold water in the face—John's anger at this interference with his affairs and at the innocent agent of it was likely to be as hot as his wife's. Momentarily anyhow. What a perfectly horrible situation to have forced the girl into—that fragile sensitive young thing!

And now above all other times, when, for some reason not fully known to him, she was finding her own life an almost impossibly difficult thing to manage. He remembered the day she had come back from New York; how she had flushed and gone pale and asked him in a moment of suddenly tense emotion if he couldn't find her a job. It had been that very night, hadn't it—when Paula had given that recital of Anthony March's songs—that she had disappeared out of the midst of things and never come back during the whole evening? When one considered her courage, a flight like that told a good deal.

Then there had been that something little short of an engagement with Graham

Stannard, which must have distressed her horribly—any one with a spirit as candid as hers and with as honest a hatred of all that was equivocal. The family had seemed to think that it would all come out right in the end somehow, yet the last time they had talked together she had said, cutting straight through the disguise his thought had hidden itself behind, "I know I can't ever marry Graham."

And it was a young girl harassed with perplexities like that whom he had permitted in his stead to beard the lioness. Well, if there was anything in the world, any conceivable thing that he could do to repair the consequences of his fault, he would do it. If that lovers' misunderstanding with Graham could, after all, be cleared away, it would be the happy, the completely desirable solution of the problem. But if it could not—A day-dream that it was he that stood in Graham Stannard's shoes, offering her harbor and rest and a lifelong loyalty, formed the bridge over which he finally fell asleep.

She called him to the telephone the next morning while he was at breakfast, just to tell him she was in town, she said, and to ask him if he had heard anything from his sister in Omaha as to whether she wanted a nursery governess. He had to admit, of course, that he had not written to her, and felt guiltier and more miserable than ever.

"Do write to-day, though, won't you," she urged, "and give me the best character you can? Because I am going to get some sort of a job just as soon as possible."

In reply to the inarticulate noise of protest he made at this she went on: "Our family has simply exploded. I fled for my life last night. So you see I'm really in earnest about going to work now."

"I want to come and see you at once," he said. "Where are you?"

"At home," she answered, "but I'm going out this minute for the day. If you'd like a picnic tea here at half past five, though, come and I'll tell you what I've been doing."

He asked if this meant that she was staying all by herself in the Dearborn Avenue house without even a servant, and at his lively horror over this she laughed with an amusement which sounded genuine enough to reassure him somewhat. She ended the conversation by telling him that she had left her father with the impression that she was going straight to Hickory Hill. She was writing Aunt Lucile a note saying she meant to stay in town for a few days. "But if you get any frantic telephone calls in the meantime, tell them I'm all right."

**H**E WONDERED a good deal, as his hours marched past in their accustomed uneventful manner, what she could be doing with hers. It was an odd locution for her to have employed that she was "going out for the day." He couldn't square it with any sort of social activity. The thing that kept plaguing his mind despite his impatient attempts to dismiss it as nonsense was the possibility that she was actually looking for that job she'd talked about. Answering advertisements!

Toward four, when he had stopped trying to do anything but wait for his appointment with her, Rush and Graham came in precipitately and asked for a

private talk with him. He took them into his inner office, relieved a little at the arrival of reinforcements, but oddly disappointed, too.

"If you're anxious about Mary," he began by saying, "I can assure you that she is all right. She's at the Dearborn Avenue house, or was last night, and will be again later this afternoon. I talked to her on the phone this morning."

"Thank God!" said Rush. Graham dropped into a chair with a gesture of relief even more expressive.

Rush explained the cause of their alarm. Old Pete had driven in to Hickory Hill around two o'clock with a letter from Paula, addressed to Mary, and with the disquieting information that she had left High Forest for the farm the afternoon before. They had driven straight to town and to Wallace as the likeliest source of information.

In the emotional back-lash from his profound disquiet about his sister, suddenly reassured that there was nothing—well, tragic—to be apprehended, Rush allowed himself an outburst of brotherly indignation. He'd like to know what the devil Mary meant by giving them a fright like that. Why hadn't she telephoned last night? Nothing was easier than that. Or, more to the point still, why hadn't she come straight out to the farm as she had told her father she meant to do, instead of spending the night in town?

**W**ALLACE would have let him go on, since it gave him the little time he wanted for deciding what line to take. But Graham, it seemed, couldn't stand it.

"Shut up, Rush!" he commanded. (You are to remember that he was three years his partner's senior.) "Mary never did an inconsiderate thing in her life. If she seems to have forgotten about us, you can be dead sure there's a reason."

"I agree with Stannard," Wallace put in, "that she wants to be dealt with rather gently. She must have been having a rather rotten time."

He hadn't yet made up his mind how far to take them into his confidence as to what he knew and guessed, but Rush made an end of his hesitation.

"Tell us, for heaven's sake, what it's all about. Oh, you needn't mind Graham. He's as much in it as any of us. I suppose you know how he stands."

Wallace was conscious of an acute wish that they had not turned up until he'd had a chance to see Mary himself, but somehow he felt he couldn't go behind an assurance like that. So he told them what he had pieced together: how Mary had undertaken to tell Paula how matters stood with John and that it was desirable that her singing be turned to advantage in tiding over hard times; how Mary, it appeared, had done so with the result that Paula had signed a five-year contract with Maxfield Ware; and how, finally, Mary had spoken of having fled for her life from the explosion her interference had produced.

Rush grunted and blushed and said he'd be damned, at that, but it was not a theme—this contention between his father and his stepmother—that he could dwell upon. He got hold at last of something that he could be articulate about, and demanded to know why, in these circumstances, Mary hadn't come straight

He little thought that before the night was over, fate would cast dice for this infant's life—would it be three hours or three score years and ten?



## Fate — and a Baby's life

"PRETTY fine boy, isn't he, Nurse?" said the proud young father. "Tomorrow you're going to let me hold him for a moment."

It was a load off his mind to know that the two for whom he cared so deeply were in a hospital where they would be well taken care of. No fear that anything would go wrong, doctors within call, a nurse always on duty. Could anything more be asked?

Midnight—an alarm of fire—hours of heart-rending and nerve-racking work by heroic nurses, doctors and firemen.

Another day. The little baby was safe, thanks to the nurse who thought more of its safety than she did of her own. The young mother lay at the point of death, her fight for life doubled by exposure and cold.

Safe? Why had the father and the deluded public thought that hospital safe?

It was the best equipped, best protected in the city. But in spite of fire escapes, fire hose, and every seeming precaution the demon had done his work. Ten persons had been sacrificed.

You—what are you doing to make the lives of the patients in your hospital safe? Have you installed in your building that watchman who never sleeps, the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System? No other protection is fool-proof and failure-proof. No bungling nor palsied fingers manipulate it. It is constant—automatic. When the fire starts, the water starts.

The watchword of the new age is Service. What better way can you serve than by seeing that a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System is installed in the hospitals, schools and institutions of your community?

Read—"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy."

This instructive booklet will wake you up to the penalty paid by those who have neglected to provide adequate fire protection. A penny for a postal is a small price to pay for human lives. Write for it now. Address the Grinnell Company, Inc., 299 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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to them at Hickory Hill instead of camping out all by herself at the Dearborn Avenue house.

"She has an idea she must find a job for herself," Wallace said, feeling awkwardly guilty as if he had betrayed her, but the way Rush leaped upon him, demanding in one breath what the deuce he meant and what sort of job he was talking about, made it impossible to pull up.

He recounted the request Mary had made of him concerning his sister in Omaha, and, last of all, stated his own misgiving—nothing but the merest guess, of course—that she had been putting in this day answering advertisements. "She said she'd give me a picnic tea at five-thirty and tell me what she'd been doing."

"Well, it'll be no picnic for her," Rush exploded angrily. "I'll see her at five-thirty myself. She must be plumb out of her head if she thinks she'll be allowed to do a thing like that."

Once more, before Wallace could speak, it was Graham who intervened. "I want you to leave this to me," he said gravely. "I don't know whether I can settle it or not, but I'd like to try." He turned to Wallace. "Would you mind letting me go to tea with her at half-past five in your place?"

It is possible that, but for that day-dream of Wallace's of himself offering Mary the shelter and the care she so obviously needed, he might have persisted in seeing her first and assuring her that he was to be regarded as an ally whatever she decided to do. Her voice as she had said, "I know I can never marry Graham," echoed forlornly in his mind's ear. But a doubt, faint and vague as it was, of his own disinterestedness held him back. Graham was young, he was in love with her. That gave him right of way, didn't it?

So he assented. It was agreed that Rush should dine with Wallace at his apartment. Graham, if he had any news for them, should communicate it by telephone. Instantly!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### The Fundamental Difference

THE instinct to conceal certain moods of depression and distress together with the histrionic power to make the concealment possible may be a serious peril to a woman of Mary Wollaston's temperament. She had managed at the telephone that morning to deceive Wallace pretty completely. Even her laugh (over the fact that his concern was chiefly directed toward her having spent a night alone in her father's house) had failed to give her away.

She was altogether too near for safety to the point of exhaustion. She had endured her second night without sleep. She had not really eaten an adequate meal since her lunch in town the day Paula had engineered her out of the way for that talk with Maxfield Ware.

There was nothing morbid in her resolution to find, at the earliest possible moment, some way of making herself independent of her father's support. Having pointed out Paula's duty as a bread-winner, she could not neglect her own, however dreary the method might be or humble the results. In any mood, of course, the setting out in search of employment would have been painful and little short of

terrifying to one brought up the way Mary had been. It was not the idea of service that was new and appalling to her. Her life had been in a rather high degree serviceable.

But she had never been paid for her labors. The idea of attempting to exact a pecuniary equivalent for them was new. She felt that this would put her utterly at her employer's mercy. She'd never had any training, of course, for any profession, nor even confronted as a possibility the need of adopting one. There must be thousands of gently bred women who can remember with downright terror facing their first attempt to earn a living.

A night's sleep, though, and a proper breakfast would, for Mary, have kept the thing from being a nightmare. As it was, she felt, setting out with her clippings from the help-wanted columns of a morning paper, a good deal like the sole survivor of some shipwreck, washed up upon some unknown coast, venturing inland to discover whether the inhabitants were cannibals or not. Even the constellations in her sky were strange.

WHERE, then, was Anthony March?

Nowhere above her horizon to-day, at all events. The memory of him had been with her much of the two past sleepless nights. She had told over the tale of her moments with him again and again. (Did any one, she might have wondered, ever love as deeply with so small a treasury of golden hours for memory to draw upon?) But she could not, somehow, relate him at all to her present or her future. Her love for him was an outgoing rather than an incoming thing.

At least, her thoughts had put the emphasis upon that side of it; upon the longing to comfort and protect him, to be the satisfaction to all his wants; not—passionately not—to cling heavily about his neck, drag at his feet, steal his wayfarer's liberty—no, not the smallest moment of it! This present helplessness of hers, then, which heightened her need for him, served also to bolt the doors of her thoughts against him.

Her recollection of the next few hours, though it contained some vignettes so sharp and deeply bitten in as to be, she fancied, ineffaceable, was in the main confused. She must have called upon ten or a dozen advertisers in various suburban districts of the city (she avoided addresses that were too close to home and names where she suspected hers might be known). Her composite impression was of flat, thin voices which she could imagine in excitement becoming shrill; of curious appraising stares; of a vast amount of garrulous irrelevancy; of a note of injury that one who could profess so little equipment beyond good-will should so disappoint the expectation her first appearance had aroused. The background was a room—it seemed to have been in every case the same—expensively overfurnished, inexpressive, illy fitting its uses, like a badly chosen ready-made coat. The day was not without its humors, or what would have been humors if her spirit could have rebounded to them—chiefly the violent antagonism she found aroused in two or three cases by the color of her hair.

The residuum of her pilgrimages was three addresses where she might call about the middle of the next week, in person or

by telephone, to learn the advertiser's decision. Well, it would convince Wallace Hood that she was in earnest. That was something.

Wallace's coming to tea became, as the day wore on, more and more something to look forward to. All the things about him which in more resilient hours she had found irritating or absurd: his neutrality, his appropriateness, his steady unimaginative way of going always one step at a time, seemed now precisely his greatest merits. The thought of tea in his company even aroused a faint appetite for food in her and lent zest to her preparations for it. When she stopped at the neighborhood caterer's shop for supplies, she bought some tea-cakes in addition to the sandwiches she had ordered in the morning.

She had managed to get home in good enough season to restore the drawing-room somewhat to its inhabited appearance, to set out her tea-table, put on her kettle, and then go up-stairs and change her dress for something that was not wilted by the day's unusual heat. She was ready then to present before Wallace an *ensemble* which should match pretty well her tone at the telephone this morning.

But when she answered the ring she supposed was his and flinging open the door saw Graham Stannard there instead, she got a jarring shock which her overstrung nerves were in no condition to endure.

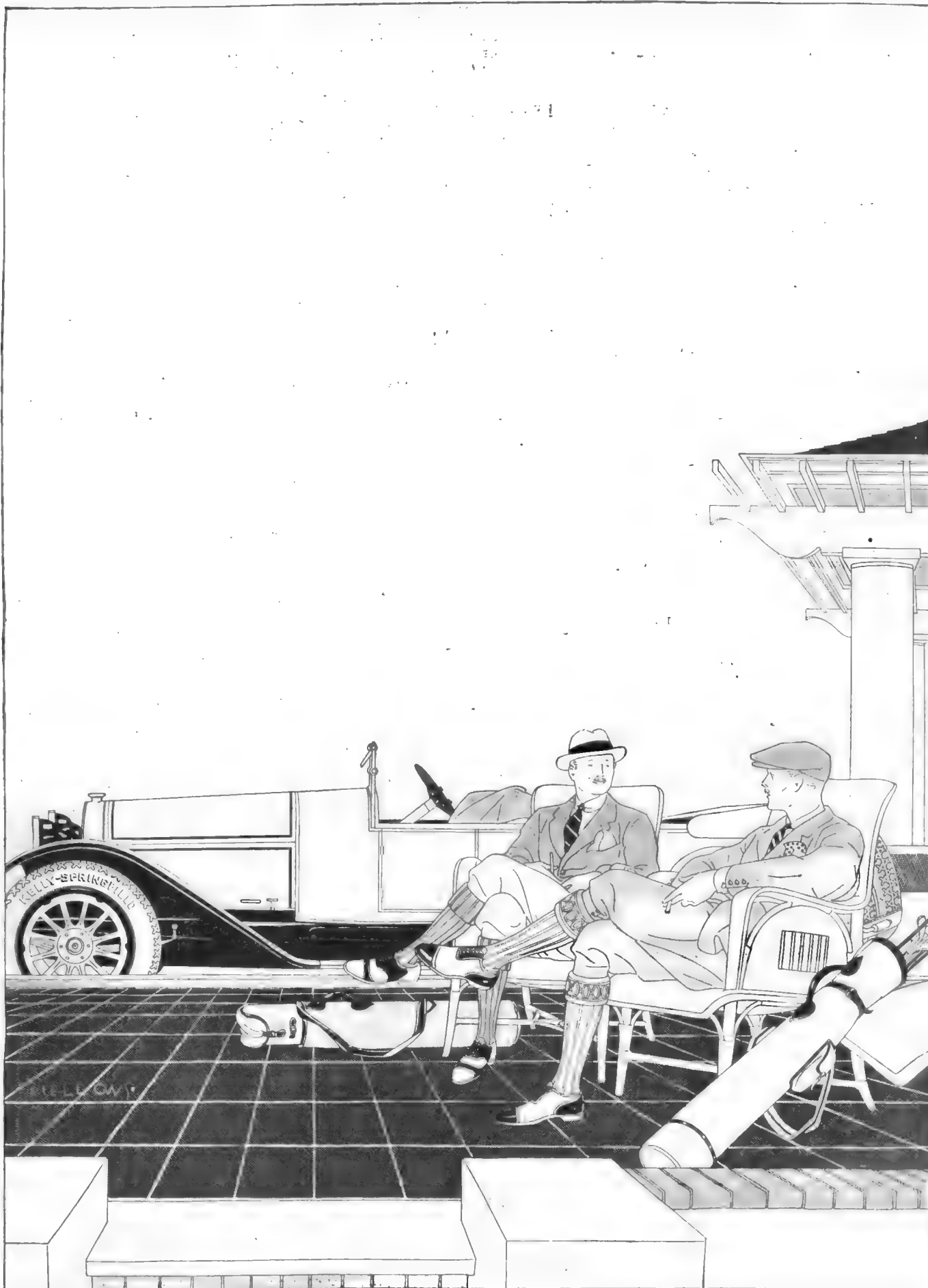
"I persuaded Mr. Hood to let me come to tea in his place," he said. "It was rather cheeky of me to ask him, I'm afraid. I hope you will forgive me."

The arrest of all her processes of thought at sight of him lasted only the barest instant. Then her mind flashed backward through a surmise which embraced the whole series of events: an alarm at Hickory Hill over her failure to arrive (which somehow they had been led to expect), a dash by Graham (Rush not available, perhaps) into town for news; to Wallace Hood, of course. And Wallace had betrayed her; in the interest of romantic sentiment; the happy ending given its chance; a rich, young, adoring husband instead of a job as nursery governess in Omaha!

It took no longer for all that to go through her mind than Graham needed for his little explanatory speech on the doorstep. There he stood waiting for her answer. The only choice she had was between shutting the door in his face without a word and graciously inviting him to come in and propose to her—for the last time, at all events. It was not, of course, a choice at all.

"I'M AFRAID it's a terribly hot day for tea," she said, moving back from the doorway to make room for him to come in. "Wallace likes it, though. I might make you something cold if only I had ice, but of course there isn't any in the house. It's nice and cool, though, isn't it, from having been shut up so long?"

Anything—any frantic thing that could be spun into words to cover the fact that she had no welcome for him at all, not even the most wan little beam of friendly tenderness. She had seen the hurt, stricken look come into his eyes, incipient panic at the flash of anger which had not been meant for him. She must float him inside, somehow, and anchor him to the tea-table.



*"What mileage do you get out of those tires?"*

*"Mileage? You don't reckon the life of a Kelly-Springfield by miles—you reckon it by years."*

Then she could get herself together and deal with him decently.

He came along tractably enough, sat in the chair that was to have been Wallace's, and talked for a while of the tea and how hot it was this afternoon and how beautifully cool in here. It was hot, too, out at Hickory Hill, but one thought little of it. The air was drier, for one thing. He and Rush had commented on the difference as they drove in to-day.

"Oh, Rush came in with you, did he?" she observed.

HE FLUSHED and stammered over the admission, and it was easy to guess why. The fact that her brother, as well as Wallace, was lurking in the background somewhere waiting for results gave an official cast to his call that was rather asinine. She came to the rescue.

"I suppose he and Wallace had something they wanted to talk about," she commented easily, and he made haste to assent.

She steadied herself with a breath. "Did Wallace tell you," she asked, "about our explosion at High Forest over Paula's new contract, and how furious both father and Paula are with me about it, and how I'm out looking for a job? He didn't say anything about his sister, did he—whether he'd written to her to-day or not?"

"Not about whether he'd written. But he told us the rest; how you wanted to go to work as a nursery governess."

He paused there, but she did not break in upon it. She had given him all the lead he needed. With the deliberate care that a suddenly tremulous hand made necessary he put down his tea-cup and spoke as if addressing it.

"I think you're the bravest, most wonderful person in the world. Of course I've known that always, not just since I came back last spring. But this, that Mr. Hood told us this afternoon, somehow caps the climax. I can't tell you how it got me to think of your being ready to do a thing like that."

The last thing she would have done voluntarily was to put any obstacle in his way. Her program, on the contrary, was to help him along all she could to his declaration, make a refusal that should be as gentle as was consistent with complete finality, and then get rid of him before anything regretably messy ensued. But to have her courage rhapsodized over like this was a thing she could not endure.

"It's nothing," she said rather dryly, "beyond what most girls do nowadays as a matter of course. I'm being rather cowardly about it, I think—on account of some silly ideas I've been more or less brought up with perhaps, but—"

"What if they do?" he broke in; "thousands of them at the stores and in the offices. It's bad enough for them—for any sort of woman. But it's different with you. It's horrible. You aren't like that."

She tried to check herself but couldn't. "What's the difference? I'm healthy and half-educated and fairly young. I'm flesh and blood like any one else. I have the same sort, pretty much, of thoughts and feelings. I don't believe I like being clean and warm and well fed and amused and

admired any better than the average girl does. I ought to have found a job months ago, instead of letting Rush bring me home from New York, or else have gone to work when I came home. But every one was so horrified—"

"They were right to be," he interrupted. "It is a horrible idea. Because you aren't like the others. You haven't the same sort of thoughts and feelings. A person doesn't have to be in love with you to see that. Your father and Rush and Mr. Hood all see it. And as for me—well, I couldn't endure it, that's all. Oh, I know, you can act like anybody else; laugh and dance and talk nonsense and make a person forget sometimes. But the other thing is there all the while—shining through—oh, it can't be talked about—like a light. Of—of innocence and purity—something a decent man *wants* to be guided by, whatever he does. And for you to go out into the world with that, where there can't be any protection at all, I can't endure it, Mary. That's why I came to-day instead of Mr. Hood."

She went very white during that speech of his and tears came up into her eyes, tears of helpless exasperation. It was such a cruelly inhuman thing to impose an ideal like that upon a woman, an ideal that made some of her deepest instincts into nameless shames to be fiercely repressed, stamped out of consciousness altogether. It was so smug, that ideal; so utterly satisfactory to all romantic sentimentalists. Wallace would approve every word of it. Wallace had sent him to say just this—was waiting now to be told the good news of his success.

The fact is worth recalling, perhaps, that away back in her childhood Wallace had sometimes reduced her to much this sort of frantic exasperation by his impregnable assumption that she was the white-souled little angel she looked. Sitting here in this very room he had goaded her into committing freakish misdemeanors.

SHE was resisting now an impulse of much the same sort, though the parallel did not, of course, occur to her. It was just a sort of inexplicable panic which she was reining in with all her might by telling herself how fond she really was of him and how terrible a thing it would be if she hurt him unnecessarily. She dared not attempt to speak, so she merely waited. She was sitting a little relaxed, her head lowered, her chin supported by one hand. This stillness and relaxation she always resorted to in making any supreme demand upon her self-control.

He looked at her rather helplessly once or twice during the silence, then arose and moved about a little restlessly.

"I know you don't love me. I've gone on hoping you could after I suppose I might have seen it wasn't possible. You've tried to and you can't. I don't know if one as white as you could love any man that way. Well, I'm not going to ask any more for that. I want to ask, instead, that we be friends. I haven't spoiled the possibility of that, have I?"

She was taken utterly by surprise. It didn't seem possible that she had even heard aright, and the face he turned to her as he asked that last question, was of one

pitifully bewildered, yet lighted too by a gleam of gratitude.

"You really mean that, Graham?" she asked in a very ragged voice. "Is that what you came to-day to tell me?"

"I mean it altogether," he said earnestly. "I mean it without any reservations at all. You must believe that, because it's the basis for everything else."

She repeated, "Everything else?" in clear interrogation; then dropped back rather suddenly into her former attitude. Everything else! What else was there to friendship but just itself?

He turned back to the window. "I've come to ask you to marry me, Mary, just the same. I couldn't be any good as a friend, couldn't take care of you and try to make you happy, unless in the eyes of the world I was your husband. But I wouldn't ask—I promise you I wouldn't ask anything—anything at all. You do understand, don't you? You'd be just as sacred to me—"

A sound he could not classify, in a voice that did not sound like hers, a sort of thin little sighing laugh, caused him to break off short and turn toward her. Her eyes were bright, there was a flush of bright color in her cheeks, and her lips wore a sort of smile. Yet he cried out in consternation at the sight of her, "Mary! what is it?"

THE tension had become too great, that was all. Her self-control, slackened by the momentarily held belief that it was not needed, had snapped.

"I understand well enough," she said. "You would say good night at my bedroom door and good morning at the breakfast-table. I've read of arrangements like that in rather nasty-minded novels, but I didn't suppose they existed anywhere else. I can't think of an existence more degradingly sensual than that—to go on for days and months and years being 'sacred' to a man, never satisfying the desires your nearness tortured him with—to say nothing of what you did with your own!"

"But that such a thing should be offered to me because I'm too good to love a man honestly! You see I'm none of the things you think I am, Graham; nor that you want me to be; not white, not innocent; not a good woman even, let alone an angel. That's what makes it so preposterous."

He had been staring at her, speechless, horrified. But at this it was as if he understood. "I ought not to have worried you to-day," he said, suddenly gentle. "I know how terribly overwrought you are. I mean—I only meant to make things easier. I'm going away now. I'll send Rush to you. He'll come at once. Do you mind being alone till then?"

She answered slowly and with an appearance of patient reasonableness. "It's not that. It's not what Rush calls shell-shock. There is many a shabby little experimental flirt who has managed to keep intact an innocence which I don't possess. That is the simple physiological truth."

Then, after a silence, with a gasp: "I'm not mad. But I think I shall be if you go on looking at me like that. Won't you please go?"

*The next instalment of "Mary Wollaston" will appear in the July number.*

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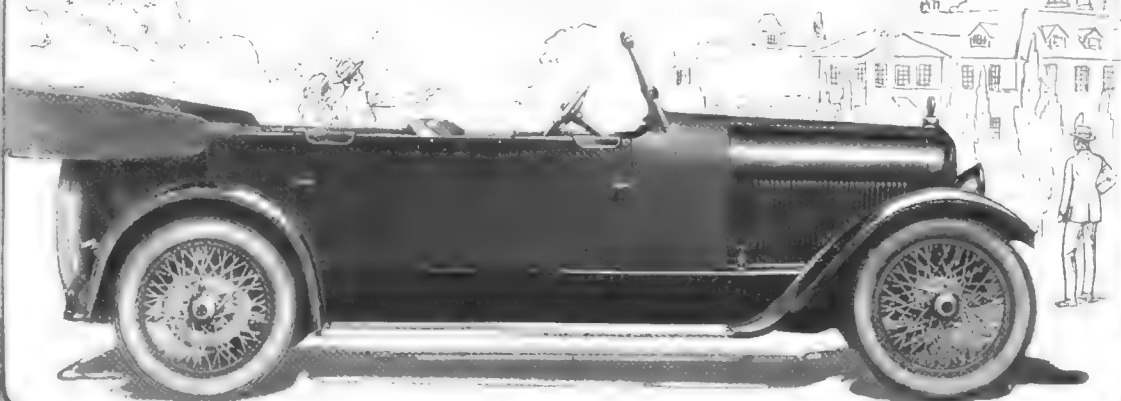
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## June Afternoons

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## The STORY of HOOVER

(Continued from page 36)

Hoover's first men in central Europe were scouts, men whom he had selected to survey the situation and inform him. Already in early December Dr. Alonzo Taylor and I were listening for Hoover in Berne to the pitiful plea of representatives of starving Vienna. By January Hoover was well informed as to the problems in various parts of Europe, and his missions were in Trieste, Belgrade, Vienna, Prague, Budapest and Warsaw, and they were not only investigating, but they were even beginning to deliver food.

In February, Dr. Taylor and I were reporting the German situation from Berlin. It was a splendid thing to be an American representative of Hoover's administration in those wonderful days. Hoover's name was known over Europe; it was one to charm with. When word spread through the suffering countries that Hoover had taken charge of feeding the hungry, the word acted like magic in restoring hope to despairing millions.

When the first food mission to Poland, making its way in the first week of January, 1919, with difficulty and discomfort because of demoralized transportation conditions, had reached that part of its journey north of Vienna which brought it into Czecho-Slovakia, our train was halted at a station gaily decorated with flags and bunting, among which the American colors were conspicuous. A band was playing vigorously something that sounded like the "Star Spangled Banner," and a group of top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen were the front figures in a great crowd that covered the station platform. I was somewhat dismayed by these evident preparations for a reception, for we were not going to try to help Czecho-Slovakia, but Poland. I told my interpreter to hurry off the train and explain the situation.

He returned with one of the gentlemen of high hat and long coat, who said in broken French: "Well, anyway, you are the food mission, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "But we are going to Warsaw. We are only passing through your country; we can not do anything for you."

"But," he persisted, "you are the Americans, aren't you?"

"Yes, we are the Americans."

"Well, then, it's all right." He turned and waved his hand at the band, which responded with increased endeavor to play the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the crowd cheered and waved home-made American flags. And we were received and addressed and given curious things to drink, and a little food—a very little food. We gave them some Red Cross prisoner packages which we carried along for our own maintenance, and then we were sent on into Poland with more cheers and hearty God-speeds.

### Hoover's Maps

ALL this time Hoover stayed in Paris with his eye on two of the most remarkable maps that were prepared, I presume, during the entire war. One was a map of the seven seas of the world. The other was a map of Europe showing all the new half-formed and unfettered nations

which had been born in the war. The sea map, which hung on the wall of the Food Administration headquarters in the Crillon Hotel in Paris, was dotted with tiny flags—many hundreds of them. Flags of one color showed loaded ships bearing help to suffering millions. Flags of another color showed empty ships returning to America or Canada or South America or China or Japan or Australia or anywhere else in the world where food could be obtained to be reloaded with help for Europe.

Hoover in these days seemed to have his fingers on the remote ends of the earth. He saw not only the dangers of the whole great general situation, but the amount of detail which he carried in his head, minute detail, small facts about food situations or political or military situations in this far-away corner or that, was fatiguingly vast.

"What is the hungriest spot that you've found?" some one asked Hoover as he sat in a chair in the Crillon barber-shop in Paris.

"Armenia," he said without hesitation.

"How hungry are they?" asked the interrogator.

"As hungry as people can get," said Hoover. "They are eating human flesh."

"Cannibalism?" he was asked.

"No, cannibalism is the last step," said Hoover simply; "they haven't gone quite that far in Armenia. They have been eating their dead."

"What is the most difficult agricultural region in Europe?" Hoover was asked one day.

"Northern Finland, I believe," he said. "That part of the world is all flat rock. Black earth blows into small basins in this rock and forms little areas only a few feet in circumference. The Finnish farmers plow up these little areas with sticks, because steel tools would be spoiled on the rock. They do their harrowing with pine trees from which the branches have been partly cut away, for the same reason. Every blade of wheat is hand-tended. Finnish farmers have several of these little wheat gardens. And then the danger of crop failure is so great that after the crop is planted the Finnish farmers go into the woods and take bark from the trees to grind into flour so that if the wheat crop fails their families may have bread of bark during the long winter."

### Playing the World

NONE of the thousand stories that came to Hoover from his men in Europe seemed to escape his mind. He listened to them all with extreme interest and seemed to remember them all.

I recall how he was affected by a story from Finland which showed that even while the northern Finns were eating bread made out of bark of trees they were observing the codes of civilization. For instance, the poor people, when they went into the woods to get bark, would take this bark only from dead trees, respecting the rights of the forest owners. Bread made from the inner bark of pine-trees contains a modicum of food value, but isn't pleasant to look upon. On the other hand, bread made from the wood of birch-trees, not the bark, is a very pretty bread, white and attractive, but contains no nutritive substance. Hoover found it very amazing that this white bread made of birch sawdust, but without food value, brought



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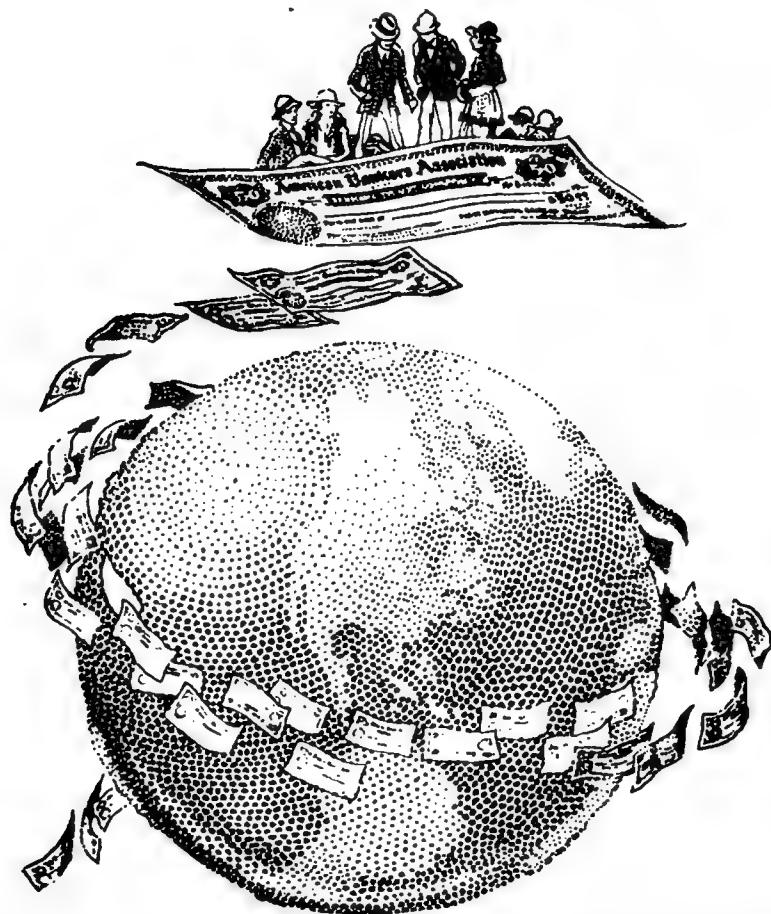


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more money in the Finnish towns than the rough but valuable bread made out of pine bark.

With the accumulation of all these reports and stories and information about food habits and agriculture from every part of Europe, I suppose it is safe to say that Hoover knew more about the food situation in Europe than has ever before been gathered together in one human head. In his office in Paris, with his fingers on buttons of the mighty machine which he had created, Hoover and his staff did dramatic things.

If the port of Trieste got blocked and food was not permitted to go to the north by that port, Hoover merely pushed a button and out in mid-ocean ships which were heading for the Mediterranean turned north toward the Arctic Circle and came into Baltic and even German ports, and the northern peoples had their food without delay.

Hoover and his men always played two strings, if not more. They were always prepared not only for existing conditions but for anything that might happen, for any change of politics or government or any military exigencies that might arise.

### "I'm Working for Hoover"

**T**HE spirit which Hoover put into his willing American men in Europe was one of resource and independence. He had so carefully selected his men that in many instances they acted first and told Hoover about it afterward. One of Hoover's rules was that his Army men, although they wore the uniform of the American Army, were not to use military titles. This uniform, only a few weeks before symbol of America's military might, became under Hoover's use of it changed into a symbol of human sympathy and help. And it won its way for Hoover's men through all wire entanglements and obstacles engendered by hate, suspicion and international greed.

The self-reliance which Hoover instilled in his men in Europe brought out a record of fine American deeds. I was in Vienna when the first train of American relief food came in from the south. The Italians were attempting to send in some supplies, but so far all the trains which had started north had been blocked at some border point. The train of American food was in charge of two snappy doughboys, a corporal and a private. When it reached the frontier blockade, the corporal was told that he could go no farther. He asked why.

"Trains are not moving just now," he was answered. "But this train is moving," he said. He called to his private. "Give me my gun," he ordered. With revolver in hand he climbed into the engine and said to the engineer, "Now you go on." And the train went on. When I asked him in Vienna if he had been worried at the border about the customs and military regulations, he answered with a cheerful smile:

"Not a worry. Hoover's men at Trieste told me to take the train through and it was up to me to take her. These wop kings and generals don't count with me. I'm working for Hoover."

But it soon became only too apparent that a new crisis was arising. Wherever suffering was greatest, anarchy and the overthrow of government seemed most



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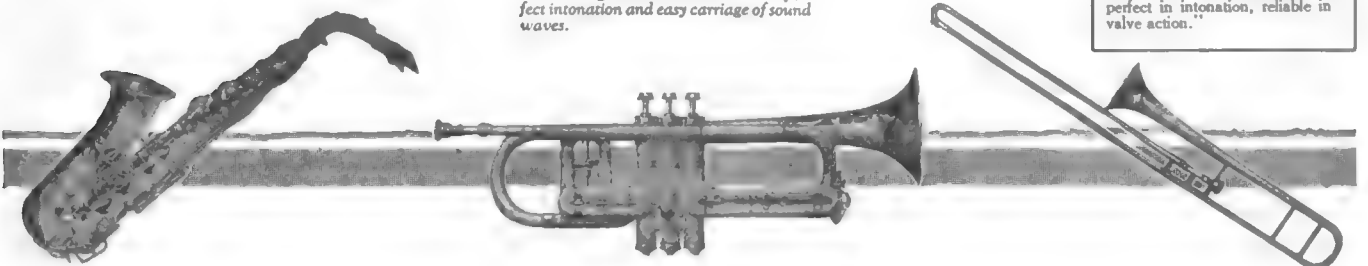
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imminent, and before long we were facing an enemy who was as tangible and real and dangerous as the German army had been. This enemy was Bolshevism. Here arose Hoover's fourth crisis. It devolved upon him and his men, including the representatives of Allied countries, to feed the people and keep them as contented and quiet as possible until the statesmen in Europe had completed their own effort to restore order.

The menace of Bolshevism held out the prospect that all the starving portions of Europe would shortly be flooded with literal anarchy while red and howling death ran over all. Bolshevik Russia, just over the eastern borders, was constantly threatening to come across and engulf them. Russian agents were working everywhere among the people. There were everywhere the sinister signs of the swift advance of the frontiers of Bolshevism.

## A Modern Samson

IN PARIS the eminent statesmen and famous generals of the Peace Conference and the Supreme Council sat and debated. They sent out occasional ultimata ordering fighting to cease, ordering the retirement from a far-advanced frontier, and ordering this and that, none of which was obeyed. Interallied economic and military commissions came and looked on and conferred and returned, but nobody stopped fighting, and the conferences settled nothing. The Allies were in no position—this need be no secret now—to send adequate forces to enforce their orders. An Interallied Military Mission of four generals of America, Great Britain, France and Italy started by special train from Cracow to Lemberg to carry personally an order to the Lithuanians and Poles to stop fighting. The train was shelled by the Ruthenians east of Przemyśl and the generals came back. Eastern Europe expected the Great Powers to do something about this, but nothing happened; the great men in Paris took no action and the discount of Peace Conference orders became still more marked. Somebody had to do something that counted. So Hoover did it. It wasn't only lives that had to be saved; it was nations. It wasn't only starvation that had to be fought; it was approaching anarchy, it was Bolshevism.

I used to think of the Relief Administration at that time as a Samson wielding not the jawbone of an ass but the thigh-bone of a hog. This thigh-bone was not bare of meat and muscle. It was padded with fat, and in further preparation it had been smoked to a nice, rich, fragrant brown. With this weapon in one hand and with a handshake in the other and a smile on their faces, Hoover's doughboys and navy gobs and officers started out to slay the greater giant of discontent.

The first historical slaughter with this weapon that I am able to discover happened in Danzig. Hoover had rushed food to Europe from America even before he had the money to pay for it. Within a few weeks after the armistice had been signed American food ships began arriving in Danzig, which at that time was a center of German antagonism to Poland. Hoover's men tried to get stevedores to unload the ships. The stevedores went out to the docks, but they wouldn't work. They wanted to hold a debate about

money. An American disappeared into the hold of a ship. He shortly reappeared with a hog's padded thigh-bone in each hand. The Germans gazed for a moment or two at the doughboy's weapon and before twenty-four hours had passed the ship had been unloaded without a strike.

In Montenegro, one day, word came to a town where the American Relief Administration men were quartered that a revolution was on foot and that the revolutionists were approaching the town. Two of the food men with motor-cycles loaded up the cars with some of their "weapons" and dashed out to meet the revolutionists. They returned an hour or two later with their side-cars filled with revolvers, rifles and several machine guns. "We just traded ham for guns," they explained. In the area where Jews predominated it was necessary to distribute oils instead of lard for cooking purposes. A vast quantity of fat in this form was sent to those whose religious scruples did not permit them to eat pork.

It would have been impossible, even for a Harriman, to have untangled the railroad situation in Central Europe as it existed because, as I have pointed out, the people of one country wouldn't permit their cars or locomotives to go into another country, fearing that they would not be returned. Hoover ended this condition by asking the Economic Council to take charge of all the railroads in Austria-Hungary and in the new countries which had been created by the war. Before many days had passed the entire railroad system in central Europe was under Hoover's control.

Hoover's men moved locomotives about from one country to another as they pleased, and they took cars where they found them and moved them wherever they were needed. As long as locomotives and cars were in control of the Relief Administration the various nations could not object, and in this way the free circulation of food was brought about. Some of the blood-clots of hate in the commercial veins of Central Europe were purged away.

Hoover often found in one place a surplus of certain supplies with an almost fatal lack of others. Although these supplies could not be bought for money, they might often be traded for necessities in another part of Europe, provided barriers could be removed. Hoover therefore set in motion a system of barter without the use of money between various portions of the countries involved.

## Potatoes for Coal

ONE instance of how Hoover's idea of barter worked out runs as follows:

There was a barrier of hate and distrust between Germany and Poland. The town of Posen in Poland had potatoes but no coal. The potatoes couldn't be moved without coal. Across the border in Beuthen, Germany, there was coal in plenty, but the people were hungry. Two Americans jumped into an automobile and started across the German line. The Polish people threw flowers at them as they started on their errand of mercy. But the German soldiers arrested them at the frontier.

"What are you two American officers doing in Germany?" asked a brusque Prussian. "Trying to get you fellows to trade coal for potatoes," said the Americans. The Americans were led before a

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*Scene in one of the Hercules Powder Company's packing houses.*



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high German official in a town some miles away. They told their story shortly: "You fellows want potatoes. We know where there are lots of them. You've got more coal than you can use. We'll fix up a deal by which you can trade your coal for potatoes. We want to talk to your coal miners," they concluded.

The German officer had common sense. Instead of sending the American officers to the somewhat inaccessible mines, he asked the mine-owners to come some miles across country to meet the Americans. In one short conference the Americans fixed up the deal. The mine-owners said they would furnish the coal. The German officer said he would permit the trains to pass. The Poles had already said that they would send back the potatoes. The Americans gave their word of honor that the Poles would do this. The transfer was made. The system was established. For months after these American officers had left this district these German mine-owners and the farmers of Poland exchanged coal for potatoes at a fair rate which they had fixed upon between themselves.

### Easter Cakes

**THE** patience and tact used by these Hoover men at times in carrying out Hoover's desires that the hungry should be fed at all costs were supreme. I have in mind an instance in the town of Lodz. A Hoover man in Lodz received a telephone message asking him to hurry to the town of Pabinitz, twenty miles away. The mayor and the board of aldermen, he was told, were besieged in the railroad station by thousands of citizens who wanted to kill them. When the man in American uniform stepped off the train at Pabinitz an hour later, the crowd cheered him and made a pathway to the railroad station. He entered the station and found the mayor and aldermen herded together fearing for their lives. "What's the matter?" he said.

"You've got us into trouble," said the mayor. "You said you were going to send us white flour. Our people always have white cakes at Easter in peace-time and we promised that they should have their white cakes this year. But to-day, when your flour came from Lodz, we found it wasn't white, and now the people want to kill us."

"Where is the flour?" asked the officer. "No use looking at it," said the mayor. "Here is the bill of lading. It says 'five thousand pounds of dark flour.'"

"But I want to see the flour," said the officer. "Have you opened it yet?"

"No," said the mayor, "the crowd heard about the bill of lading from the station-master and then they went crazy."

"Why don't you come down to the warehouse and look at it?" asked the officer. "Oh, we'll go down if you'll come with us," said the mayor.

The food man led them out through the crowd, which made way for them. They jumped into an automobile and went down to where the food-cars were standing. The American opened the door, hauled out a sack of flour, and looked at the label. It was snow-white American flour, from Minneapolis!

"You're in no trouble; I guess I can go back to Lodz," said the officer. The mayor returned to the station square, made a speech to the crowd, the aldermen came

out of hiding, everybody gave three cheers for the American officer, and the Pabinitz folks returned to their homes to get ready to celebrate Easter with white cakes.

This toleration of American food men was often put to severe tests. Sometimes the people in one district, after they had been well fed, would fail to realize that the people in some near-by district were hungry and needed food. One American food man, for instance, received an order in the town of Cracow to load thirty cars with pork, lard, corned beef and cottonseed oil, the latter to be used by the Hebrews for kosher cooking. These cars were to go to the town of Lemberg where people were starving. But the American man couldn't get the Cracow railroad men excited about the need for haste. The yard men couldn't get around to loading the cars. For three days he tried to interest them in the venture without success. Finally, one day he took off his American army coat and in his army breeches and leather leggings began the task of loading the cars himself. He succeeded in getting fifteen men, which, of course, was only a handful for the task.

A Cracow railroad official of high standing, who knew the American officer, saw him working in the yards and said to him: "Why is it necessary for you to do this hauling and lifting?"

"Because I can't get enough men to do the job," he said.

This official made a speech to the railroad men in the yard, and the entire yard crew became enthusiastic and he soon had all thirty cars on the way to Lemberg. "I was a soldier in the war," said one of the railroad men, "and when I saw an army officer working with day laborers I felt ashamed of myself. I knew then that he must want the job done."

However slowly things might go in Paris, however deliberate the statesmen might be in reaching their political conclusions, Hoover, who was on the firing-line in the war against Bolshevism, realized that time was the essence of strength in the great combat. He urged haste. He continually pointed out the dangers of new revolutions and of new unsettlements. The statesmen might sit in Paris and make their wise declarations, but Hoover's men out on the firing-line saw these declarations count for naught among the persons with whom they were dealing.

Hoover's men had been able to commandeer the telegraph lines throughout Central Europe and connect them with American Army Headquarters at Coblenz and connect there with Paris. At a time when the statesmen-councillors themselves were unable to communicate freely with many parts of Europe, Hoover was talking between Paris and Vienna, exchanging messages in five minutes. The jealous contending small nations might establish censorship between themselves, they might even refuse to permit their wires to be connected with the wires of other nations, but when Hoover's food men made the connections there was no censorship and no refusal.

### Hoover's Eye on the Children of Europe

**I**N THE midst of his solving of the many complicated political and military problems, Hoover always kept his eye on the children of Europe. His experience in

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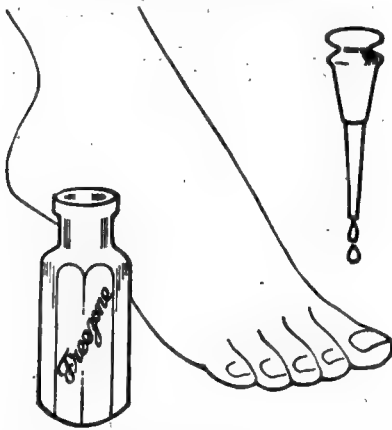
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Belgium and northern France had taught him how necessary was the special care of children. While he was working with the funds which had been put at his disposal by the various governments, he saw that the children everywhere were especially well fed.

And when at the end of his great task the governmental funds were either exhausted or withdrawn, Hoover with the foresight which is one of his most marked characteristics, was in a position to continue feeding two and a half million children of Central and Eastern Europe daily. To this day these children are being thus fed.

Seven and a half million dollars of money from the original congressional appropriation was devoted by Hoover to the special feeding of undernourished children from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Additions to this charity have been made by the eastern European governments themselves and by nationals of these eastern countries who live in the United States. Hoover is determined that the racial deterioration which grew out of the Thirty Years' War and out of the Napoleonic wars must be avoided as far as possible and at all costs, in connection with the great war which has just been concluded.

The children who are the immediately coming generation and who will be the producers of the ones to follow must be cared for. During his relief work Hoover has kept his object in mind, and now that the official duties of the American Relief Administration have ended, Hoover is still spending most of his time and energy in feeding these two and a half million undernourished children of Central Europe.

Hoover became, in a word, general economic and life-saving manager for the eastern European countries. It is from my personal knowledge of his achievements in this extraordinary position during the first eight months after the Armistice that I have declared my belief earlier in this account that it was owing more to Hoover and his work than to any other single influence that utter anarchy and chaos and complete Bolshevik domination in eastern Europe (west of Russia) had been so far averted. In other words, Hoover not only saved lives, but nations and civilizations, by his superhuman efforts. The political results of his work were but incidental to his life-saving activities, but from an historical and international point of view they were even more important.

Altogether twenty countries received supplies of food and clothing under Hoover's general control acting as Director-General of Relief for the Supreme Economic Council. The total amount of these supplies delivered from December 1, 1918, to December 31, 1919, was about four and a quarter million tons, of a total approximate value of one billion dollars.

The twenty countries sharing in the supplies included Belgium and northern France (through the C. R. B.), the Baltic states of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and

Lithuania, a small part of Russia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, German Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greater Serbia, Turkey, Armenia, Italy, and the neutrals, Denmark and Holland.

## A New Weapon Against Bolshevism

IT WAS inevitable that the power which Hoover exerted through the distribution of food should have its influence in holding back Bolshevism. This ham-bone was the mightiest weapon against anarchy that could be swung. Hoover made a rule that food could go only into regions where it could be safeguarded and controlled. That was a smash against Bolshevism. Bela Kun, the Bolshevik dictator of Hungary for a time, when he scorned the advances of all other messengers, graciously received Hoover's American food men and went so far as to permit them to wear uniforms in Budapest. He was able to play a winning game in Hungary against the Peace Conference and the Supreme Council at Paris, but he was outplayed by soft-voiced, square-jawed Captain "Tommy" Gregory, Hoover's general director for Southeast Europe. And it was this same California lawyer in khaki, turned food man, who, when the communist Kun had passed and the pendulum had swung as dangerously far in the other direction, allowing the audacious Hapsburg, Archduke Joseph, to slip into power, had done most to unseat him.

Gregory, by means of the commandeering of telegraph wires, was able to keep Hoover advised of all the news not only promptly but in good Americanese. His laconic but fully descriptive message to Paris announcing the archduke's passing read: "August 24th. Archie went through the hoop at 8 P.M. to-day."

Governments in Central and Eastern Europe that were not orderly and that were contrary to the wishes of the people had little power when they came into contact with the power of Hoover's ham-bone.

I say again, and many men in the governments of eastern Europe and even in the mighty councils at Paris have said, that Hoover saved Eastern Europe from anarchy and held Bolshevism to its original frontier, and that meant saving Western Europe too.

Then Hoover came back to America to be an American private citizen again. That is what he is now.

The story of Hoover—as far as I can write it to-day—is that of an American who saw a particular kind of service he could render his country and humanity in a great crisis. He rendered it, and in so doing he most truly helped make the world safe for democracy and human ideals. It would only be fair to add to his Belgian citation the larger one of Citizen of the World and Friend of All the People. But he would only be embarrassed if any one attempted to do it now. We can safely leave the matter to history.

**"THE Little God of Hunches,"** by Arthur Crabb, is one of the nine short stories in the July **EVERYBODY'S**. Sam Hicks, whose queer quirks **EVERYBODY'S** readers are beginning to know intimately, misses his guess at last. It's the other man who has a hunch this time, and Sam who doesn't believe in it. He gaily helps work it out just the same, being interested in lovers as usual, and again furnishes Mr. Crabb with a delightful story, one of the cleverest he has ever written.

# "Winner Take All"



"Once to Every Man," "Then I'll Come Back to You," "His Own Home Town"—how these titles recall to you the delightful memories of Larry Evans' novels, which were first published in the Metropolitan. For his thousands of admirers we have the good news of another Larry Evans serial, "Winner Take All," which we will begin publishing in the May Metropolitan. It will be completed in five big installments and Arthur Fuller will paint the illustrations.

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## HIDDEN CREEK

(Continued from page 52)

or a drunken man—not *really* seen them, Mr. Hudson."

"Then he wasn't a real artist after all." Sylvester spoke slowly and carefully. He was pale.

"He l-loved the stars," sobbed Sheila, her broken reserve letting out a flood; "he told me to keep looking at the stars."

"Well, ma'am," Sylvester spoke again, "I never knowed the stars to turn their backs on anything. Barmaids or drunks or kings—they all look about alike to the stars, I reckon. Say, Sheila, maybe you haven't got the pluck for real living. Maybe you're the kind of doll-baby girl that craves sheltering. I reckon I made a big mistake!"

Sheila moved slightly as though his speech had pricked her.

"It kind of didn't occur to me," went on Sylvester, "that you'd care a whole lot about being ig-nored by Momma and Mr. and Mrs. Greely and Girlie. Say, Girlie's got to take her chance same's anybody else. Why don't you give Jim a jolt?"

Sheila at this began to laugh. She caught her breath. She laughed and cried together.

Sylvester patted her shoulder. "Poor kid! You're all in. Late hours too much for you, I reckon. Come on, now—tell Pap everything. Ease off your heart. It's wonderful what crying does for the nervous system. I laid out on a prairie one night when I was about your age and just naturally bawled. You'd 'a' thought I was a baby steer, hanged if you wouldn't 'a' thought so. It's the fight scared you plum' to pieces. Carthy told me about it, and how you let the good-looking kid out by the back. I seen him ride off toward Hidden Creek this morning. He was a real pretty boy too. Say, Sheila, wasn't you ever kissed?"

"No," said Sheila. "And I don't want to be."

Sylvester laughed with a little low cackle of intense pleasure and amusement. "Well, you shan't be. No, you shan't. Nobody shall kiss Sheila!"

His method seemed to him successful. Sheila stopped crying and stopped laughing, dried her eyes, murmured, "I'm all right now, thank you, Mr. Hudson," and fell into an abysmal silence.

HE TALKED smoothly, soothingly, skilfully, confident of his power to manage "gels." Once in a while he saw her teeth gleam as though she smiled. As they came back to Millings in the afterglow of the brief Western twilight, she unfastened her veil and showed a quiet, thoughtful face.

She thanked him, gave him her hand. "Don't come up, please, Mr. Hudson," she said with that cool composure of which at times she was surprisingly capable. "I shall have my dinner sent up and take a little rest before I go to work."

"You feel O K?" he asked her doubtfully. His brown eyes had an almost dog-like wistfulness.

"Quite, thank you." Her easy effortless smile passed across her face and in and out of her eyes.

Hudson stood beside his wheel tapping his teeth and staring after her. The rock-

ers on the veranda stopped their rocking, stopped their talking, stopped their breathing, to see Sheila pass. When she had gone they fastened their attention upon Sylvester. He was not aware of them. He stood there a full three minutes under the glare of publicity. Then he sighed, and climbed into his car.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

## Hudson's Queen

THE lobby, empty of its crowd when Sheila passed through it on her way up to her rooms, was filled by a wheezy bullying voice. In front of the desk, a little barrel of a man with piggish eyes was disputing his bill with Dickie. At the sound of Sheila's entrance he turned, stopped his complaint, watched her pass, and spat into a near-by receptacle. Sheila remembered that he had visited the bar early in the evening before, and had guzzled his whisky and had made some wheezy attempts at gallantry. Dickie, flushed, his hair at wild odds with composure, was going over the bill. In the midst of his calculations the man would interrupt him with a plump, dirty forefinger pounced upon the paper. "Wassa meaning of this item, f'instance? Highway robbery, thassa meaning of it. My wife take breakfast in her room? I'd like to see her try it!"

Sheila went up-stairs. She took off her things, washed off the dust, and changed into the black-and-white barmaid's costume, fastening the frilly apron, the cuffs, the delicate fichu, with mechanical care. She put on the silk stockings and the buckled shoes and the tiny cap. Then she went into her sitting-room, chose the most dignified chair, folded her hands in her lap and waited for Dickie. Waiting, she looked out through the window and saw the glow fade from the snowy crest of the Hill. The evening star let itself delicately down through the sweeping shadows of the earth from some mysterious fastness of invisibility. The room was dim when Dickie's knock made her turn her head.

"Come in."

He appeared, shut the door without looking at her, then came unwillingly across the carpet and stopped at about three steps from her chair, standing with one hand in his pocket. He had slicked down his hair with a wet brush and changed his suit. It was the dark-blue serge he had worn at the dance five months before. What those five months had been to Dickie, through what abasements and exaltations, furies and despairs, he had traveled since he had looked up from Sheila's slippered feet with his heart turned backward like a pilot's wheel, was only faintly indicated in his face. And yet the face gave Sheila a pang. And, unsupported by anger, he was far from formidable, a mere youth. Sheila wondered at her long and sustained persecution of him. She smiled—her lips, her eyes, and her heart.

"Aren't you going to sit down, Dickie? This isn't a school examination."

"If it was," said Dickie with an uncertain attempt at ease, "I wouldn't pass."

He felt for a chair and got into it. He caught a knee in his hand and looked about him. "You've made the room awful pretty, Sheila."

She had spent some of the rather large pay she drew upon coverings of French blue for the plush furniture, upon a dainty yellow porcelain tea-set, upon little oddments of decoration. The wall-paper and carpet were inoffensive, the quietest, probably, in Millings, so that her efforts had met with some success. There was a lounge with cushions, there were some little volumes, a picture of her father, a bowl of pink wild roses, a vase of vivid cactus flowers. Some sketches in water-color, Marcus's most happy medium, had been tacked up. A piece of tapestry decorated the back of the chair Sheila had chosen. In the dim light it all had an air of quiet richness. It seemed a room transplanted to Millings from some finer soil.

Dickie looked at the tapestry because it was the nearest he dared come to looking at Sheila. His hands and knees shook with the terrible beating of his heart. It was not right, thought Dickie resentfully, that any feeling should take hold of a fellow and shake and terrify him so. He threw himself back suddenly and folded his arms tight across his chest.

"You wanted to see me about something?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll give you some tea first."

Dickie's lips fell apart. He said neither yea nor nay, but watched dazedly her preparations, her concoctions, her advance upon him with a yellow tea-cup and a wafer. He did not stand up to take it, and he knew too late that this was a blunder. He tingled with shame.

SHEILA went back to her chair and sipped from her own cup.

"I've been angry with you for three months now, Dickie."

"Yes'm," he said meekly.

"That's the longest I've ever been angry with any one in my life. Once I hated a teacher for two weeks, and it almost killed me. But what I felt about her was—was weakness to the way I've felt about you."

"Yes'm," again said Dickie. His tea was terribly hot and burnt his tongue, so that tears stood in his eyes.

"And I suppose you've been angry with me?"

"No, ma'am."

Sheila was not particularly pleased with this gentle reply. "Why, Dickie, you *know* you have!"

"No, ma'am."

"Then why haven't you spoken to me? Why have you looked that way at me?"

"I don't speak to folks that don't speak to me," said Dickie, lifting the wafer as though its extreme lightness were faintly repulsive to him.

"Well," said Sheila bitterly, "you haven't been alone in your attitude. Very few people have been speaking to me. My only loyal friends are Mr. Hudson and Amelia Plecks and Carthy and Jim. Jim made no promises about being my guardian, but—"

"But he *is* your guardian?" Dickie

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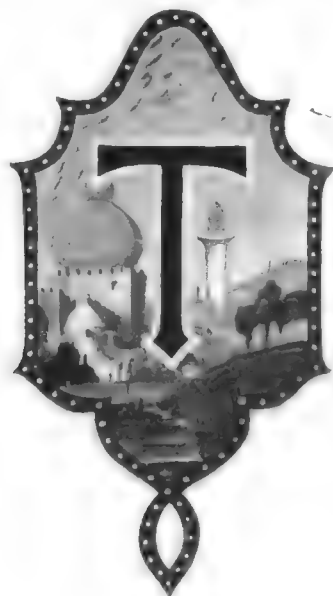
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drawled the question slightly. His gift of faint irony and impersonal detachment flicked Sheila's temper as it had always flicked his father's.

"Jim is my friend," Sheila maintained in defiance of a still small voice. "He has given me a pony and has taken me riding——"

"Yes'm, I've saw you—" Dickie's English was peculiarly fallible in moments of emotion. Now he seemed determined to cut Sheila's description short. "Say, Sheila, did you send for me to tell me about this lovely friendship of yours with Jim?"

Sheila set her cup down on the window-sill. She did not want to lose her temper with Dickie. She brushed a wafer crum from her knee.

"No, Dickie, I didn't. I sent for you because after all, though I've been so angry with you, I've known in my heart that—that—you are a loyal friend and that you tell the truth."

This admission was an effort. Sheila's pride suffered to the point of bringing a dim sound of tears into her voice.

Dickie did not speak. He, too, put down his tea-cup and his wafer, side by side on the floor near his chair. He put his elbows on his knees and bent his head down as though he were examining his thin, locked hands.

Sheila waited for a long minute, then she said angrily, "Aren't you glad I think that of you?"

"Yes'm." Dickie's voice was indistinct.

"You don't seem glad."

Dickie made some sort of struggle. Sheila could not quite make out its nature. "I am glad. I'm so glad that it kind of—hurts," he said.

"Oh!" That, at least, was pleasant intelligence to a wounded pride.

Fortified, Sheila began the real business of the interview. "You are not an artist, Dickie," she said, "and you don't understand why your father asked me to work at the Aura, nor why I wanted to work there. It was your entire inability to understand——"

"Entire inability—" whispered Dickie, as though he were taking down the phrase with an intention of looking it up later.

This confused Sheila. "Your—your entire inability," she repeated rapidly, "your—your entire inability——"

"Yes'm. I've got that."

"To understand, that made me so angry that day." Sheila was glad to be rid of that obstruction. She had planned this speech rather carefully in the watches of the wakeful feverish morning which had been her night. "You seemed to be trying to pull your father and me down to some lower spiritual level of your own."

"Lower spiritual level," repeated Dickie.

"Dickie, stop that, please!"

He looked up, startled by her sharpness. "Stop what, ma'am?"

"SAYING things after me. It's insufferable."

"Insufferable—oh, I suppose it is. You're usin' so many words, Sheila. I'd kind of forgotten there was so many words as you're makin' use of this afternoon."

"Oh, Dickie, Dickie! Can't you see how miserable I am? I am so unhappy and—and scared, and you—you are making fun of me."

At that, spoken in a changed and quivering key of helplessness, Dickie hurried to her, knelt down beside her chair and took her hands.

"Sheila! I'll do anything!"

His presence, his boyish, quivering touch, so withheld from anything but boyishness, even the impulsive humility of his thin, kneeling body, were inexpressibly soothing, inexpressibly comfortable. She did not draw away her hands. She let them cling to his.

"Dickie, will you answer me, quite truthfully and simply, without any explaining or softening, please, if I ask you a—dreadful question?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm not sure if it is a dreadful question, but—but I'm afraid it is."

"Don't worry. Ask me. Surely, I'll answer you the truth without any fixin's."

Her hands clung a little closer. She was silent; gathering courage. He felt her slim knees quiver.

"What do they mean, Dickie," she whispered with a wan look, "when they call me 'Hudson's Queen'?"

DICKIE bent from her look as though he felt a pain. He took her hands up close to his breast. "Who told you that they called you that?" he asked breathlessly.

"That's what every one calls me—the men over in the Big Horn country—they tell men that are coming to Millings to be sure to look up 'Hudson's Queen.' Do they mean the hotel, Dickie? They do mean the hotel, don't they, Dickie? That I am the Hudson's Queen?"

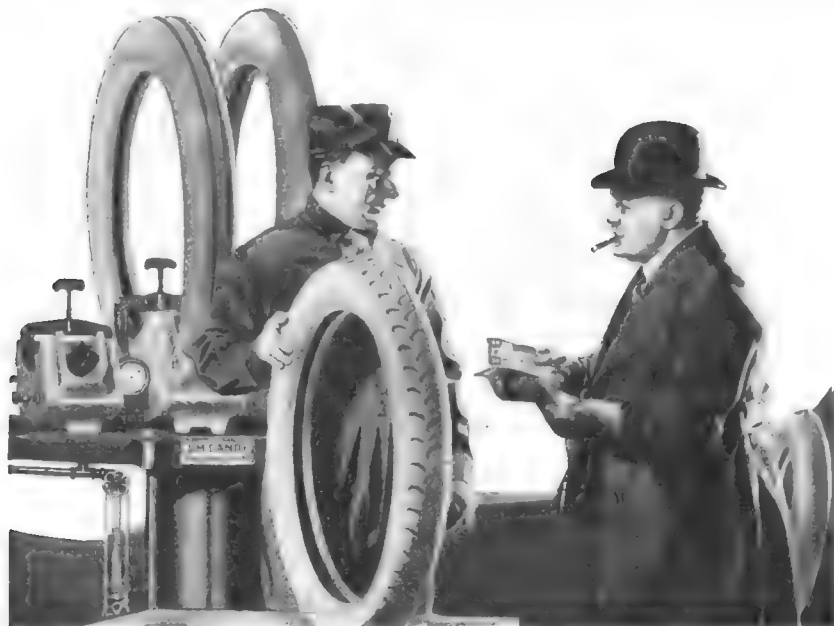
The truth sometimes presents itself like a withering flame. Dickie got up, put away her hands, walked up and down, then came back to her. He had heard the epithet and he knew its meaning. He wrestled now with his longing to keep her from such understanding, or, at least, to soften it. She had asked for the clear truth, and he had promised it to her. He stood away, because he could not trust himself to endure the wincing of her hands and body when she heard the truth. He hoped dimly that she might not understand it.

"They don't mean the hotel, Sheila," he said harshly. "They mean father. You know now what they mean?" In her stricken and bewildered eyes he saw that she did know. "I would like to kill them," sobbed Dickie suddenly. "I would like to kill him. No, no, Sheila, don't you cry. Don't you. It's not worth cryin' for. It's jest ignorant folks's ignorant, stupid talk. It's not worth cryin' for."

He sat down on the arm of her chair and fairly gathered her into his arms. He rocked and patted her shoulder and kissed her gently on her hair, all with that boyishness, that brotherliness, that vast restraint, so that she could not even guess the strange and unimaginable pangs he suffered from his self-control.

Before Dickie's resolution was burnt away by the young inner fire, Sheila withdrew herself gently from his arms and got up from the chair. She walked over to one of the two large windows and stood—the sunset windows she called them, in contradistinction to the one sunrise window—composing herself, her hands twisted together and lifted to the top of the lower sash, her forehead rested on them.

A rattle of china, a creaking step



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outside the door, interrupted the tremulous silence, in which who knows what mysterious currents were passing between their young minds.

"It's my dinner," said Sheila, and Dickie walked over mechanically and opened the door.

Amelia Plecks came panting into the room, set the tray down on a small table, and looked contempt at Dickie.

"There now, Miss Arundel," she said with breathless tenderness, "I've procured a dandy chop for you. You said you was kind of famished for a lamb chop, and of course in a sheep country good mutton's real hard to come by, and this ain't, properly speaking, lamb, but—! Well, say, it's just dandy meat."

She ignored Dickie as one might ignore the presence of some obnoxious insect in the reception-room of a queen. Her eyes were disgustingly fascinated by his presence, but in her conversation she would not admit this preoccupation of disgust.

"I'll be going," said Dickie.

Amelia nodded as one who applauds the becoming move of an inferior.

"Here's a note for you, Miss Arundel," she said, coming over to Sheila's post at the window, where she was trying to hide the traces of her tears. "Well, say, who's been botherin' you?" Amelia's voice went down a long, threatening octave to a sinister bass note, at the voicing of which she turned to look at Dickie.

"Good night, Sheila," he said diffidently, and Sheila, coming quickly toward him, put out her hand. The note Amelia had handed her fell. Dickie and Amelia both bent to pick it up.

"No, you don't," said Amelia, snatching it and accusing him by her tone of inexpressibly base intentions. "Say, Miss Arundel," in a whisper of thrilled confidence, "Mister Jim! Uh?"

"Thank you, Dickie," murmured Sheila, half embarrassed, half amused by her adoring follower's innuendoes. "Thank you for everything. I shall have to think what I can do. Good night."

**DICKIE**, his eyes forcibly held away from Jim's note, murmured "Good night, ma'am," and went out, closing the door with exaggerated gentleness. The quietness of his departure seemed to spare Sheila's sensitiveness.

"Ain't he a worm, though!" exclaimed Amelia, sparing nobody's sensitiveness.

"He's nothing of the sort," Sheila protested indignantly. "He is a dear!"

Amelia opened her prominent eyes and pursed her lips. A reassuring light dawned on her bewilderment. "Oh, say, dearie, I wasn't speakin' of your Mister Jim. I was makin' reference to Dickie."

Sheila thrust the note into her pocket and went over to the table to light her lamp. "I know quite well that you meant Dickie," she said. "Nobody in Millings would ever dream of comparing Mr. James Greely to a worm, even if he came out from the ground just in time for the early bird to peck him. I know that."

"You're ornery to-night, dearie," announced Amelia, and with exemplary tact she creaked and breathed herself to the door. There she had a relapse from tactfulness, however, and planted herself to stare. "Ain't you goin' to read your note?"

Sheila, to be rid of her, unfolded the

paper and read. It was quite beautifully penned, in green ink on violet paper.

"My darling—Why not permit me to call you that when it is the simple and sincere truth?" An astonished little voice in Sheila's brain here seemed to counter-question mechanically—"Why not, indeed?" "I can not think of anything but you and how I love you. These little notes I am going to keep a-sending you are messengers of love. You will never meet with a more tremendous lover than me. Be *my* Queen," Jim had written with a great climatic splash of ink, and he had signed himself "Your James."

Sheila's face was crimson when she put down the note. She stared straight in front of her for an instant, with very large eyes in this scarlet rose of countenance, and then she crumpled into mirth. She put her face into her hands and rocked. It seemed as though a giant of laughter had caught her about the ribs.

Amelia stared and felt a wound. She swallowed a lump of balked sentiment as she went out. Her idol was faintly tarnished, her heroine's stature perceptibly diminished. The sort of Madame du Barry atmosphere with which Sheila's image was surrounded in Amelia's fancy, lost a little of its rosy glow. The favorite of kings, the amorita of dukes, does not rock with laughter over scented notes from a High Desirable.

"She ain't just quite up to it," was Amelia's comment, which she probably could not have explained even to herself.

Sheila presently was done with laughter. She ate a nibble of dinner as soberly as Amelia could have wished, then sat back, her eyes closed, with a resolve to think clearly, closely; in some way to plan her life.

But Jim's note, which had so roused her amusement, began to force itself in another fashion upon her. She discovered that it was an insolent note; it was an insufferable note. It insinuated everything; it suggested—everything. It was a boastful messenger. It swaggered maleishly. It threw out its chest and smacked its lips. "See what a sad dog my master is," it said; "a regular devil of a fellow." Sheila found her thoughts confused by anger. She found that she was too disturbed for any clear decision. She was terribly weary, and full of dread for the long night before her. And a startled look at her clock told her it was time now to go over to the saloon.

**S**HE got up, went to her mirror, smoothed her rippled hair with two strokes of a brush, readjusted her cap and decided that for once, a little powder on the nose was a necessity. Carthy must not see that she had been crying. As it was her brilliant color was suspicious, and her eyes, with their deep distended look of tears.

She drew a breath, put out her light and went down the back stairs to a narrow alley. It led from the hotel to the street that ran back of the Aura—the street to which she had taken young Hilliard the night before.

The alley seemed to Sheila, as she stepped into it from the glare of the lighted hotel, a stream of cool and silvery light. Above lay a strip of tender sky in which already the stars shook. In this high atmosphere they were always tremulous, dancing, beating, almost leaping,



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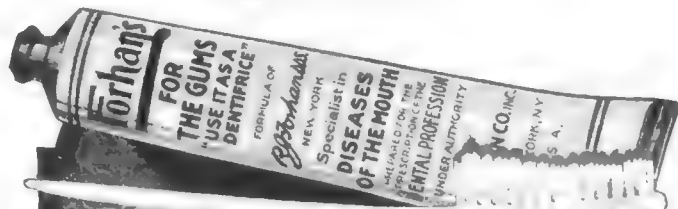
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with a fulness of quick light. They seemed very near to the edges of the alley walls, to be especially visiting it with their detached regard, peering down for some small divine occasion for influence. Sheila prayed to them a desperate prayer of human helplessness.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### Sylvester Celebrates.

"HEY, you girl there! Hi! Hey!" These exclamations, called in a resonant, deep-chested voice, succeeded at last in attracting Sheila's attention. She had lingered at the alley's mouth shirking her entrance into the saloon, and now she saw, half-way down the short wide street, a gesticulating figure.

At first, as she obeyed the summons, she thought the summoner a man, but on near view it proved itself a woman, of broad massive hips and shoulders, dressed in a man's flannel shirt and a pair of large corduroy trousers, their legs tucked into high cowboy boots. She wore no hat, and her hair was cut square across her neck and forehead; hair of a dark rusty red it was, and matched eyes like dark panes of glass before a fire, red-brown and very bright; ruddy eyes in a square ruddy face, which, with its short, straight, wide-bridged nose, well-shaped lips, square chin and brilliant teeth, made up a striking and not unattractive countenance.

"I've got a horse here that won't stand," said the woman. "Will you hold his head? Can leaning back here in my wagon, leaking all over my other stuff."

The horse came round the corner. He moved resolutely to meet them. He was the boniest small horse Sheila had ever seen; a shadow of a horse, one-eyed, morose, embittered. The harness hung loose upon his meagerness, the shafts stuck up like the points of a large collar on a small old man.

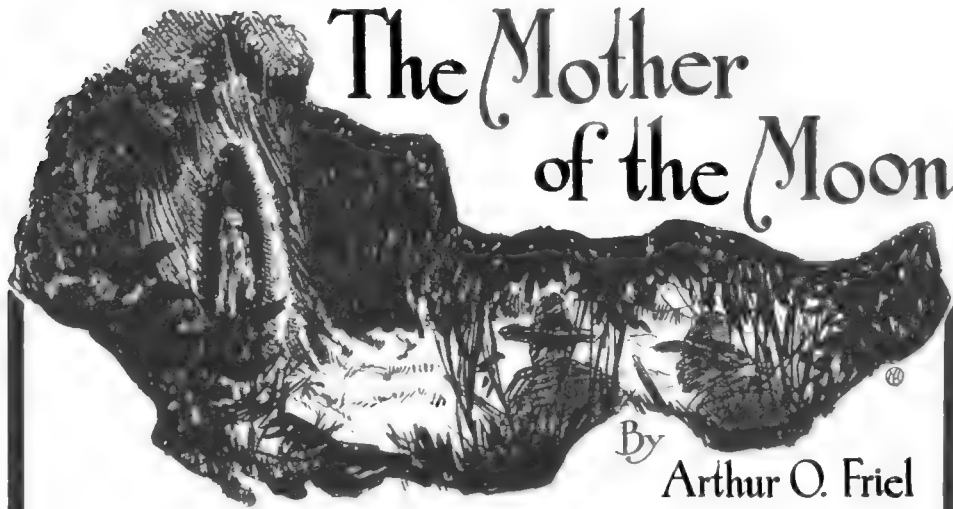
"He's not running away," explained the owner superfluously, "it's just that he can't stop. You'd think to look at him that stopping would be his favorite sport. But you'd be mistaken. Go he must. He's kind of always crazy to get there—Lord knows where—probably to the end of his life."

Sheila held the horse and rubbed his nose with her small and gentle hand. The creature drooped under the caress, and let its lower lip with a few stiff white hairs hang and quiver bitterly. It half-closed its one useful eye, a pale eye of intense colorless disillusionment.

When the wagon stopped, a dog which was trotting under it stopped too, and lay down in the dust panting. Sheila bent her head a little to see the dog. She had a child's intense interest in animals. Through the dimness she made out a big wolfish creature with a splendid clean gray coat, his pointed nose, short pointed ears, deep wild eyes and scarlet tongue set in a circular ruff of black. His bushy tail curled up over his back.

"What kind of dog is that?" asked Sheila, thinking the great animal under the wagon better fitted to pull the load than the shadowy little horse in front of it.

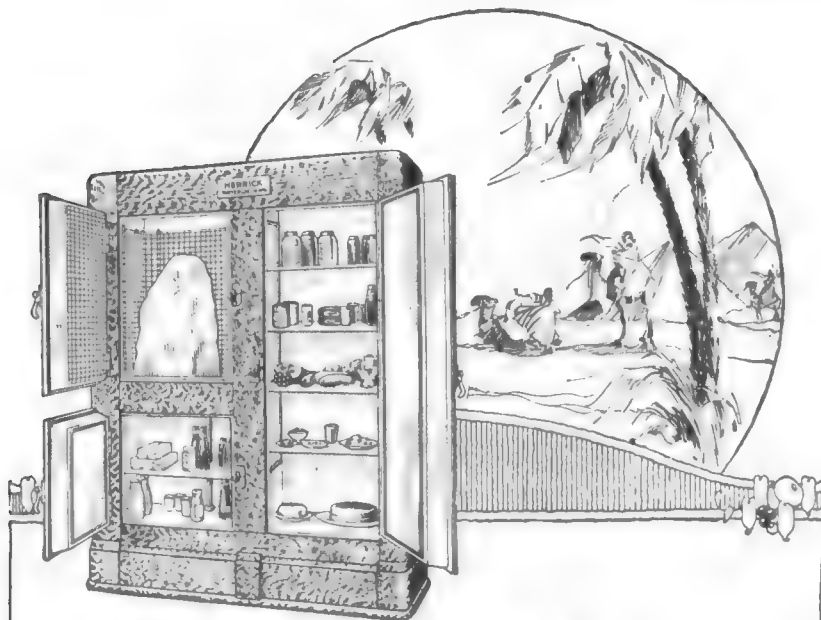
"Quarter wolf," answered the woman in her casual manner of speech, her resonant voice falling pleasantly on the light coolness of the evening air. "Malamute.



"LISTEN, *senhores!* ..... that weird, blood-curdling cry which makes your flesh creep ..... that call coming out of the black bush has aroused a memory ..... it is a *mae da lua*, the owl called by the natives of the Amazon rubber country the Mother of the Moon." But let the old Brazilian rubber worker tell you the weird, mysterious tale—of a haunted hollow tree in the still silver moonlight ..... a horrible cry which struck men cold ..... mysterious death lurking in the shadows of the massive trunk. It is but one of TEN corking stories—including a complete novel and a complete novelette—in the Mid-June number of

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WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

This fellow was littered on the body of a  
dead man."

Sheila had also the child's interest in  
tales. "Tell me about it?" she begged  
fervently.

The woman stopped in her business of  
tying down a canvas cover over her load,  
and gave Sheila an amused and searching  
look. She held an iron spike between her  
teeth, but spoke around it skillfully.

"Arctic exploration it was. My brother  
was one of the party. 'Twas he brought  
me home Berg. Berg's mother was one  
of the sledge dogs. Party was ship-  
wrecked, starved, most of the dogs eaten,  
one man dead. Berg's mother littered on  
the body one night. Next morning they  
were rescued and the new family was  
saved. Otherwise I guess they'd have  
had a puppy stew, and Berg and his wife  
and family wouldn't be earning their liv-  
ing with me."

"How do they earn their living?" asked  
Sheila, still peering at the hero of the tale.

"They pull my sled about winters, Hid-  
den Creek."

"Oh, you live in the Hidden Creek  
country?"

"Yes. Got a ranch up not far from the  
source. Ever been over the Hill?"

She came toward Sheila, gathered the  
reins into her strong hands, held them in  
her teeth and began to pull on her can-  
vas gloves. She talked with the reins be-  
tween her teeth as she had with the spike,  
her enunciation triumphantly forceful and  
distinct.

"Some day I'm coming over the Hill,"  
said Sheila, less successful with a contrac-  
tion in her throat.

**T**HE woman made a few strides. Now  
she was looking shrewdly, close into  
Sheila's face.

"You're a biscuit-shooter at the hotel?"

"No. I work in the saloon."

"In the saloon? Oh, sure. Bar-maid.  
I've heard of you."

Here she put a square finger-tip under  
Sheila's chin and looked even closer than  
before. "Not happy, are you?" she said.  
She moved away abruptly. "Tired of  
town life. Been crying. Well, when you  
want to pull out, come over to my ranch.  
I need a girl. I'm kind of lonesome win-  
ters. It's a pretty place if you aren't  
looking for street-lamps and talking-ma-  
chines. You don't hear much more than  
coyotes and the river and the pines, and  
if you're looking for high lights you can  
see the stars."

She climbed up to her seat, using the  
hub of her wheel for a foothold and spring-  
ing with surprising agility and strength.

Sheila stepped aside and the horse  
started instantly. She made a few hurried  
steps to keep up.

"Thank you," she said, looking up into  
the ruddy eyes that looked down. "I'll  
remember that. What is your name?"

"Christina Blake, Miss Blake. I'll  
make the Hill before morning if I'm lucky.  
Less dust and heat by night, and the horse  
has loafed since morning. I mean  
that about coming to my place. Any time.  
Good-by to you."

She smiled a smile as casual in its way  
as Sheila's own. Berg, under the wagon,  
trotted silently. He looked neither to  
right nor left. His wild, deep-set eyes were  
fastened on the heels of the small horse.  
He looked as though he were trotting

Original from

relentlessly toward some wolfish goal of satisfied hunger. Sheila conquered an impulse to run after the wagon, shut her hands tight and walked in at the back door of the saloon.

A teamster, with a lean fatherly face, his mouth veiled by a shaggy blond mustache, his eyes as blue as larkspur, smiled at her across the bar.

"Hullo," said he. "How's your pony?"

Sheila had struck up one of her sudden friendships with this man, who visited the saloon at regular intervals. This question warmed her heart. The little pony of Jim's giving was dear. She thought of his soft eyes and snuggling nose almost as often and as fondly as a lover thinks of the face of his lady.

"Tuck's splendid, Mr. Thatcher," she said, leaning her elbows on the bar and cupping her chin in her hands. Her face was bright with its tender Puckish look. "He's too cute. He can take sugar out of my apron pocket. And he'll shake hands. I'd just love you to see him. Will you be here to-morrow afternoon?"

"No, ma'am. I'm pullin' out about sun-up. Round the time you tumble into bed. Got to make the Hill."

"How's your baby?"

A SHINING smile rewarded her interest in the recent invalid. "Fine and dandy. You ought to see her walk!"

"Isn't that splendid! And how's the little boy? Is he with you?"

"No, ma'am. I kind of left him to mind the ranch. He's gettin' to be a real rancher, that boy. He was sure sorry not to make Millings this trip, though. Say, he was sot on seein' you. I told him about you."

Sheila's face flamed and her eyes smarted. Gratitude and shame possessed her. This man, then, did not speak of her as "Hudson's Queen"—not if he told his boy about her. She turned away to hide the flame and smart. When she looked back, Sylvester himself stood at Thatcher's elbow. He very rarely came into the saloon. At sight of him Sheila's heart leaped as though it had been struck.

"Say, Sheila," he murmured, "I'm celebrating to-night."

She tried to dismiss from her mind its new and ugly consciousness. She tried to smile. The result was an expression strange enough.

Sylvester, however, missed it. He was dressed in one of the brown-checked suits, a new one, freshly creased; there was a red wild-rose bud in his buttonhole. The emerald gleamed on his well-kept sallow hand. He was sipping from his glass, and had put a confidential hand on Thatcher's shoulder. He grinned at Carthy.

"Well, sir," he said, "nobody has inquired as to my celebration. But I'm not proud. I'll tell you. I'm celebrating to-night the winning of a bet."

"That's sure a deservin' cause," said Thatcher.

"Yes, sir. Had a bet with Carthy here. Look at him blush! Carthy sure-ly hates to be wrong. And he's mostly right in his prog-nos-ti-cations. He sure is. You bet yer. That's why I'm so festive."

"What'd he prognosticate?" asked Thatcher obligingly. He had moved his shoulder away from Hudson's hand.

Sylvester wrinkled his upper lip into its



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smile and looked down into his glass. He turned his emerald.

"Carthy prophesied that about this time a little—er—dream—of mine would go bust," said Hudson. He lifted up his eyes pensively to Sheila, first his eyes and then his glass. "Here's to my dream—you, girl," he said softly.

He drank with his eyes upon her face, drew a deep breath and looked about the room.

Thatcher glanced from him to Sheila. "Good-night to you, ma'am," he said with gentleness. "Next time I'll bring the boy."

"Please, please do."

Sheila put her hand in his. He looked down at it as though something had startled him. In fact, her touch was like a flake of snow.

When Thatcher had gone, Sylvester leaned closer to her across the bar. He moved his glass around in his hand and looked up at her humbly.

"The tables kind of turned, eh?" he said.

"WHAT do you mean, Mr. Hudson?"

Sheila, by lifting her voice, tried to dissipate the atmosphere of confidence, of secrecy. Carthy had moved away from them; the other occupants of the saloon were very apparently not listening.

"Well, ma'am," Sylvester explained, "six months ago I was kind of laying claim to gratitude from you, and now it's the other way round."

"Yes," she said. "But I am still grateful." The words came, however, with a certain unwillingness, a certain lack of spontaneity.

"Are you, though?" He put his head on one side so that Sheila was reminded of Dickie. For the first time a sort of shadowy resemblance between father and son was apparent to her. "Well, you've wiped the reckoning off the slate by what you've done for me. You've given me my Aura. Say, you have been my fairy godmother, all right. Talk about wishes coming true!"

Again he looked about the room and that wistfulness of the visionary stole into his face. His eyes came back to her with an expression that was almost beautiful. "If only that Englishman was here," he sighed. "Yes, ma'am. I'm sure celebrating to-night!"

It was soon very apparent that he was celebrating. For an hour he stood every newcomer to a drink, and then he withdrew to a table in a shadowy corner, and sitting there, tilted against the wall, he sipped from his glass, smoked and dreamed. Hour after hour of the slow, noisy night went by and still he sat there, watching Sheila through the smoke, seeing in her, more and more glowingly, the body of his dream.

It was after dawn when Sheila touched Carthy's elbow. The big Irishman looked down at her small drawn face.

"Mr. Carthy," she whispered, "would it be all right if I went home now? It's earlier than usual, but I'm so—awfully tired."

There was so urgent an air of secrecy in her manner that Carthy muttered his permission out of one corner of his mouth. Sheila melted from his side.

The alley that had been silvery cool with dusk was now even more silvery cool

with morning twilight. Small sunrise clouds were winging over it like golden doves. Sheila did not look at them. She ran breathless to her door, opened it, and found herself face to face with Dickie.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### The Light of Dawn.

THERE was a light of dawn in the room, and through the open window blew in the keen air of daybreak. Dickie was standing quite still in the middle of the floor. He was more neat and groomed than Sheila had ever seen him. His hair was sleek and wet so that it was dark above the pallor of his face. His suit was carefully put on; his cuffs and collar were clean. He did not have the look of a man that has been awake all night, nor did he look as though he had ever been asleep. His face and eyes were alight, his lips firm and delicate with feeling.

Before him Sheila felt old and stained. The smoke and fumes of the bar hung about her. She was shamed by the fresh youthfulness of his slender eager carriage and of his eyes.

"Dickie," she faltered, and stood against the door drooping wearily, "what are you doing here at this hour?"

"What does the hour matter?" he asked impatiently. "Come over to the window. I want you to look at this big star. I've been watching it. It's almost gone. It's like a white bird flying straight into the sun."

He was imperative, laid his cool hand upon hers and drew her to the window. They stood facing the sunrise.

"Why did you come here?" again asked Sheila. The beauty of the sky only deepened her misery and shame.

"Because I couldn't wait any longer than one night. It's sure been an awful long night for me, Sheila—Sheila—" He drew the hand he still held close to him with a trembling touch and laid his other hand over it. Then she felt the terrible beating of his heart, felt that he was shaking. "Sheila, I love you."

She hid her face against the curtain, turned from him. She felt nothing but weariness and shame. She was like a leaden weight tied coldly to his throbbing youth. Her hand under his was hot and lifeless like a scorched rose.

"I want you to come away with me. You can't keep on a-working in that saloon. You can't a-bear to have folks saying and thinking the fool things they do. And I can't a-bear it even if you can. I'd go loco, and kill. Sheila, I've been thinking all night, just setting on the edge of my bed and thinking. Sheila, if you will marry me, I will promise you to take care of you. I won't let you suffer any. I will die"—his voice rocked on the word, spoken with an awful sincerity of young love—"before I let you suffer any. If you could love me a little bit"—he stopped as though that leaping heart had sprung up into his throat—"only a little bit, Sheila," he whispered, "may-be—"

"I can't," she said. "I can't love you that way even a little bit. I can't marry you, Dickie. I wish I could. I am so tired."

She drew her hand away, or rather, it fell from the slackening grasp of his, and



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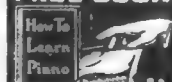
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hung at her side. She looked up from the curtain to his face. It was still alight and tender and pale.

"You're real sure, Sheila, that you *never* could? That you'd rather go on with this?"

She pressed all the curves and the color out of her lips, still looking at him, and nodded her head.

"I can't stay in Millings," Dickie said, "and work in Poppa's hotel and watch this, Sheila—unless, some way, I can help you."

"Then you'd better go," she said lifelessly, "because I can't see what else there is for me to do. Oh, I sha'n't go on with it for very long, of course—"

He came an eager half step nearer. "Then, anyway, you'll let me go away and work, and when I've kind of got a start, you'll let me come back and—and see if—if you feel any sort of—different from what you do now? It wouldn't be so awful long. I'd work like—like hell." His thin hand shot into a fist.

Sheila's lassitude was startled by his words into a faint, unwilling smile.

"Don't laugh at me!" he cried out.

"Oh, Dickie, my dear, I'm not laughing. I'm so tired I can hardly stand. And truly, you must go now. I'm horrid to you. I always am. And yet I do like you so much. And you are such a dear. And I feel there's something great about you. I should be glad for you to leave Millings. There is a much better chance for you away from Millings. I feel years old to-day. I think I've grown up too old all at once, and missed lovely things that I ought to have had. Dickie—" she gave a dry sort of sob—"you are one of the lovely things."

**H**IS arms drew gently round her. "Let me kiss you, Sheila," he pleaded with tremulous lips. "I want just to kiss you once for good-by. I'll be so careful. If you knowed how I feel, you'd let me."

She lifted up her mouth like an obedient child. Then, back of Dickie, she saw Sylvester's face.

It was more sallow than usual. Its upper lip was drawn away from the teeth and deeply wrinkled. The eyes, half closed, were very soft; they looked as though there were a veil across their pensiveness. He caught Dickie's elbow in his hand, twisted him about, thrusting a knee into his back, and with his other long bony hand he struck him brutally across the face. The emerald on his finger caught the light of the rising sun and flashed like a little stream of green fire.

Dickie, caught unawares by superior strength, was utterly defenseless. He writhed and struggled vainly, gasping under the blows. Sylvester forced him across the room, still inflicting punishment. His hand made a great cracking sound at every slap. Sheila hid her face from the dreadful sight. "Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she wailed again and again.

Then it was over. Dickie was flung out, the door was locked against him, and Sylvester came back across the floor.

His collar stood up in a half-moon back of his ears, his hair fell across his forehead, his face was flushed, his lip bled. He had either bitten it himself, or Dickie had struck it. But he seemed quite calm, only a little breathless. He was neither snarling nor smiling now. He took Sheila

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very gently by the wrists, drawing her hands down from her face, and he put her arms at their full length behind her, holding them there.

"You meet Dickie here when you're through work, dream-girl," he said gently. "You kiss Dickie when you leave my Aura, you little beacon-light. I've kept my hands off you and my lips off you and my mind off you, because I thought you were too fine and good for anything but my ideal. And all this while you've been sneaking up here to Dickie and Jim, and Lord knows who else besides. Now I am a-going to kiss you and then you gotta get out of Millings. Do you hear? After I've kissed you you ain't good enough for my purpose—not for mine."

Gathering both her hands in one of his, he put the hard long fingers of his free hand back of her head, holding it from wincing or turning, and his mouth dropped upon hers and seemed to smother out her life. She tasted whisky and the blood from his cut lips.

"YOU won't tell me, any way, that lie again," he panted, keeping his face close, staring into her wide eyes of a horrified childishness—"that you've never been kissed."

Again his lips fastened on her mouth. He let her go, strode to the door, unlocked it and went out.

She had fallen to the floor, her head against the chair. She beat the chair with her hands, calling softly on her father and on her God. She reproached them both. "You told me it was a good old world," she sobbed. "You told me it was a good old world!"

*The next instalment of "Hidden Creek" will appear in the July number.*

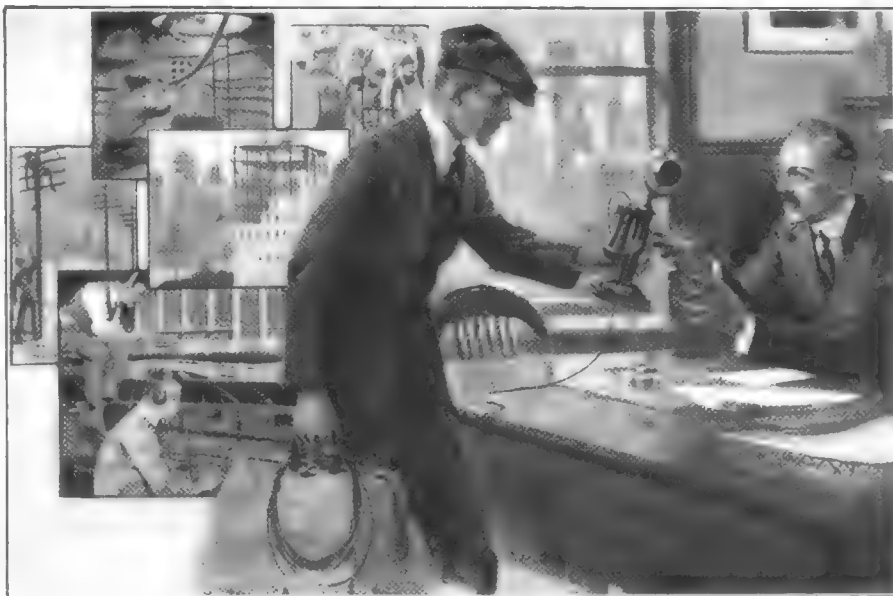
## I Love You, Life

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

LIFE, you have beaten me; but still,  
With stinging wounds, I kiss your hand,  
Though you have tortured me until  
My joy was crushed, my hope, my will,  
For things I did not understand;  
Though I have trembled at your power  
And wept in terror hour by hour;  
For all our struggling hate, and strife,  
I love you, Life!

Though what I build you still destroy;  
Though what I seek and hoard you take;  
Though you have snatched joy after joy  
From my weak hands, and though you break  
My heart, and all my dreams dispel,  
And silence every drum and fife  
That make my march less terrible,  
I love you, Life!

And, Life, for all your cruel powers,  
For all your proud brutality,  
How wonderful the few brief hours  
When you are kind to me!



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## JIMMIE PULLS A MIRACLE

(Continued from page 65)

Sure—you bet your life I'll cover you if anything breaks."

When Jimmie had completed the rounds of the suspicious city editors, he subways up to the Mark Green suite, and was whistling cheerfully and happily as he swung open the neatly lettered door of his own office.

He paused in the midst of an effusive and extravagant bow to Mary, amazed at the transfiguration he beheld. Her cheeks burned with an unaccustomed color. Her eyes—those somber, alluring, baffling eyes—had lost their customary far-awayness. They shone like radiantly beautiful twin stars. And they were gazing straight at Jimmie—or at least he fancied they were.

Jimmie's heart gave an extra fillip. Gee, she was a peach! Then he observed that the brilliance of the eyes was due, in part at least, to the tears in which they swam.

"Hello—everything all right?" he inquired.

"Yes—I think so. I—I hope so."

Her voice trembled a little as she spoke. She was hoping so very fervently.

Jimmie bounded to her side. "You've been crying," he said. "Tell me—has anything happened?"

"N-no—yes—oh, I d-don't know," she quavered, breaking again into those queer little half-laughing, half-crying sobs.

As we have said before, Jimmie was a practical young man, and what he wanted he went after—when the going seemed best.

He bent tenderly over her. "There, there, don't cry," he soothed, laying a caressing hand on her shoulder.

Mary probably didn't realize that he was touching her. At any rate she did not draw away.

Emboldened, he drew a chair close to her own, and seating himself, drew her head down on his breast.

For a moment she remained there, shaking with sobs. Then she realized where she was and drew back sharply.

"Please—please," she begged.

"Oh, nobody's going to see," he laughed indulgently. "But—oh, well—you're going to dry up those little pearl tears now, and run along home. To-morrow'll be another day, and you'll feel better and we'll talk things over, eh?"

Jimmie drew her up from her seat and got out her coat. As he helped her into it, he reached both hands over her shoulders under pretext of adjusting it about her throat—letting them linger somewhat longer than was necessary. Mary made no protest. She didn't even realize that Jimmie was there.

Finally he bundled her out to the street and hailed a taxicab.

"Till to-morrow," he said brightly as the machine started.

BACK again in the office, Jimmie puffed out his chest and strutted.

"Oh, man!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Maybe little Jimmie doesn't understand the ladies! And to-morrow I start in right where I left off to-day!"

The telephone rang. Jimmie lifted off the receiver and spoke a genial "Hello." He was feeling like a king.

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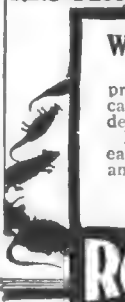
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"Hello, yourself, Jimmie. This is Aimée."

"Oh," he said in another tone.

"Why, Jimmie Jackson—you talk like a crab," said Mademoiselle de la Vergne sharply. "Aren't you glad to hear from me?"

"Why—sure."

Jimmie lied as convincingly as he could. He had to keep Aimée in a good humor, or she'd probably spill the whole thing to the newspapers—and then wouldn't he get the merry razz?

"You bet I'm glad to hear from you," he declared stoutly. "I was just thinking about you. What's on your dear little mind, sweetness?"

"Well, I'm all dolled up in my sweet, innocent, clinging-vine clothes. I thought maybe you'd like to take me to dinner and give them the once over."

"Surest thing you know. Six-thirty? Down in the lobby? All righty, I'll be there. G'by."

He hung up the receiver.

"Anyhow, it'll be interesting to see if she can make herself look like that picture," he said philosophically.

WE SKIP lightly over the tedious hours that stood between Mary and her supposed tryst with Alice Morton at the glittering portals of the Splendora Theatre. She was there, of course, long before the stated hour; pacing nervously to and fro in the eddying crowd; eagerly scanning faces; pacing; waiting; hoping.

She was so much engrossed in her search that she failed to see Mr. Mark Green—who could have told her it wasn't any use to wait for Alice Morton—as he hurried into the theatre to see how things were going. Similarly, she missed Jimmie, when he breezed along a few minutes later with Mademoiselle de la Vergne—now sweet, innocent Amy Smith—clinging tenderly to his arm. Mary had eyes only for the trim figure of her old chum, Alice, and thoughts only for the high, high hopes and the black, black fears that played tag with each other in her brain. She probably wouldn't have noticed even the object of these thoughts himself, had some capricious chance blown him across her path—which it didn't.

At eight-ten, Mary's heart began to sink. Alice had been noted, in the old circle, for her promptness. Could it be that—But no, she would not, could not, believe that, she told herself fiercely. Would not even think of it. It must be true. It *must*!

The seconds rolled by like hours. Still no sign of Alice.

"I must have missed her," Mary said blankly. Then she began looking again.

At eight-fifteen she gave up hope of finding Alice, and determined to go in alone. It was a forlorn hope now. But still—

Jimmie's publicity stunt had worked like a charm, and the house was well filled.

"I can give you a seat down in front," an usher told her laconically.

"Yes, I—want to be—down in front," she panted.

He led her to a seat almost directly in front of that which had been reserved for Mademoiselle de la Vergne. She sank limply into it and waited.

The red-plush curtains to right and left of the screen wavered; then they were pushed back, and two lines of musicians filed silently in.

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Somewhere in the dim, back-screen regions, a hand touched an electric switch, and the auditorium was dark. Another switch was pushed, and concealed lights shone out, bathing the audience in a pale blue haze like the eerie half-radiance that comes just before full dawn.

The conductor raised his baton.

Slowly, softly, the violins began to croon, lullaby-fashion; singing to a world at rest. Mr. Green took great pride in his lighting effects and incidental music.

Slowly, evenly, the hand behind the scenes touched other switches, and a flood of reddish gold suffused the haze.

The music became more sprightly. A robin called to its mate. Hedge-sparrows twittered a joyous welcome to the rising sun. Far-away cattle lowed. The distant hum of a city rose in a slow crescendo.

The music, somehow, soothed Mary.

But only for a moment.

Softly, then more insistently, the drums began to mutter warning of an approaching storm. The muttering swelled to a deep, menacing rumble. And the rumble became a clatter of steel-shod feet.

A big reflector above the orchestra pit shot down a quick flood of sullen red, that surged like angry flames on the billowing draperies of red.

The drums thundered and crashed.

Suddenly above the din, a single trumpet sounded—shrill and clear—the rallying call of France:

"Aux armes, citoyens!"

The curtains before the screen parted swiftly. A shaft of light cut through the gathering darkness, and Mary's fluttering heart was gripped by a tumultuous battle scene.

JIMMIE JACKSON, in the meantime, was lolling comfortably, smoking cigarettes, in the little sanctum just off the box-office.

He had brought a battered old typewriter—his pet—down from the general office up-stairs and was giving himself up whole-heartedly to the delight of grinding out some "tear" copy that he knew darn well was going to get across. He was having a delightful session with his muse—coming along famously—when Mr. Green burst in.

Jimmie started up with a dread realization that something had happened.

"What's the matter—didn't it come off all right?" he demanded.

"Right! That damn-fool soldier gummed the whole thing," Mr. Green exploded.

"How?" Jimmie asked tersely.

"Well, she pulled the faint all right—damn dramatic, too. But when she hollered 'Jack' just before she went down—this young boob—sittin' over on the side he was—climbs rough-shod over a dozen women, grabs her in his arms and gallops out with her. He's got her out in the ladies' rest-room now, bringin' her to with a lump of ice on her head and smotherin' her to death with kisses all at the same time."

"That—that can't be right," said Jimmie, dumfounded. "He don't even know the girl."

"He's gettin' acquainted damn fast," snapped Mr. Green.

But Jimmie didn't hear him. Jimmie was streaking for the ladies' rest-room.

What he saw there was Mary Anderson—just emerged from a wonderfully realistic faint—clinging to the neck of a very tall,

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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## PURITY CROSS Chicken a la King

Chicken breasts-cream sauce and mushrooms Um! Um!

Handy Tins—All Quality Stores

FREE BOOKLET  
"The Daily Menu Maker"

WHOLEY CREAM MASH RECIPES  
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

very straight soldier, whose name was John; but who, so far as Jimmie was concerned, was a perfect stranger. And she was saying, "Jack, Jack, Jack," over and over again, in a weak little voice.

It took Jimmie several minutes to make heads and tails of it. And then, before he had time to get his mind unscrambled, there was Mademoiselle Aimée de la Vergne standing framed in the doorway, her baleful eyes belying the sweet, innocent, clinging-vineness of her Amy Smith get-up.

"Well, what's the idea, ringing this Jane in to crab my act?" she demanded truculently.

Jimmie's jaw sagged. He ran his hands wildly through his neatly plastered hair. This seemed to set his brain functioning again. Thank Heaven, none of the newspaper men had shown up! He might pull the chestnuts out of the fire yet.

"Did you faint?" he inquired sharply, turning on Mademoiselle de la Vergne.

"What was the use—after she slopped over?" said Mademoiselle de la Vergne. "Nobody was paying any attention."

"Well, get back and faint—darn quick—if you want your twenty-five," Jimmie said tersely. "I've got to have one girl that hasn't found her sweetheart to make this thing stand up. Beat it!"

When Mademoiselle de la Vergne had gone back to stage the second faint of the evening, Jimmie turned to offer his congratulations to Mary and John. But they were so busy talking some silly stuff about a "miracle" that they didn't even see him.

So Jimmie went back to the little sanctum to cogitate, while Mademoiselle de la Vergne pulled her faint. And Mary and John went out into the big lovely night.

WHEN Jimmie had finished grieving about the loss of his wonderful dreamy-eyed stenographer—which happened to be on the same night that "Twentieth Century Knights" closed its highly successful week at the Splendora and gave Sergeant Bill O'Reilly the right to come out of hiding—on that night, Jimmie bethought himself of how uncommonly pretty Mademoiselle de la Vergne had looked in her sweet, innocent, clinging-vine get-up, and decided to drop around to McDuffy's and square things.

Aimée was not performing when he got there, and it was almost a minute before he located her. A big broad-shouldered soldier, who was sitting with his back to Jimmie, blocked the view.

Jimmie meandered around to one side far enough to verify his suspicions. Yes, it was Sergeant O'Reilly. The sergeant and Aimée—who was once more plain Amy Smith—were leaning forward with elbows on the tiny table and talking very earnestly. And there was a light in Amy's eyes that Jimmie had never seen there before.

"Miracle number two," he said sententiously, sauntering over to the table to congratulate them. But Amy and the sergeant were too busy to give him more than passing attention.

So Jimmie went out to the bar and bought himself a good stiff hooker of rye. (This was when you could still get it, if you knew the ropes.)

Thus fortified, he returned to the cabaret, and observing that McDuffy's new jazz artist was a pretty little thing, he started a tentative flirtation with her.



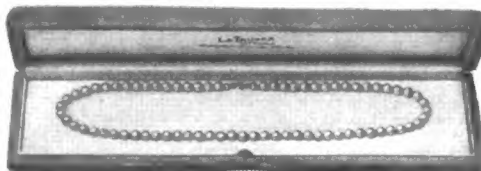
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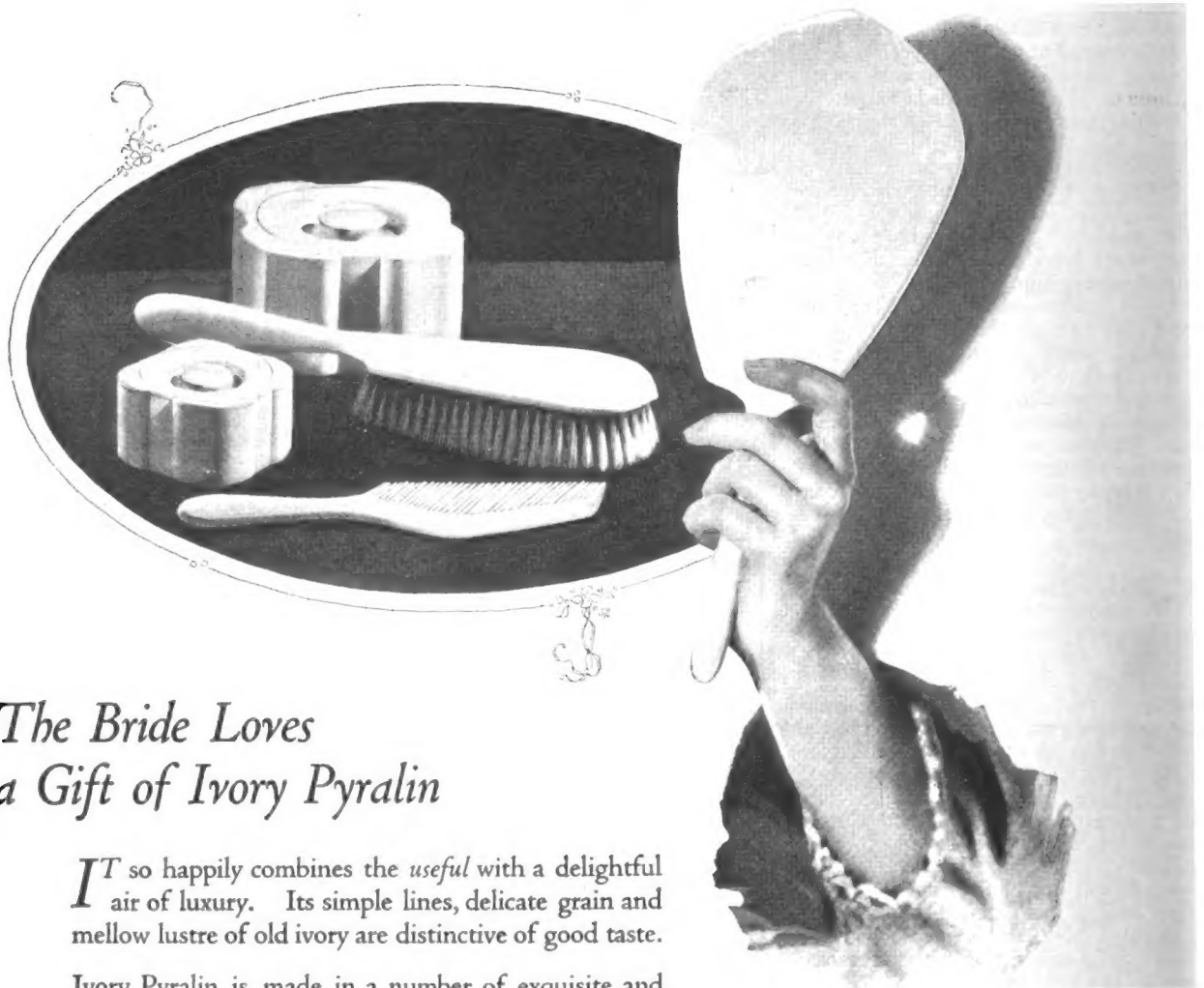
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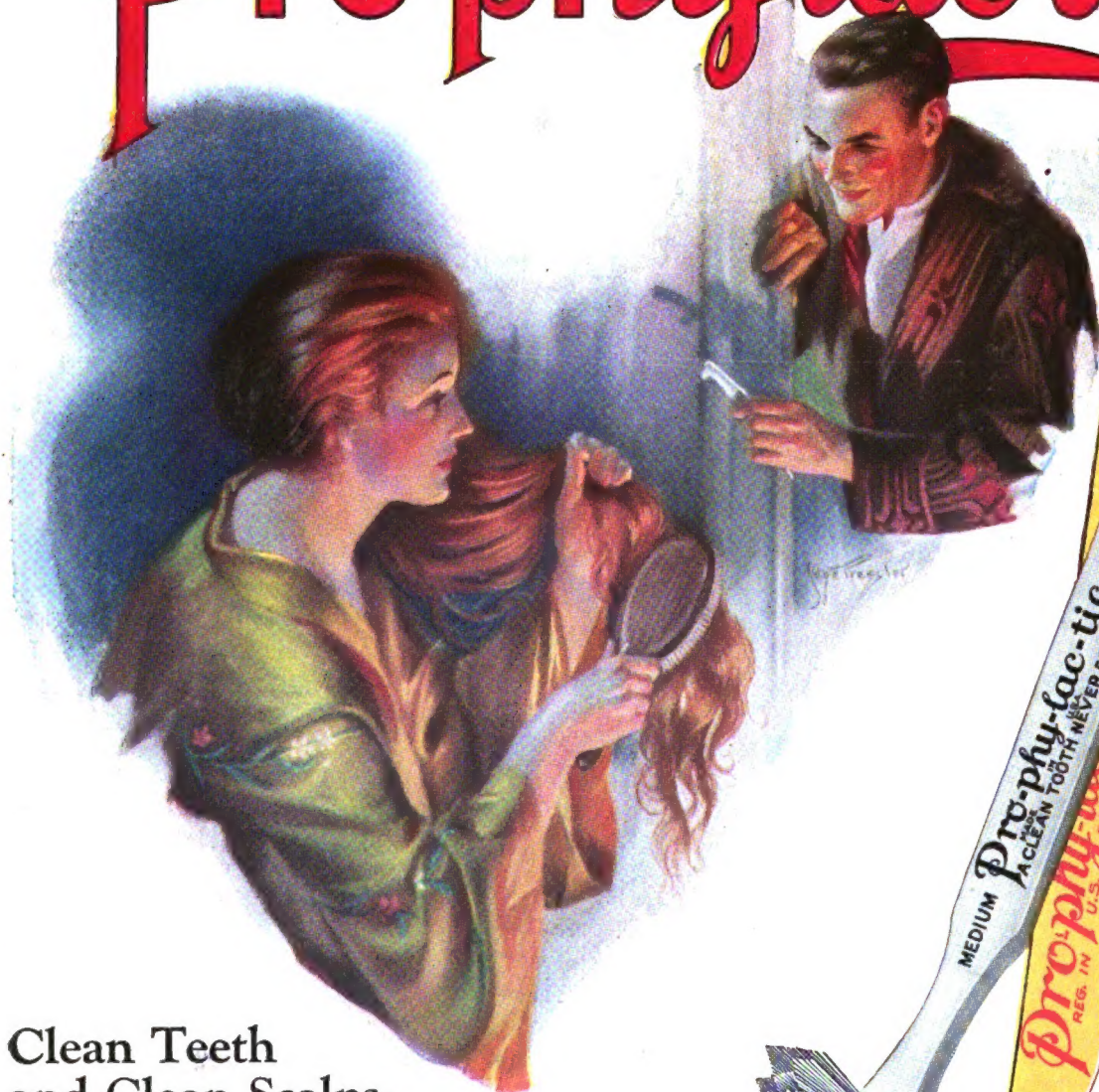
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